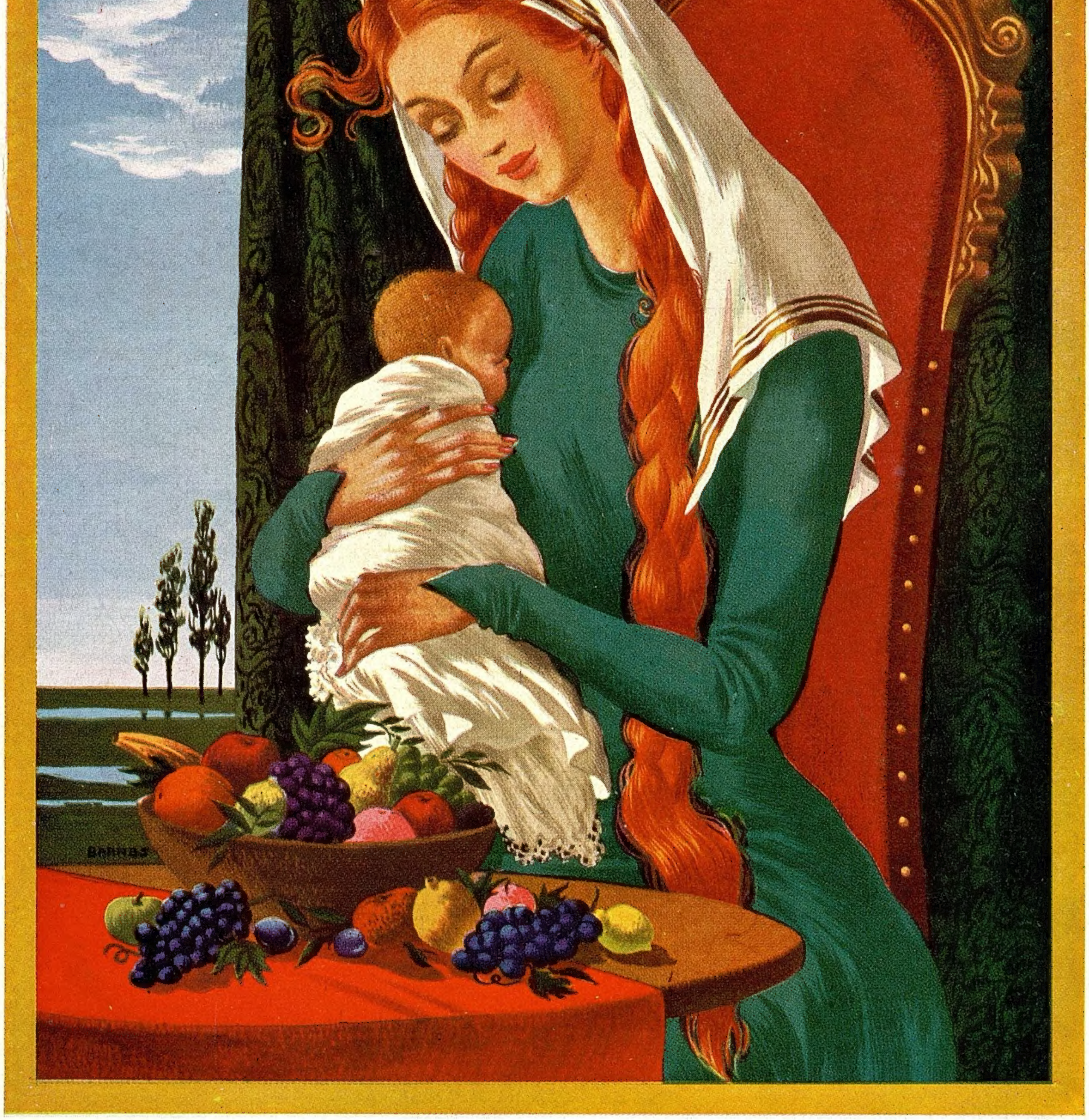
Liberty

DECEMBER 1947 TEN CENTS

Book: THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS



CATHERINE BARNES

Mother and Child

(See Christmas Card Gallery)

Clark's
TENDERMINT
Chewing Gum
FRESHLY Minted

FRESHLY *Minted*

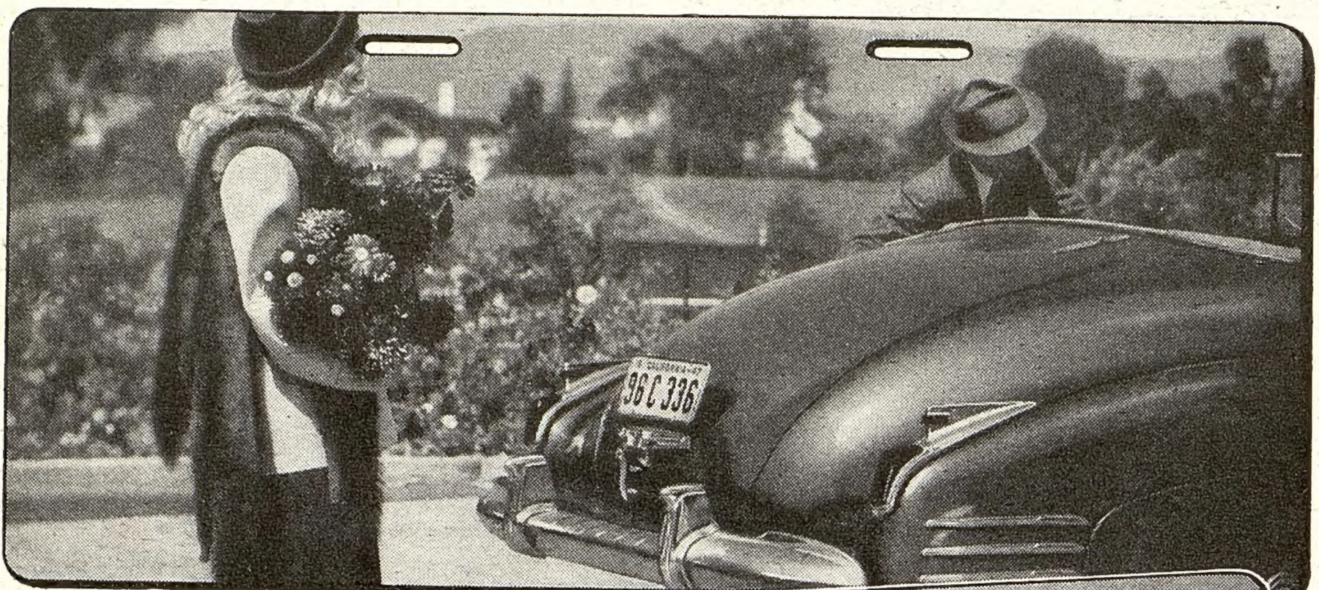
Ever see a dewy-fresh, fragrant bed of mint like this? Probably not — because this is *special* mint, with the sparkling clean, cool flavor you can only find in Clark's Tendermint gum! Clark's fine row-mint is gathered at the peak of early-morning freshness, when nature seals in its true mint-essence. Ask for *freshly minted* Clark's Tendermint—*naturally*, it's better!

FOR TASTE Clark's

Copyright 1947, Clark Brothers Chewing Gum Company

WHOSE LICENSE PLATES ARE THESE?

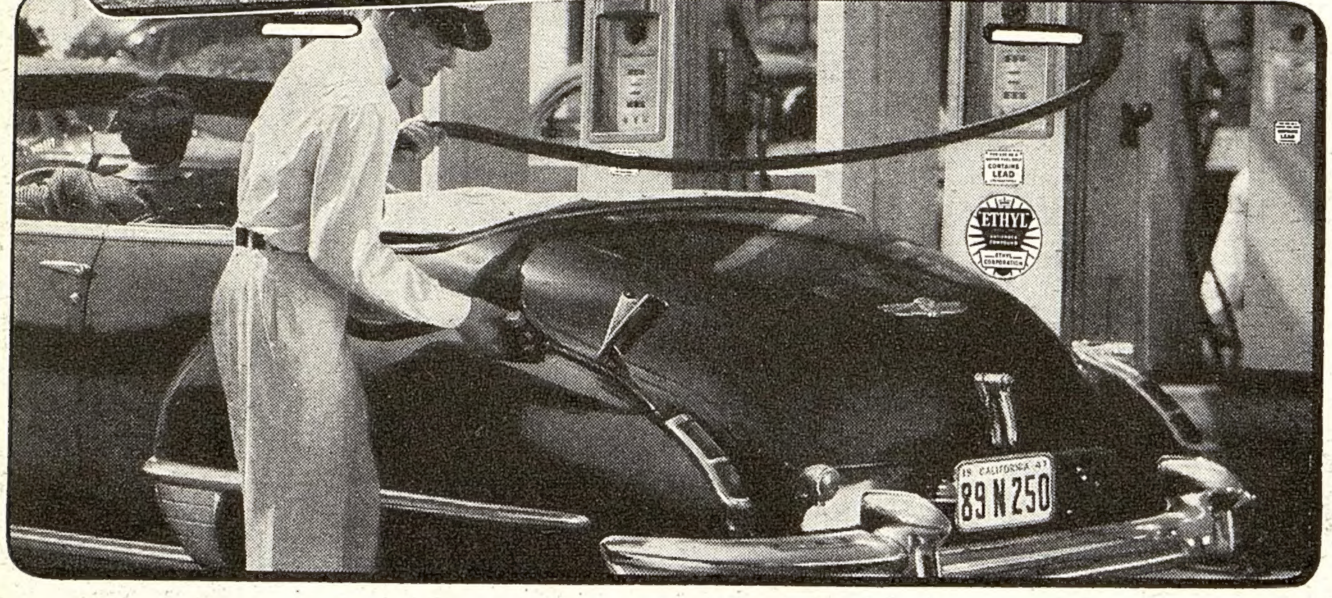
These tags are on the cars of three famous people, Read the clues and see if you can identify them.



1. This California license marks the car of a blue-eyed, golden-haired actress and singer. She is currently being seen in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor production "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Coming up is "Summer Lightning." She uses "Ethyl" gasoline in her car because: "My car dealer advised me to always buy 'Ethyl' gasoline."

TO GATES
4-6-8-10
9N23·96
NY 47

2. This New York plate identifies the car of a well-known sports announcer. He traveled 50,000 miles last year to broadcast sports events for NBC, and his face and voice are familiar to millions as sports commentator for MGM's "News of the Day." He was born in Rochester, N.Y., and was a stock company actor in that city. He is fond of motorboats and high-powered cars. He always uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his cars because: "I like the snap and power that 'Ethyl' gasoline puts into a motor."



3. Here's another California license plate. It identifies the car of a Hollywood star who is tall, dark and handsome. His father and grandfather before him were both famous stage stars of the same name. His initial post-war picture was "The Razor's Edge." Twentieth Century-Fox is releasing his twenty-seventh film, "Captain from Castile." He uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his dark gray convertible. He says: "My last name tells you the reason why."

Read this to see how many you got right:

Here's whom we have to thank this month for saying such nice things about "Ethyl" gasoline: **1.** June Haver **2.** Bill Stern **3.** Tyrone Power.

Like millions of other car owners, these well-known people know that whether you have a brand-new car or are trying to coax a little more service out of an old one, there's nothing like "Ethyl" gasoline. They know that the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means the oil company has improved its best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This famous ingredient steps up power and performance. Try a tankful of "Ethyl" gasoline today and see how much it can do for *your* car . . . how much it can add to your driving pleasure, Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL
ETHYL CORPORATION

WITH
"ETHYL"
TRADE MARK
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

LOOK FOR THE
"ETHYL"
TRADE-MARK

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

For the fast approaching festive season, M-G-M offers one of its most fabulous Technicolor musicals.

★ ★ ★ ★

For a great time, a delightful time, a tuneful Technicolor time, by all means see "This Time For Keeps".

★ ★ ★ ★

This time, there's Esther Williams draping that lithe, lovely figure in ten different bathing suits . . . we counted 'em!

★ ★ ★ ★

This time, Esther performs six water ballets aided and abetted by the universe's prettiest aquaqueens.

★ ★ ★ ★

This time, there's handsome Johnnie Johnston to sing love songs (pssst! he gets Esther after a lot of romantic trouble).

★ ★ ★ ★

This time, there's lovable Jimmy Durante, up to his nose in Technicolor, playing the piano even under water (we're not kidding).

★ ★ ★ ★

And there's the magnificent Lauritz Melchior, in moments of melody that will make you applaud madly.

★ ★ ★ ★

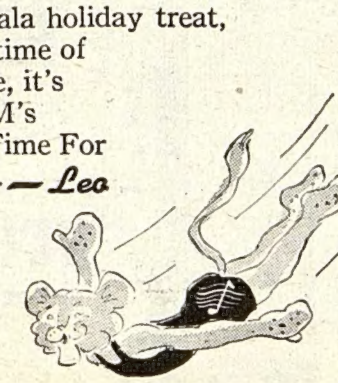
Oho, and that's not all! There are the terrific rhumba rhythms of Cuggie—Xavier Cugat to you—and his orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

The accolades for "This Time For Keeps" go to those veteran showmen, Director Richard Thorpe and Producer Joe Pasternak. The screen play by Gladys Lehman was based on the story by Erwin Gelsey and Lorraine Fielding.

★ ★ ★ ★

For a gala holiday treat,
for the time of
your life, it's
M-G-M's
"This Time For
Keeps".—*Leo*



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Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director*
John B. Danby, *Associate Editor*
Elsie Christie, *Books*
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Otto Kurth, *Art Associate*
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A Painting by Catherine Barnes
COURTESY OF GALLERY ARTISTS CO., 385 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The January issue will appear Wednesday, December 17, 1947

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

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It's a sample of the kind of puzzles you'll enjoy solving in this $50,000 Contest. See "how-to-solve-it" explanation below.

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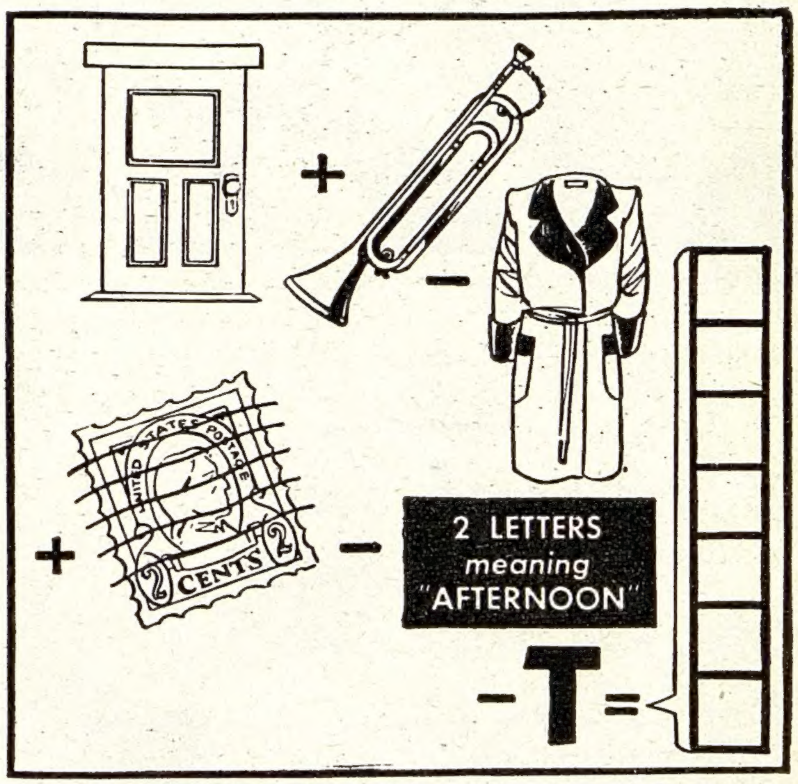

The correct (last) Name for this puzzle appears below:

Andrew **JACKSON**
Amelia **EARHART**
Stephen A. **DOUGLAS**
Benjamin N. **CARDOZO**
DeWitt **CLINTON**
Warren G. **HARDING**

This puzzle represents a well-known American name, and the correct name is one of those listed under the puzzle. Let's work it out together to see how the puzzles in this $50,000 contest are solved:

First, let's identify the objects pictured: **DOOR . . . BUGLE . . . ROBE . . . STAMP . . .** and oh yes, those two letters representing "afternoon." Of course, that's **P.M.**

The plus sign tells us to add the first two objects, giving us the letters **DOORBUGLE**; the minus sign tells us to subtract the letters in **ROBE**, leaving us **DOUGL**. Next we add **STAMP**, giving us **DOUGLSTAMP**. Then, as directed, we take away **P M** and also subtract **T** and we are left with **DOUGLSA . . .** 7 letters, same number as blank spaces at right.

Therefore we must be correct so far. However, the letters need a little unscrambling now, and with a few moments thought we see they can be re-arranged to spell **DOUGLAS.**

Now to double check — does **DOUGLAS** appear as one of the names under the puzzle? Sure enough, there it is: Stephen A. **DOUGLAS!**

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$10,000.00
$5,000.00
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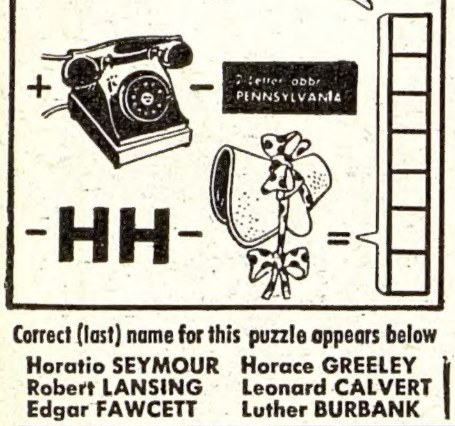
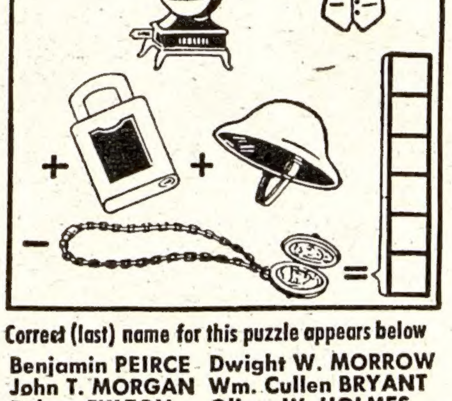


Correct (last) name for this puzzle appears below

Horatio **SEYMOUR**
Robert **LANSING**
Edgar **FAWCETT**
Horace **GREELEY**
Leonard **CALVERT**
Luther **BURBANK**



Correct (last) name for this puzzle appears below

Benjamin **PEIRCE**
John T. **MORGAN**
Robert **FULTON**
Dwight W. **MORROW**
Wm. Cullen **BRYANT**
Oliver W. **HOLMES**

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L-12

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**. . . IMAGINE ME** dancing with a scarecrow! Hope somebody cuts in. How *can* a man be so careless about his hair? It's straggly, unkempt, and . . . oh-oh—loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp, all right. Maybe if I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . ."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

HE TOOK HER TIP, and look at his hair now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just a few drops a day, and you'll see an amazing improvement in the good looks of your hair. Checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Just the thing also with massage before shampooing. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Liberty ★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

From the Editor's Mail

Los Angeles, Calif.—In the October Liberty appear six pages headed Prices, Profits, Wages, authored by a Mr. Overesch. They are designed to look like editorial matter, and I am sure not one reader in a thousand will realize that they are in fact a paid advertisement.

Ads are frequently laid out to look like editorials, but it is customary for the magazine to mark them "Advertisement."

ADVERTI DEPT.

The advertiser remains anonymous (another most unusual feature!), but I presume it is the tool owners, an outfit which has been called a Fascist organization by several very conservative business magazines. I do not object to this. The advertising pages are open to all who can afford to pay the price—even to the enemies of liberty in America. But the advertiser's intention in this case was clearly fraudulent, and you have aided and abetted this fraud.—*John Maass.*

The Editor's Reply

This is to advise you that Prices, Profits, and Wages, by Frederic W. Overesch, is not only designed to look like editorial matter, but *is* editorial matter, for which the author has been paid. For your information, this feature is sponsored by no advertiser or group of advertisers. I can assure you that if it had been advertising matter it would have been clearly marked as such.—David Brown, Editor.

A Welcome's Welcome

Boston, Mass.—To me, Liberty is a necessity because of its natural, forthright style of fact and fiction, the easy folk humor of Vox Pop. Gaynor Maddox's Bullets of Wheat (September) is the clearest picture of what's going on in the economic and political field I've seen anywhere. Praise for a magazine which, because of rarer company, I and others will treasure more.—*Eli Simon.*

(*Continued on page 9*)

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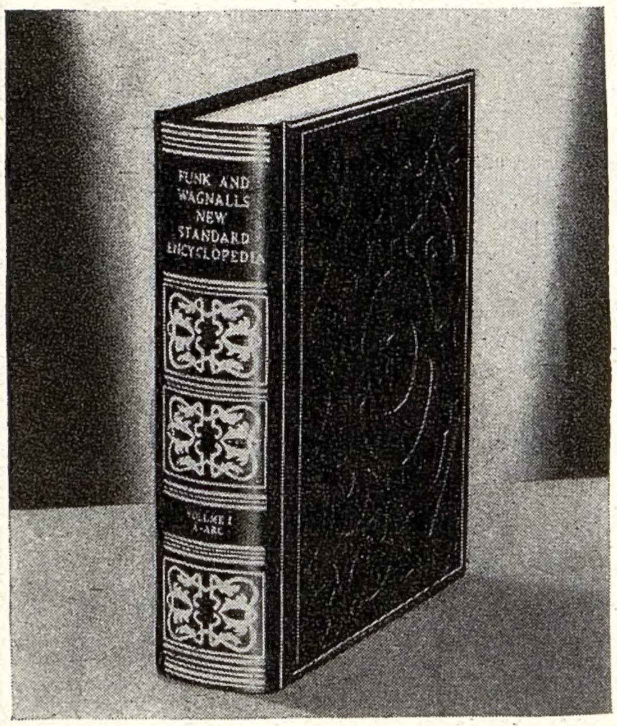

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(Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page)

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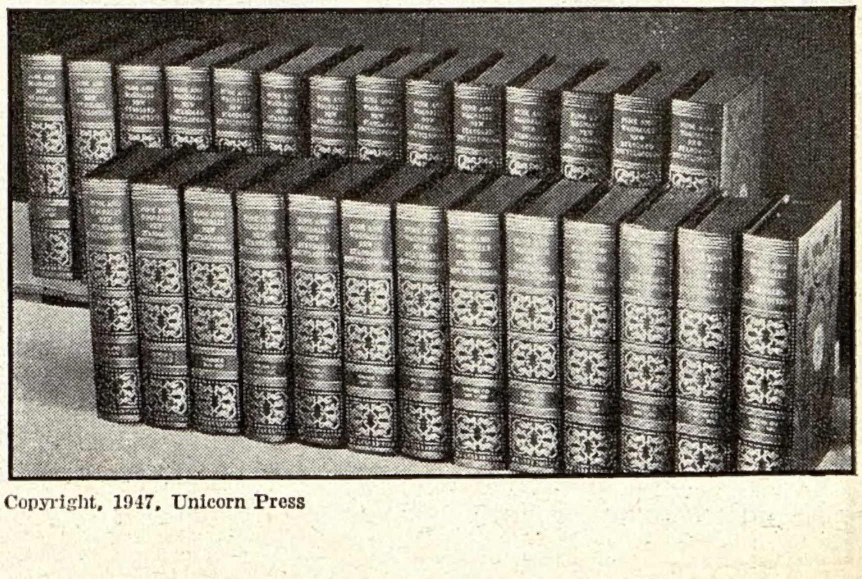

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★ VOX POP ★

(*Continued from page 6*)

Town Meeting Talk

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN.—Eugene Lyons' article We Can Head Off a Third World War! (October) was a keen analysis of the world political situation. It was not only timely but thoroughly convincing. The article vividly brought out not only my convictions but those of the majority of the world's people.

A positive policy now will ward off the threat of an immediate war. So long as man has his frailties and human nature cannot change, the possibility of the impossibility of war is impossible. We can enjoy peace in cycles only. So let's enjoy it for the longest cycle possible!—*Dominick J. Lepore.*

SAND SPRINGS, OKLA.—I have been taught, as an American citizen under democratic ruling, that there are two sides to a question. The United Nations are steadfastly working for a peaceful solution of this one. Are you, Mr. Lyons, by pitting one nation against another, helping the situation? —*M. G. Pearce.*

Three Into Ninety Goes

ELLENSBURG, WASH.—My husband is attending college on the G. I. Bill, and he, myself, and our baby are trying our best to make the ninety dollars a month an ample allotment. But we merely exist. Since the government is so worried about the future of our children, how can it not provide a more generous income for the college vets? Is the raise the Congress is talking about going to be used as a vote-getter while we sit around waiting, or does the world need more ditch diggers than educators?—*Mrs. D. Carlson.*

(*Continued on page 10*)

On September 26, 1844, Kentucky's first official Thanksgiving Day, many a glass of James Crow's already famous whiskey was raised to give thanks.

Col. James Crow

Furnished cheer for Kentucky's first Thanksgiving

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT BOTTLED IN BOND

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

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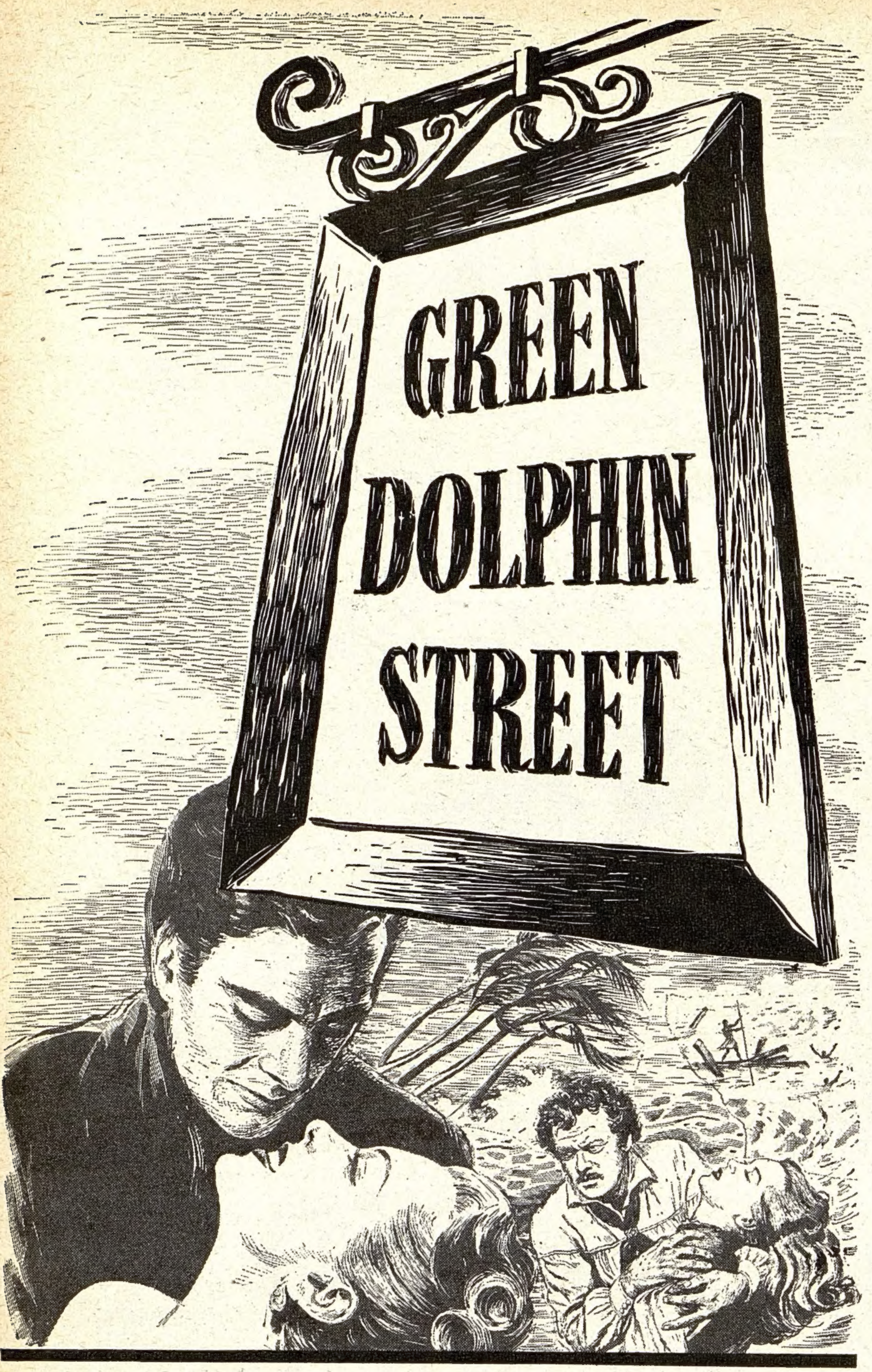
Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corp., New York



From the pulsating pages of M-G-M's prize-winning novel: A story of love that braved the terrors of earthquake, tidal wave and savage tribal warfare!

Lana Turner

VAN HEFLIN · DONNA REED · RICHARD HART
FRANK MORGAN · EDMUND GWENN · DAME MAY WHITTY
REGINALD OWEN · GLADYS COOPER · Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE · Produced by CAREY WILSON

Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson · Based on the Novel by Elizabeth Goudge · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

★ VOX POP ★

(*Continued from page 9*)

The Alphabet Crusade

NEW MILFORD, CONN.—Will you please help to make a crusade on people's signing their first name with just initial, like E. for Emma, E. for Ellen, E. for Eva, and all down the line? Try to have a law passed that a letter with initial only will be held for better address.

I have not seen my Liberty. Someone is getting it just the same. I am tired of making free presents. Someone of the same first initial as mine has not only the magazine, but also my glasses. And that's the limit. Too far out to get another pair without walking eight miles, and I am seventy-eight.—*Emma S. Knowles.*

While we haven't a law-passer handy, we would certainly join in rounding up the astigmatic vote of sympathy.—VOX POP EDITOR.

Day Dreamer

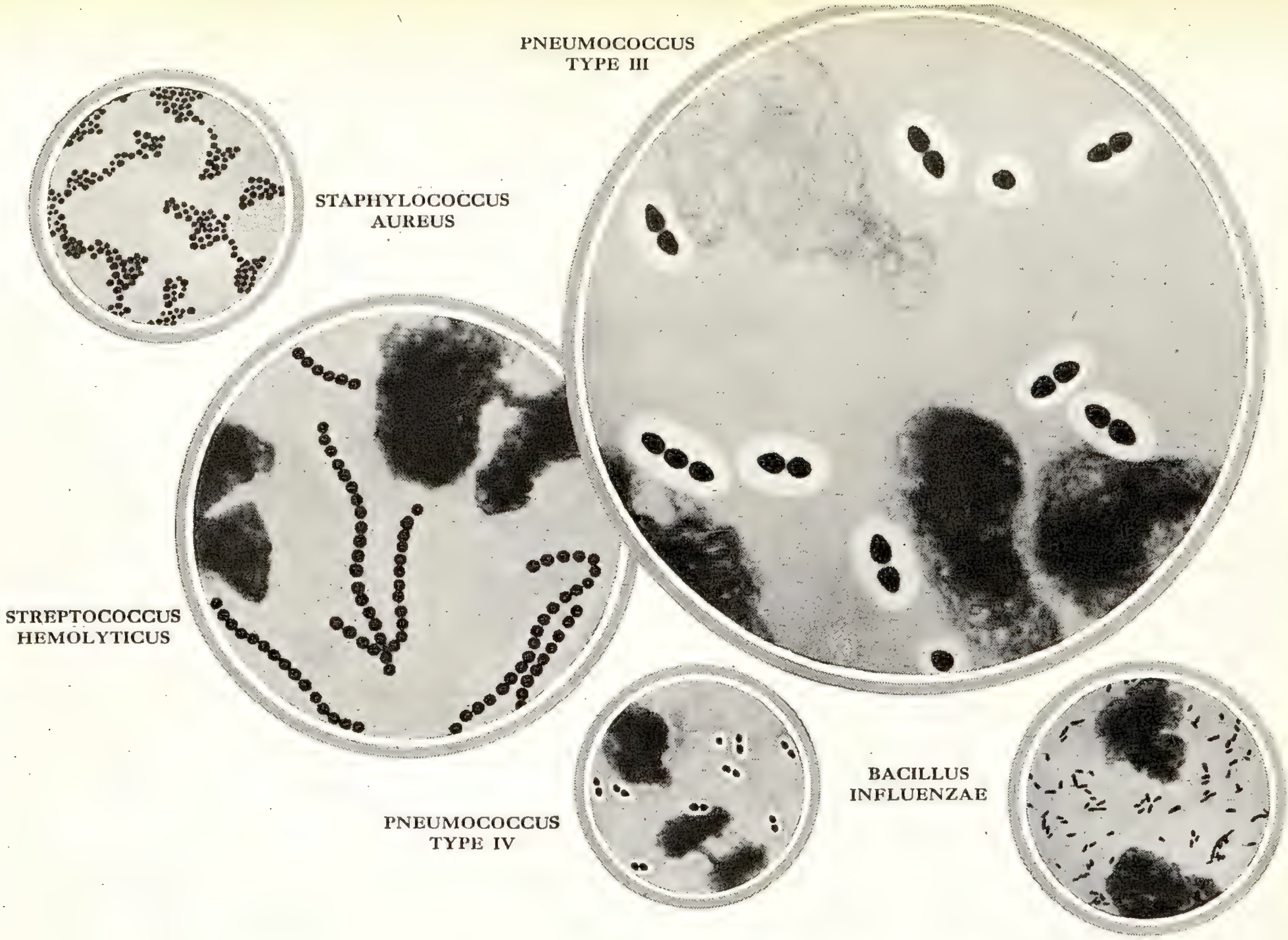
COLUMBUS, OHIO—We have Mother's Day each year in May, Father's Day in June, and dog days in August. Why not fill in the gap and have Grandfather's Day in July? And if the grandmothers of the nation initiate a movement for a Grandmother's Day, I for one will back them to the limit. But, after all, if there had been no grandfathers there could have been no grandmothers.—*Grandpa R. F. Williams.*

Remembering Jimmy Walker's famous song, how about December? The twenty-sixth, say, to revive victims of mince pie loaded for b'ar.—VOX POP EDITOR.

Free Enterprise

EUREKA, CALIF.—I was much interested in Paul Hunter's editorial in the October Liberty, Must We Have Another War? He truly said that the only way

(*Continued on page 12*)



MEET YOUR TENANTS

—ALL UNDESIRABLE

They are members of that evil and persistent family of germs called the "Secondary Invaders." When present in the mouth—and they often are—they can be responsible for much of the misery of a cold.

MEDICAL MEN tell us that while some kind of a virus may frequently start a cold, the so-called "Secondary Invaders" are among the germs that so often complicate it, and are responsible for many of its most distressing symptoms.

Apparently these threatening little fellows can live harmlessly enough in your mouth and throat week in, week out. Then some day, when you're under par, over-tired, or with body resistance lowered by drafts, wet or cold feet or sudden changes in temperature, they can stage a "mass invasion" of the tissues. You're headed for trouble!

Your common sense tells you that if you can guard against such a "mass invasion" you have a better chance of heading off the trouble it so often stirs up.

If you have been with people suffering from colds, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. Used frequently during the 12-to-36-hour period of "incubation", when a cold may be developing, this precaution may help head off the infection entirely or lessen its severity.

Germs Killed on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and quickly kills millions of bacteria. Actual tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

This marked germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds.

Tests made over a period of twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did have colds, they were usually milder and of shorter duration.

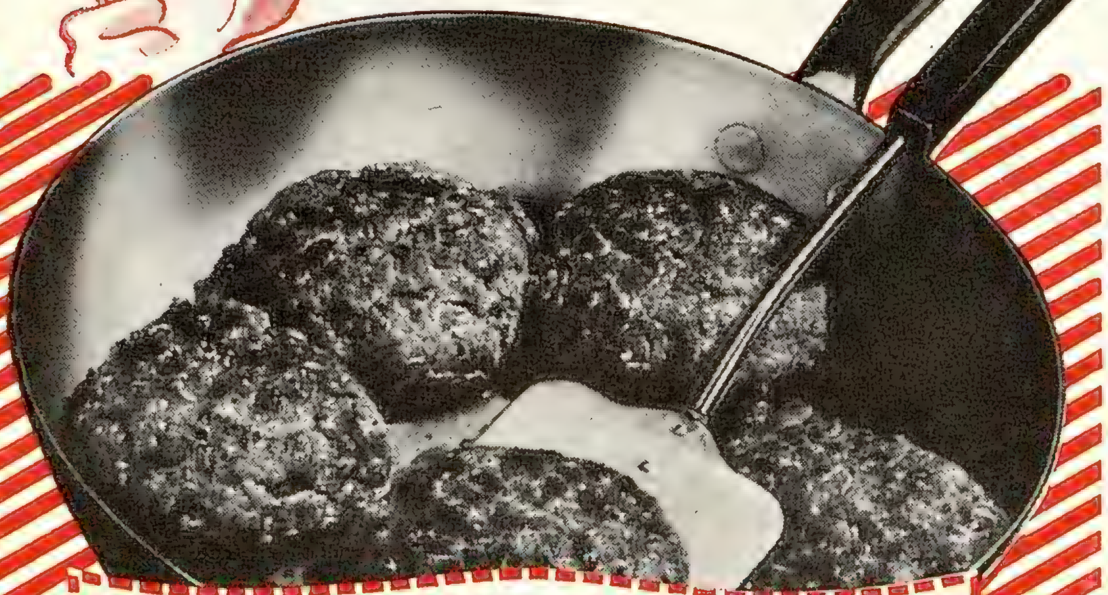
Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this germ-killing action is a wise precaution which warrants your serious consideration. But don't forget—gargle early!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri.

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat **Gargle Listerine Antiseptic**

When a Man COOKS!

Watch a food-loving male with a flair for cooking reign over the range—and you'll see that he uses Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Chili Sauce and other lusty Heinz Condiments with a knowing hand!



TANGY HAMBURGERS
Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 2 Tbs. chopped onion, ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 1 Tbs. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, ½ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 egg. Mix. Shape into patties. Saute until browned. Serves 6 to 8.

MASCULINE cooks like the vigorous flavor a dash of Heinz "57-Sauce" gives gravy—the zesty emphasis thick Heinz Chili Sauce lends scrambled eggs and stews. And the perennial favorite is Heinz Tomato Ketchup! So ladies—take a cue from men who cook. Use Heinz Condiments in your cooking—keep them on the table, too!

HEINZ 57 Condiments

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP
HEINZ CHILI
HEINZ 57 SAUCE
HEINZ MUSTARD
HEINZ MUSTARD

★ VOX POP ★

(Continued from page 10)

to fight an idea (Communism) is with another idea. His slip-up was in the next sentence, "That other idea is democracy as we know it in the United States."

The other idea which Mr. Hunter undoubtedly had in mind is a capitalist economy with a competitive system of free enterprise. Communism is not a form of government, but a system of economics. It concerns itself with the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth.

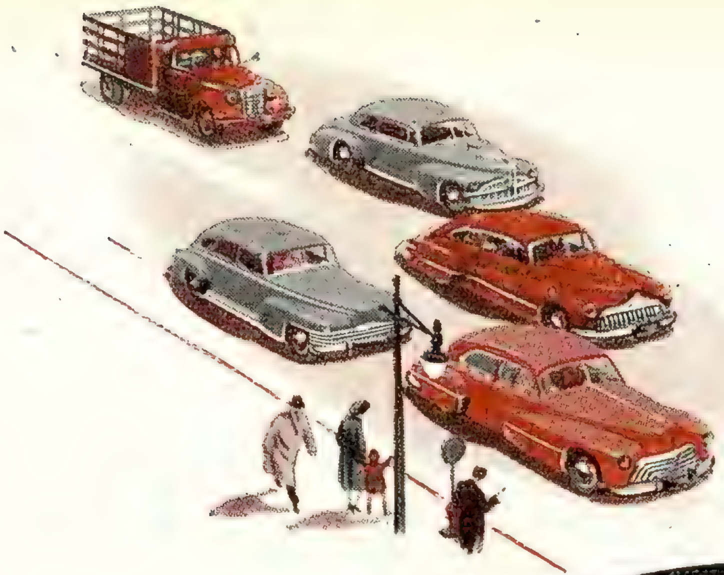
Communism might gain a foothold and survive in a democratic government, especially if monopoly had infringed upon free enterprise. But Communism cannot survive in a capitalistic system of free enterprise, whether the government is a democracy, republic, or monarchy.—*James M. Tadlock.*

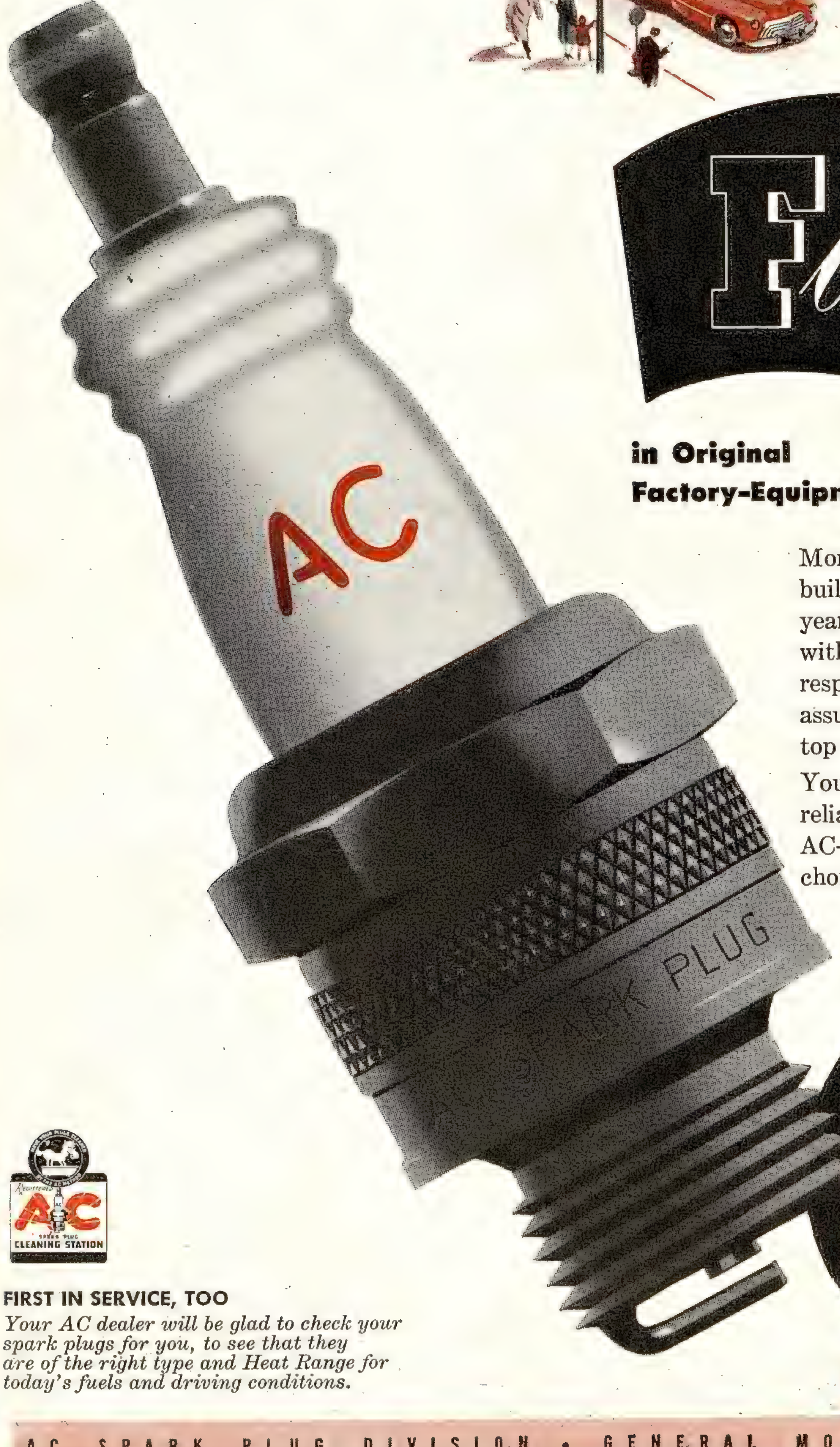
Double Amen

DUBUQUE, IOWA—Frederic W. Overesch's presentation in the October issue of facts about American capitalism is something long overdue. In the repertoire of demagogy the meaning of capitalism has been twisted into an appeal to those who like to hear that someone besides themselves is to blame for their deficiencies. Intelligent people everywhere admit that American capitalism is today the main bulwark against general chaos.—*Louis Benedict.*

HARRISBURG, PA.—I want to take a moment to commend your magazine upon the article Prices, Profits, Wages. Not being a stockholder, but just a clergyman, zealous about American private enterprise, I say amen to your policy.

Thank you. Keep it up.—*David J. Spratt.*





First

in Original Factory-Equipment Choice

More than 50% of all cars and trucks built during the past 10 production years have been factory-equipped with AC Spark Plugs. The choice of responsible engineers is your assurance of utmost reliability and top performance.

You can continue to have such reliability and performance by buying AC—the original factory-equipment choice in spark plugs.

AC
CLEANING STATION

FIRST IN SERVICE, TOO

Your AC dealer will be glad to check your spark plugs for you, to see that they are of the right type and Heat Range for today's fuels and driving conditions.

AC
SPARK PLUGS

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

...of Course
it's a Roos
cedar chest!
ROOS
Sweetheart
CEDAR
CHESTS

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL cedar chests are thrilling and romantic gifts. Waterfall, modern and period styles. Lovely hand matched veneers. Deep interiors of moth-defying red cedar. No other cedar chests bring you so much in fine furniture craftsmanship. See them at leading furniture and department stores. Write for booklet showing newest styles.

ED ROOS CO. OF FOREST PARK, ILL.

Liberty

★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

RUSSELL JANNEY'S novel, The Miracle of the Bells (page 36), is soon to emerge as a movie. We learned this many months ago when we sat in New York's Algonquin with producer Jesse Lasky. Mr. Lasky is not just another Hollywood mogul. He produced the first motion picture ever made in Hollywood. In Mr. Lasky's seasoned judgment, The Miracle of the Bells is a natural for the screen. Even the title remains unchanged (at this writing).

The cast will include Fred MacMurray, in the role of "the world's greatest press agent"; Alida Valli, currently the hottest "find" in Hollywood, in the role of Olga; and Frank Sinatra as Father Paul.

Ben Hecht and Quentin Reynolds are writing the screen play.

JANUARY is always a special month for Liberty readers. It's the month Liberty brings out its famous calendar cover. For the past twenty-two years Liberty has published one without interruption. We willl continue to maintain this cover tradition.

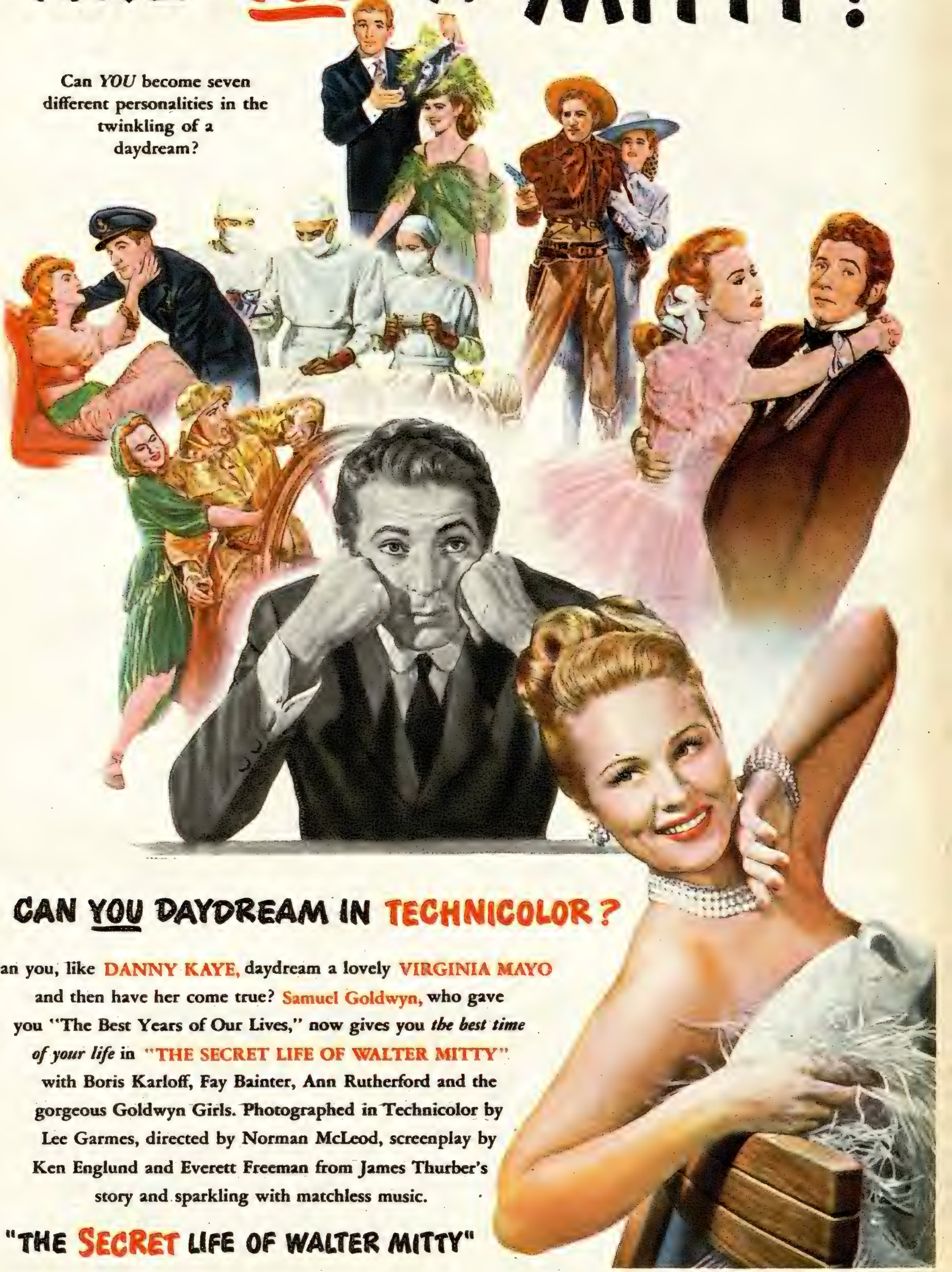
BESIDES the calendar cover, the January Liberty will be crammed with the kind of stories, articles, and pictures you like. Alden Hatch dissects Senator Taft for you in a fascinating close-up titled SHY BUT WILLING; Ted Shane quizzes you in WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 1947?; Elizabeth Wilson writes engagingly about the new Dietrich; while Sidney Skolsky profiles fabulous Mike Curtiz; there's CASSIDY, a hilarious short story by Bertram B. Fowler, and a powerful story of frustration in marriage by Charles Carver provocatively titled THE BRASS CLAW.

Meet us at the newsstands on December 17 when the January Liberty goes on sale.

Liberty wishes you the merriest Christmas in years and a full stocking.—*D. B.*

ARE *YOU* A MITTY?

Can *YOU* become seven
different personalities in the
twinkling of a
daydream?



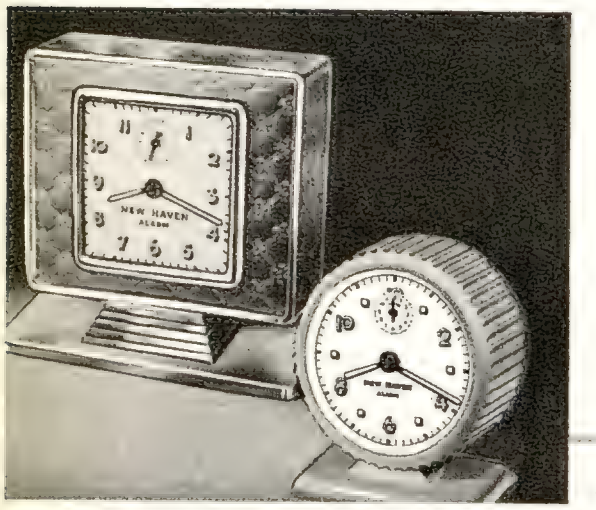
CAN *YOU* DAYDREAM IN TECHNICOLOR?

Can you, like DANNY KAYE, daydream a lovely VIRGINIA MAYO and then have her come true? Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you "The Best Years of Our Lives," now gives you *the best time of your life* in "THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY" with Boris Karloff, Fay Bainter, Ann Rutherford and the gorgeous Goldwyn Girls. Photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod, screenplay by Ken Englund and Everett Freeman from James Thurber's story and sparkling with matchless music.

"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

Your best buy...
NEW HAVEN!

New Haven Wrist Watches are traditional good values, with exclusive Vital Nerve Center* and famous New Haven Guarantee! *Lowest-priced American-Made 7-Jewel Wrist Watch* (upper) chrome-plated tarnish-proof top, stainless-steel back – $10.75 plus tax. *Rugged Wrist Watch* (lower) with chrome-plated top, stainless-steel back – $7.50 plus tax.



New Haven's Smartly-Styled Alarm Clocks have 30-hour spring-wind movements, exclusive Vital Nerve Center*, luminous dials. *"Portia" Alarm Clock* (upper)—perfect for boudoir! Lucite case covers flowered gold-finished quilting; gold-finished base—$7.50 plus tax. New Haven "Halo" Alarm Clock (lower) in beautiful ivory and gold finish—$7.95 plus tax.

New Haven Exclusive!
THE *VITAL NERVE CENTER

is famous New Haven compensating hair spring which makes New Haven watches and clocks keep better time through wide variations in temperature which affect ordinary steel hair springs. No other watch or clock in low price field can offer this remarkable compensating hair spring: it is a patented exclusive New Haven feature. Result: New Haven clocks and watches are more accurate, day in, day out.

THE NEW HAVEN
CLOCK AND WATCH
COMPANY
THE RIGHT TIME SINCE 1817
NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

Liberty ★ WASHINGTON ★

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

TRUMAN WOULD WELCOME GENERAL IKE

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S private No. 1 choice for running mate is General Dwight D. Eisenhower. There has been no discussion between them on the matter, but the widely popular former ETO commander is the man Truman would most like to have on his ticket.

Persuading him to accept, however, is another matter.

Eisenhower has strong Presidential ambitions, and he is in a position to run on either party ticket.

Eisenhower owes his high wartime preferment to one Democratic President, and appointment as Chief of Staff to another. Personally, it would be distasteful to Eisenhower to oppose Truman.

On the other hand, being No. 2 man on Truman's slate presents great risks as well as advantages.

As Vice-President, Eisenhower would be the logical 1952 Democratic choice. But by that time the Truman administration might be in very bad odor. As a member of it, Eisenhower could not escape that odor.

Power Shortage • You will be very lucky if you don't suffer from an electric power shortage this winter.

Two factors are behind the threatened shortage: greatly increased power use, and lack of generating equipment.

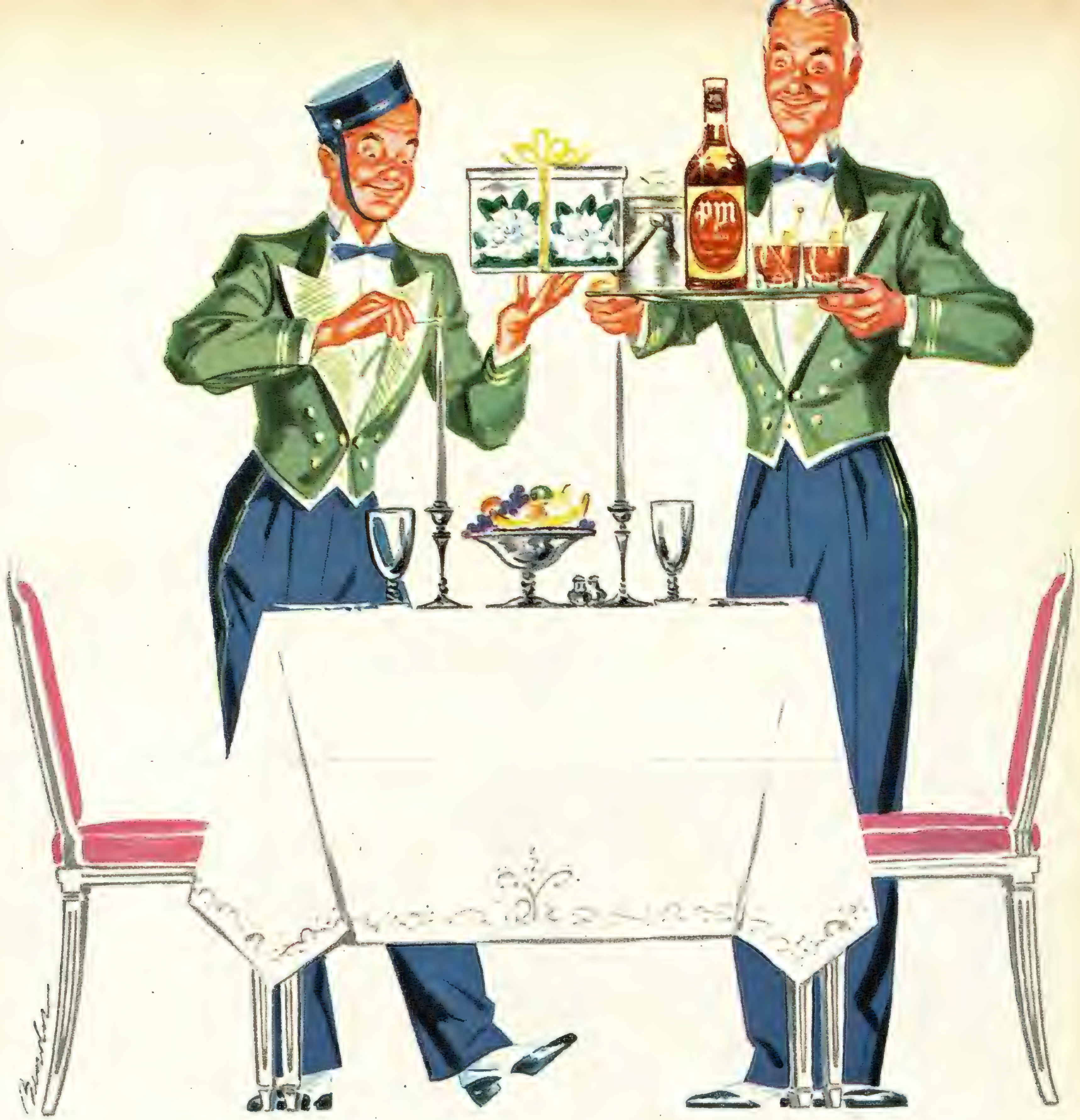
While industrial consumption has decreased from wartime peaks, this has been more than offset by increases in residential, rural, and commercial use.

It takes 15 to 24 months to build turbine generators and practically as long to install them. Both manufacturers and utilities have made big strides in expanding generating capacity. But they are still more than 1,000,000 kilowatts behind requirements.

Out on a Limb • **Retail sales this year will top all previous U. S. records. . . . The French will merge their occupation zone in Germany with those of the United States and Britain. . . . U. S. Ambassador to Greece Lincoln MacVeagh, who has clashed repeatedly with Dwight Griswold, head of the U. S. aid mission, will resign before the year is out. . . . Henry Wallace will retire from the editorship of the New Republic. . . . Unification of the armed services will result in no reduction in their 1948-49 budget. . . . Despite London reports, the British will not withdraw their troops from Germany. . . . Congress will not re-enact direct price control. . . . Russia with a big hoop-la, will announce the end of bread rationing. . . . Representative Fred A. Hartley, co-author of the Taft-Hartley labor law, will not seek re-election.**

High Brass • What's become of military big shots who were household names during the war and since have vanished from the public eye? Some, like Generals Arnold and Krueger, are living in quiet retirement. This is what has become of some others:

Admiral William ("Bull") Halsey, director of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation; General Brehon Somervell, president of Koppers Company; Air Lieutenant General Jimmy Doolittle, vice-president of Shell Union Oil Corporation; Marine Lieutenant General Holland ("Howling Mad") Smith, director of the port of San Francisco; Admiral Ben Moreell, head of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation; Air Lieutenant General Barney Giles, vice-president of Air Associates; Air Admiral L. B. Richardson, Curtiss-Wright Corporation executive; Lieutenant General Levin Campbell, Jr., vice-president of International Harvester Company; Admiral Joseph Redman, vice-president of Western Union; Lieutenant General Harold George, president of Peruvian International Airways.



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Says Patrick to Michael,
"Here's whiskey so smooth it's the top o' the evenin'!"
PM de Luxe! . . . served with gardenias du jour . . .
Now to light up the candles and call in the guests
for a mellow Old-Fashioned good time!

IF IT ISN'T PM **IT ISN'T AN EVENING**

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

"Weavers of Speech"

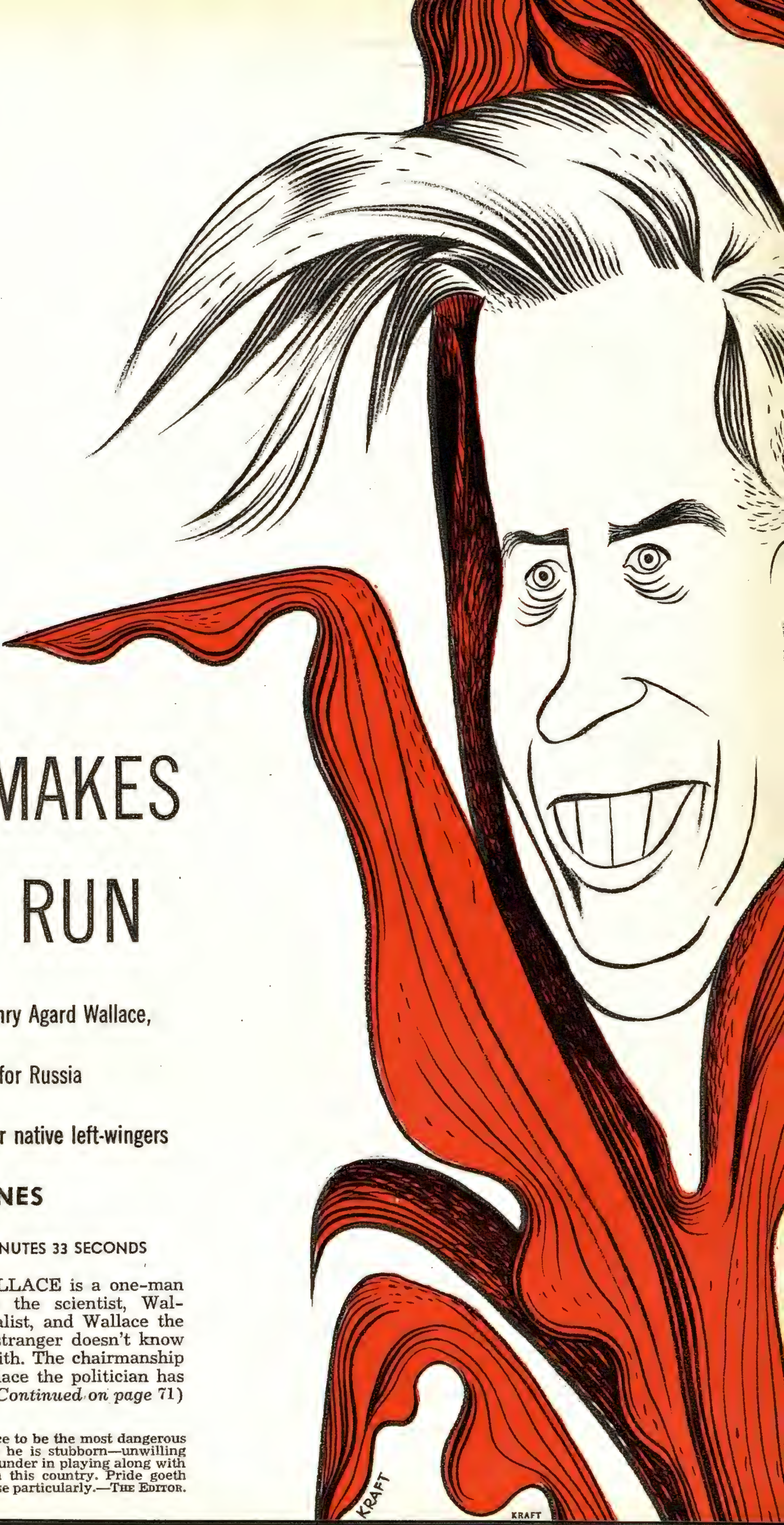
To you, who each day
Take on anew your tasks
Along the lines that speech will go
Through city streets or far out
Upon some mountainside
Where you have blazed a trail
And kept it clear;
To you there comes from all who use the wires
A tribute for a job well done.

For these are not just still and idle strands
That stretch across a country vast and wide
But bearers
Of life's friendly words
And messages of high import
To people everywhere.

Not spectacular, your usual day,
Nor in the headlines
Except they be of fire, or storm, or flood.
Then a grateful nation
Knows the full measure of your skill and worth.
And the fine spirit of service
Which puts truth and purpose
In this honored creed —
"The message must go through."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE



WHAT MAKES HENRY RUN

A gimlet-eyed look at Henry Agard Wallace,

chief American apologist for Russia

and the white hope of our native left-wingers

BY STACY V. JONES

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

HENRY AGARD WALLACE is a one-man committee—Wallace the scientist, Wallace the mystic idealist, and Wallace the politician. Frequently a stranger doesn't know which one he's dealing with. The chairmanship rotates, but recently Wallace the politician has been in the ascendancy. (*Continued on page* 71)

Liberty believes Henry Wallace to be the most dangerous man in America today because he is stubborn—unwilling to admit he has made a tragic blunder in playing along with the Communist fifth column in this country. Pride goeth before a fall, in Mr. Wallace's case particularly.—THE EDITOR.

KRAFT

THE WOMAN ACROSS THE HALL

3D
FREDRICO

This could only have happened in New York— where people don't know their neighbors

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THEY shouldn't have taken the apartment. Alicia found that out only too soon; but it had seemed wonderful at the time.

"With apartments this hard to get, it's a miracle, that's what it is," she told Bob. "Why, we couldn't even have got married if we hadn't found a place to live!"

"It's pretty swell," he agreed.

"And in the Barrington, too! Why, it's about the smartest place in town!"

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

"It's rather small," said Bob—not meaning it was small at all, but just wanting to hear Alicia say nice things about it.

"Of course it's small! And what would we do with more rooms—in the beginning? I actually *like* taking the covers off the sofa beds at night. And, after all, there's a dressing room and a bath—and a real kitchen—with a door and everything—that's why the lease calls it two and a half rooms!"

They used most of their savings in furnishing the apartment, and Alicia felt it looked very smart—quite as colorful as the rooms you saw in the magazines. Off-white walls, green curtains, and a big glazed-chintz chair for Bob. Yes, it was grand—for a while. It was even fun getting up in the morning.

"Hurry up, sleepyhead!" Alicia would call, and would hop out of bed and get breakfast and get ready for the office, all in a grand rush. Better still was shopping on the way home and cooking dinner for Bob, and having it practically ready by the time he got there. Alicia's hours were shorter than his.

"This really is living!" she'd say, and he'd agree with her. They'd go to the movies, or stay home and read, or listen to the radio. It was wonderful! It was even pretty swell to say to acquaintances or tradespeople, "Oh, yes, we live in the Barrington," never adding that their apartment was the smallest one in the building, with windows opening on the court instead of a view.

Alicia never knew just when she began to change, to grow dissatisfied. It was the woman across the hall who started it.

Not that Alicia ever saw her. It was just knowing that she was there. Great boxes of flowers arrived for her just when Alicia was returning home, her arms full of bundles full of what would soon turn out to be tonight's dinner. A neat maid in a black uniform and a crisp cap and apron would take the box at the door.

Bob came home. He was tired and didn't want to go out. Ordinarily, that would have been very satisfactory. Now, Alicia slammed the dishes on the little folding table.

"It makes me sick!" she said. "Living in this little apartment—without even a dining room—and eating in one corner of our one real room!"

"I thought you liked it here," Bob said.

"Like it! What's there to like about an apartment that's just a little dark hole? The elevator man told me that the apartment across the hall is one of the biggest in the Barrington. It has a river view—and a real dining room and two bedrooms."

"All very nice," Bob's voice was calm, "but we can hardly afford this."

(*Continued on page 68*)

Alida Valli, called Europe's most beautiful woman, is getting the star build-up →

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

ON a rainy night in Hollywood, more than a year ago, busy producer David O. Selznick took time off to look at a batch of film sent him by one of his European talent scouts. The film consisted of clips from pictures made by Alida Valli, an Italian movie star.

Selznick sat fascinated for two hours. Swiftly a cable went to Rome to sign Valli.

Selznick stars are lucky in that they never find themselves in poor parts in unimportant pictures. And Valli will not be an exception. She will soon make her American debut as the sultry, beautiful Mrs. Paradine in an Alfred Hitchcock thriller, The Paradine Case, in the company of such potent box-office names as Gregory Peck, Ethel Barrymore, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.

Blue-eyed, dark-haired, and in her middle twenties, Valli was born in Pola. She studied at the Como Gymnasium until 1936, when she left to take courses in dramatic art at the Motion Picture Academy in Rome. After a year there, she was given a screen test by an Italian producer. This led to a contract with Italcine, a motion-picture company. In 1941 she won the award at the Venice Festival as the best actress of the year. Italcine suspended activities in 1943 owing to the political situation. When the Germans moved into Italy Valli went into hiding. In 1944 she married Oscar de Mejo, Italian pianist and composer.

When the Americans arrived in Italy she entertained them at camps and hospitals, where she picked up bits of English from them.

In June, 1945, after two years of retirement from the screen, she made La Vita Ricomincia and Giovanna.

In Hollywood, Valli, her husband, and their three-year-old son live in a rented two-bedroom house on a hilltop above Sunset Boulevard.

The real appeal of Selznick's new star seems to be in her breathtaking beauty and her vibrant low-pitched voice, which is heightened in its effect by a slight accent. Producer Jesse Lasky, on a mad hunt for an Olga for his Miracle of the Bells, looked at two reels of The Paradine Case and is said to have exclaimed, "She's my Olga!" Selznick was quite willing to make a loan-out deal. As Olga, Valli will have a chance to play a Joan of Arc role in The Miracle of the Bells, which will be released before ex-Selznick star Ingrid Bergman's Joan of Lorraine. And it might take the edge off it.

THE END

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

MADE ON BROADWAY

ACCENT ON BEAUTY

Mark Hellinger is one guy Hollywood has never been able to spoil

READING TIME•2 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

MARK HELLINGER is Hollywood's best anachronism. He is a producer and he is a modest man. "A producer who takes bows," he says, "deserves a swift kick in the pants. The producer should come third; the writer first and the director second."

He took a bow once, a long time ago, and he still winces when he thinks about it. "All I did was sell an idea to a fellow in Hollywood named Bob Riskin. Riskin wrote a brilliant script, and Frank Capra directed it brilliantly. I only jotted down a few words, but when the picture opened in New York I got all the credit."

Mark also does back bends disclaiming any credit for discovering stars. But in The Killers he made big-time personalities of Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. In Brute Force he got Howard Duff (Sam Spade of radio) off to a good start. In The Naked City it's a cinch he will push to stardom Don Taylor and Dorothy Hart. While at Warners he gave Joan Leslie a break. When Raft turned down High Sierra, he persuaded Jack Warner to give Humphrey Bogart the part—establishing Bogart as a romantic star.

Mark was born in the Yorkville section of New York City on March 21, 1903. He left Townsend Harris Hall High School in his third year, and became a combination waiter and cashier in Greenwich Village. His newspaper career started when he landed a job on Zit's theatrical weekly. In 1924 the Daily News hired him, and in 1929 he moved his typewriter over to the Daily Mirror. From 1925 to 1937 Hellinger wrote a short short story a day.

While bedded in French Hospital, Manhattan, with a broken leg, Mark wrote what he modestly calls "the few little words" that became Broadway Bill. From then on, Hollywood was just a matter of weeks.

In 1929 Mark married Gladys Glad, Ziegfeld beauty. The Hellingers, with their two adopted children, Mark, five, and Gladys, four, live in a hillside home in Hollywood.

At present Mark writes one short short story a week. But he has no illusions about the literary quality of his stories. As he wrote in the preface of The Ten Million, his collection of short stories, ". . . I have but one mission in life, and it is not to write for posterity. I want merely to earn enough to buy brandy for my friends, to give a little to the poor, to take me where I wish to go, and to die in peace."

THE END

NOT THE

DOMESTIC TYPE

BY FRANK X. TOLBERT

It could be this stubborn, pretty redhead doesn't know what she wants. What do you think?

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

THIS young cowman, Bill Lightfoot, kept asking my cousin, Clarissa, to marry him. Clarissa told me she had been thinking seriously of dedicating herself to scientific work and not marrying anyone, much less a clumsy grinning cowpuncher like Bill.

"I am not," she mentioned, "the domestic type. Definitely not." Clarissa was one of the best-looking girls I've ever seen, but she had some peculiarities. She majored in archaeology and anthropology at the University of Texas, and after she got her bachelor's degree and came home to the ranch last fall, she spent most of her spare time riding the range looking for old bones and likely sites for archaeological excavations. She had all of us pretty exasperated, for she was hauling in pieces of ancient Indian bones and artifacts almost every day. And once she came in with a dozen or so human skulls which she'd dug up in Mule-Tail Deer Canyon.

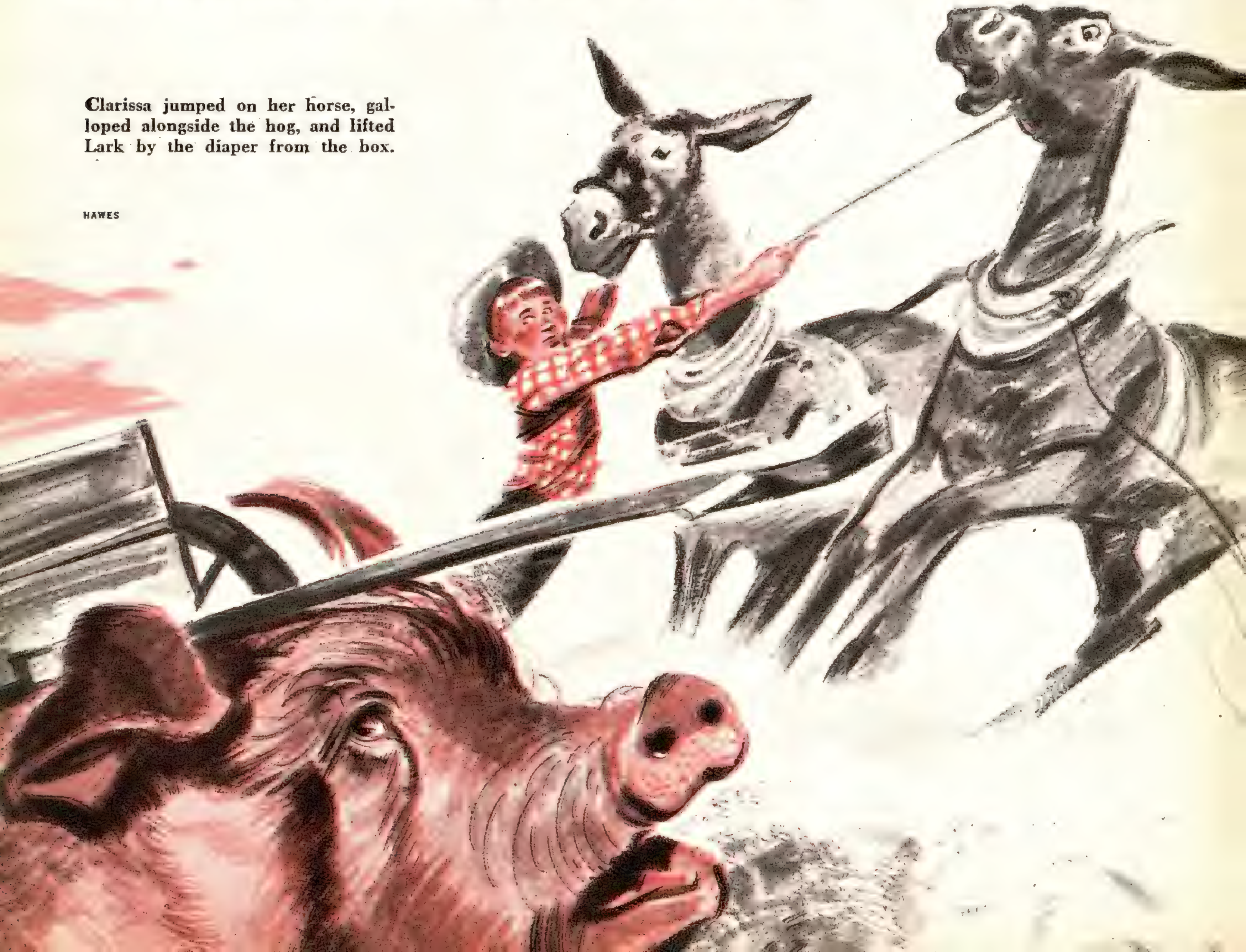
"That girl drags in more bones than a pack of dogs," said Grandma Renfro. "It looks like she could spend a little time helping around the house."

At the time, Will King Solomon and Dulcie, the cooks, were down on the lower ranch cooking for Uncle Gummy Guadalupe's round-up. So it would have been thoughtful if Clarissa had volunteered for a few chores around the place instead of running off all the time.

Grandma Renfro had been inviting Bill Lightfoot out to our ranch two or three times a week in the hope that Clarissa would get interested in him and forget about bone-collecting. Bill owned one of the best little one-man cattle ranches in Deaf Jones County, and some day he would inherit thousands of acres of grasslands from his folks. He'd taken animal husbandry at Texas A. & M. and he'd been a good football player. About the only times Clarissa really talked to him was to tell him some anecdotes about her favorite teacher at the university, a Dr. Kornhauser. She always left the implication that Dr. Kornhauser was awfully interested in her and that he was a young and handsome guy. I put Bill straight on this. I'd met the professor when Grandma Renfro and I went down to Austin for Clarissa's graduation. Dr. Kornhauser turned out to be a little bald-headed man with a nervous mustache.

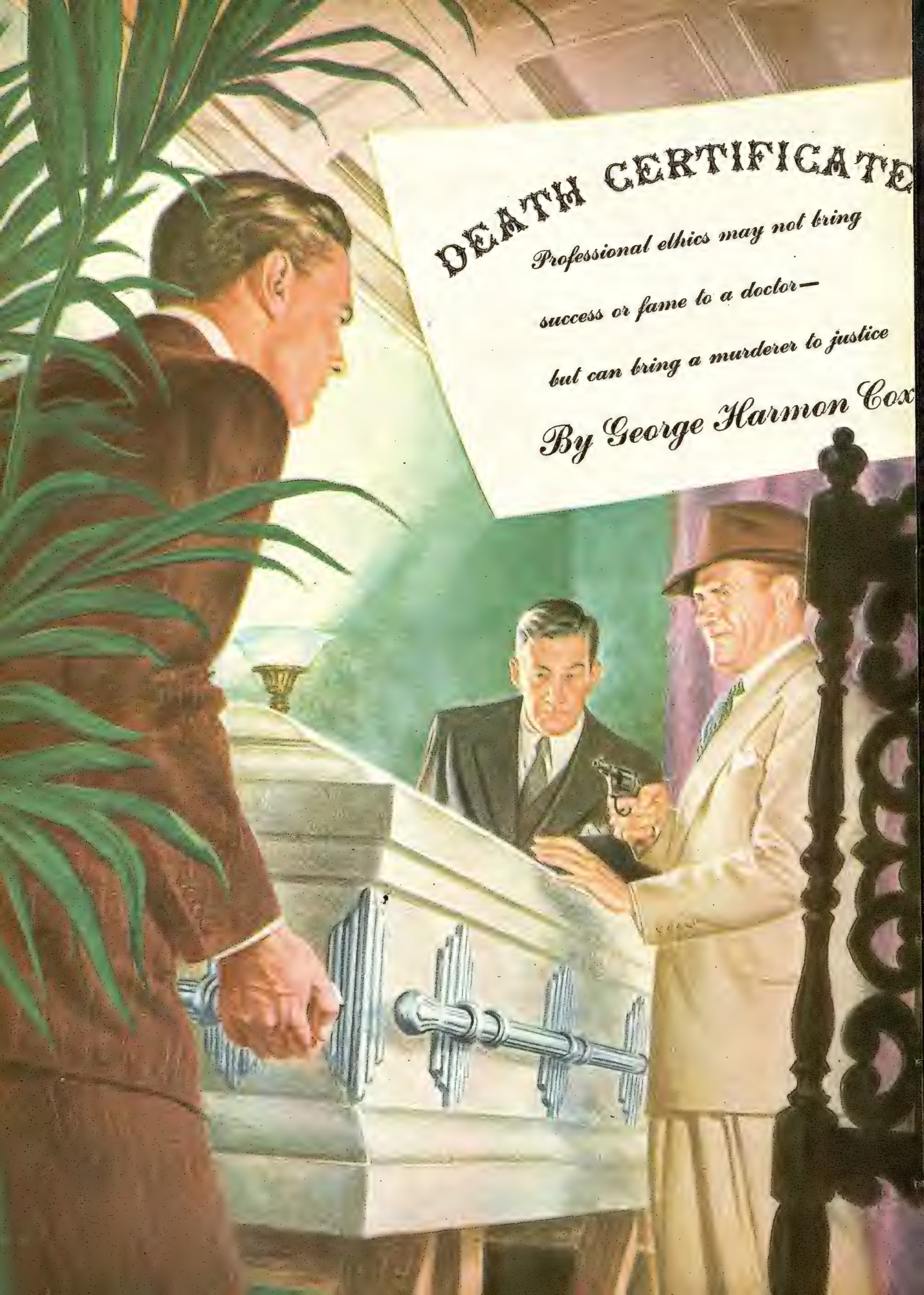
One morning Bill came over to our ranch and brought along his guitar. He picked out some chords and sang songs like K-Bar Dun while he was sitting on the porch swing with

(*Continued on page 79*)



Clarissa jumped on her horse, galloped alongside the hog, and lifted Lark by the diaper from the box.

HAWES



DEATH CERTIFICATE

Professional ethics may not bring success or fame to a doctor—but can bring a murderer to justice

By George Harmon Cox

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

IN the two years that Dr. Paul Standish had acted as the city's medical examiner, he had become acquainted with death in nearly all its violent forms; but not until the night Dr. Cheney was found dead had it ever occurred to him that the performance of his public duty might some day include the added burden of a personal responsibility.

The call awakened him shortly after two thirty that morning. By the time he had dressed, a police car was waiting at the curb to take him to the north side of town, near the river. Here another police car was drawn up with its headlights focused into an alleyway.

Standish knew at his first glance that the man who lay sprawled on the cobblestones had been murdered. The back of his head was broken and bloody, and he noticed that the nondescript character of the worn suit and topcoat were in keeping with the bureau's announcement. An unidentified man, it had said, and that was what Paul Standish expected—until he turned the body over and realized that this man had once been his friend.

"We went through his pockets," an officer said. "Looks like he's clean. We figure some muggers slugged him and then dragged him in here."

Standish forced himself to concentrate. He made sure about the pockets as he made his preliminary tests for *rigor*. He knew that insofar as his duty was concerned, his job, which was to determine the cause of death, was finished. Yet now, as his thoughts went back to the Dr. Cheney he had known when he was a young interne at City Hospital, he knew that it was not enough to write a report which said that this same Dr. Cheney had been murdered with a blunt instrument. He turned to ask if anyone was there from Homicide.

"I am," a voice said. "Sergeant Wargo."

Standish recognized the man as an assistant of Lieutenant Ballard. He had hoped Ballard would be here; he needed him now, but he did not ask about the lieutenant who was his friend. He nodded as he heard the ambulance draw to a stop, and asked the sergeant to wait.

After the body had been removed, Wargo, a young man of intelligence and ability who had not yet asked a question nor offered an opinion, said, "We're pretty sure he was dragged into the alley, doctor."

"Yes," Standish said. "But he wasn't killed on the sidewalk. He'd been dead at least three hours when I examined him."

Wargo whistled softly. Then, as though held by something in the doctor's manner that he did not understand, he said, "Do you know him?"

Standish nodded. "Ballard's not on call?" he asked.

"Not tonight," Wargo said. "The captain told him to get some rest, because he's been going steadily ever since yesterday morning, when Frankie Montanari jumped his bail. So has everybody in the department. Even Homicide, because I guess they figure when they find Frankie it'll be a homicide job."

Dr. Standish had no interest in Montanari, but felt annoyance that such a case should rob him of Lieutenant Ballard's help.

"I'm going to the morgue," he said. Then, standing beside the police car, he told Sergeant Wargo what he wanted him to do.

DR. CHENEY had as his office and living quarters the lower floor of a two-family house which stood in a neighborhood only a cut above the slums. When Standish arrived, Sergeant Wargo was waiting for him.

"The guy upstairs owns the place," Wargo said. "I got the key from him. This coupé"—he indicated a battered car in front of the police sedan—"is Doc Cheney's. There's no doctor's bag in it and I didn't find any in his office."

Standish went into a poorly furnished waiting room overlooking the porch. He inspected the adjoining private office and the living quarters beyond, finding no signs of the bag, without which Cheney would never have made a professional call. Then, because he did not understand this, any more than he understood the dead man's empty pockets, he examined the appointment book on the desk.

"He made his last call at five o'clock."

"The guy upstairs saw him come in around six," Wargo said. "He thinks he went out around nine."

"What makes him think so?"

"He heard the doc answer the doorbell. He thinks he went out."

IT was nearly six o'clock when Paul Standish reached his apartment. He did not go to bed, but sat by the window and tried to find some reason for a murder that seemed utterly senseless. That it was not his job to do so did not occur to him at all, until Lieutenant Ballard put it into words at eight thirty that morning at police headquarters.

"Sergeant Wargo thinks it was a hold-up job," Ballard said. "And I've got to go along. A couple of young punks jumped Cheney and maybe he gave them an argument and they sapped him—too hard."

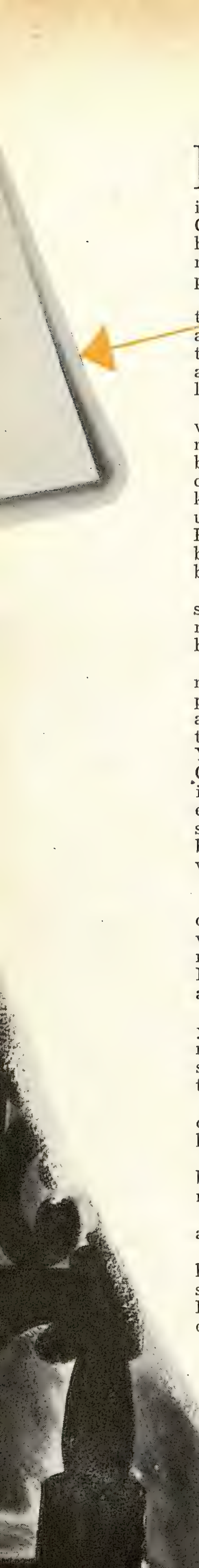
"Three hours before he was found."

"Maybe it happened in their neighborhood and they got scared and went back and moved him. I can think of a dozen answers to that one."

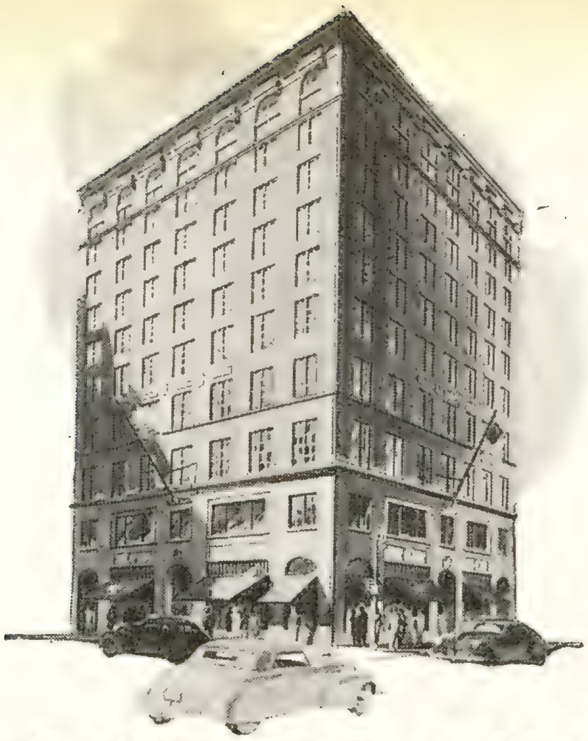
Standish tried to be patient. "Someone called for Cheney at nine o'clock, otherwise he would have taken his car. He took his bag with him, because we didn't find it in his office. He's not found until three hours after he's killed, and there's no bag, no identification on him. If I hadn't known him, he might have lain in the morgue for days before we knew who he was, and I say that doesn't shape up like mugging."

Ballard ran his fingers through his sandy hair and his shrewd gray eyes were troubled.

"Look, Paul," he said. "Right now I can't agree with you. I think a couple thugs did the job. But even if I'm (*Continued on page 62*)



Standish knew that no matter what happened he would have to put up a fight. Suddenly his nerves were quiet and he knew what to do.



MANHATTAN TRADING POST

Whether you want a 75-cent reel or equipment for a polar expedition, you'll find it at Abercrombie & Fitch

BY TOM O'REILLY

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

AMONG New York's teeming millions are thousands who daily yearn for woodsy solitude and the babble of a trout stream. They can be viewed daily, at the corner of 45th Street and Madison Avenue (the heart of Manhattan's sable- and mink-bearing country), their noses pressed against the windows of Abercrombie & Fitch, "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World."

Between the gun range in its cellar and the trout pool on the roof, the amazing 12-story mouse and moose trap—equipped with every known snare for game, from a pair of dice to a cannon—democratically refers to itself in advertisements as a "trading post." But the fact that it stands just one short block from that old ermine-banked salt lick, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, does not exactly promote a feeling of chumminess in a man whose entire fishing experience may be limited to a pole, string, bent pin, and worm. Also the fact that its gun department, for example, includes among its customers practically every member of the Social Register who ever shot an eight-pronged elk, has been known to make the BMT commuter feel somewhat out of place. This infuriates Otis L. Guernsey, the tweedy ex-Yale halfback and New York State Guard brigadier general, who is its president.

"Hell," he says robustly, "we give just as good service to a man who comes in to buy a 75-cent fishing reel as we do to an explorer seeking equipment for the North Pole. And the value is equally proper, too."

A. & F. salesmen are instructed not to high-pressure their customers. Actually these salesmen are more likely to act as a governor on a man's runaway emotions. They would consider it most unsporting—like shooting a sitting bird—to take advantage of a beginner's ignorance.

In the long run this policy is paid off by a fierce loyalty on the part of the 160,000 customers on the store's mailing list. The store is constantly receiving telegrams, cables, and other messages anent the latest fish and game gossip from such far-flung outposts as Bimini, the African veldt, Scotland, Hudson Bay, and the Everglades. This helps A. & F. provide information on where the fish are biting, as well as maps of well-stocked streams, fishing licenses, guides, and the names of camps, railroads, and steamship lines who will aid the earnest sportsman.

Since Teddy Roosevelt equipped his first African big-game hunting trip at A. & F., the store has served the family of every President of the United States and outfitted big-time expeditions for such notables as Admiral Byrd, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Lincoln Ellsworth, Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, Kermit Roosevelt, Martin Johnson, Linton Wells, Stewart Edward White, Amundsen, MacMillan, Shackleton. They boast both Beebes — William of bathysphere fame and Lucius of the Bath & Tennis—as well as Garbo and Lassie.

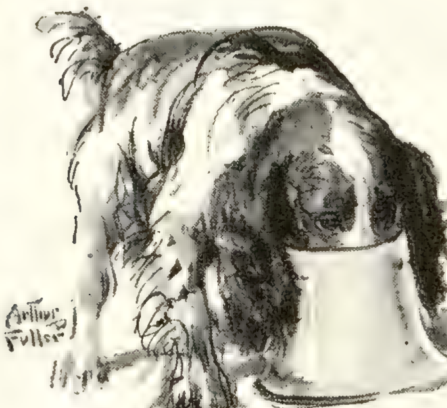
Royalty has long patronized the store, including King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, King Prajadhipok of Siam, the Prince of Monaco and King Menelik of Ethiopia, whose emissary entered the store leading a bulldog that flashed a beautiful set of gold teeth.

A GADGET lover is lucky to get out of the place solvent. His first temptation, on the street floor, is a quarter million dollars' worth of items ranging from sporting jewelry, book ends, ship models, and similar devices, to knives, clocks operated by barometric pressure, poker sets, games, golf clubs, tennis rackets, and prizes for all sports.

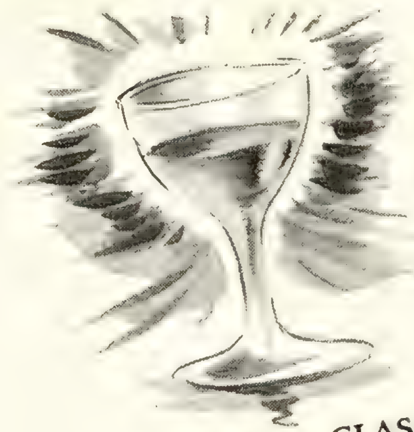
Naturally, with such a specialized and notable clientele, the salesmen among the store's 440 employees are profound experts in their lines.

For example, a man seeking a bit of ribbon to braid in the tail of his electric horse would naturally seek the saddlery department and Colonel Douglas-Young, who led his Royal Canadian Dragoons in saber charges against the Germans in World War I.

A charming and distinguished-looking man, the colonel is seldom nonplused at any zany request. In-



MUSTACHE CUPS
Store sells mustache cups like this to keep spaniel's ears out of the food.



NEON COCKTAIL GLASS
A. & F. caters to gadget lovers with such oddities as a neon cocktail glass.

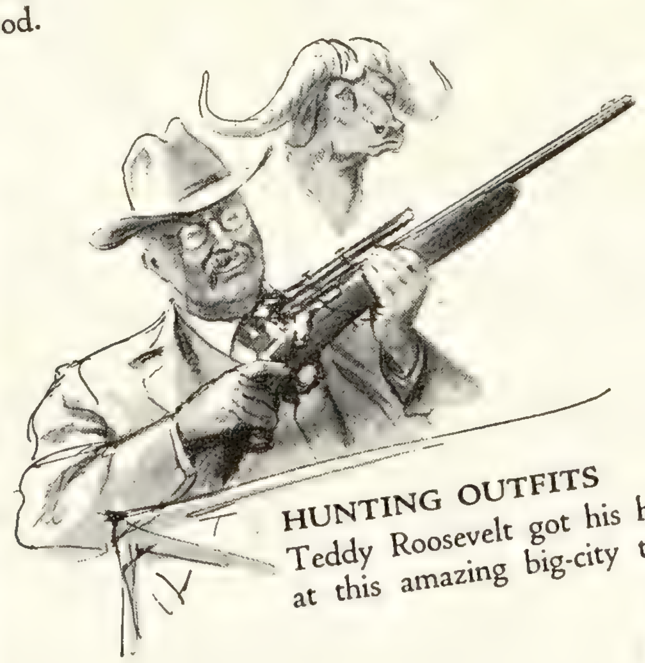
deed, when one customer inquired seriously whether or not A. & F. could provide him with a live pink elephant, the colonel, without batting an eye, referred him to Harrod's in London.

If you are seeking some ski wax, a bow and arrow, or an underwater fish gun, the man to see is Albert Vander Kogel, on the first floor. He served with the Tenth Mountain Division of ski troops, is president of the Metropolitan Archers' Club for which he earned the Eastern distance title by shooting an arrow a quarter of a mile (he can also split a thread at twenty yards), and helped to design a spear gun, discharged under water by cartridges of CO^2, with a pressure of 1,000 pounds per square inch.

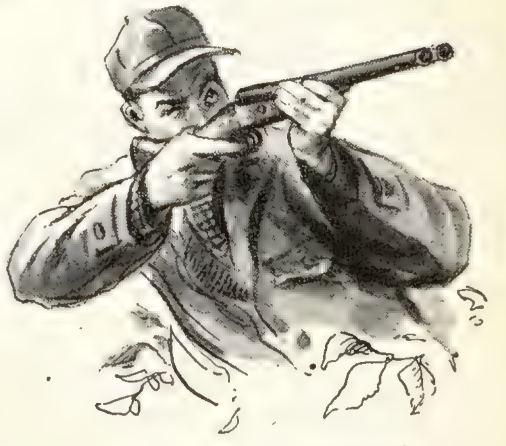
Besides Mr. Krug on the seventh floor, who knows more about sporting firearms than Old Man Nimrod himself, there is John Schaefer. Everyone in the store calls him "the gun coach." A. & F. carries some 1,500 firearms in its great gun collection, ranging from .22 rifles costing $4.95 to gold-inlaid, double-barreled shotguns designed by the great English firms of Boss & Co. and James Purdy & Sons, some selling for $2,500. If you want something larger, there are yacht-club cannons fired by yanking a lanyard.

Before the war Mr. Schaefer did his coaching on a ten-acre proving ground out in Bayside, Long Island,

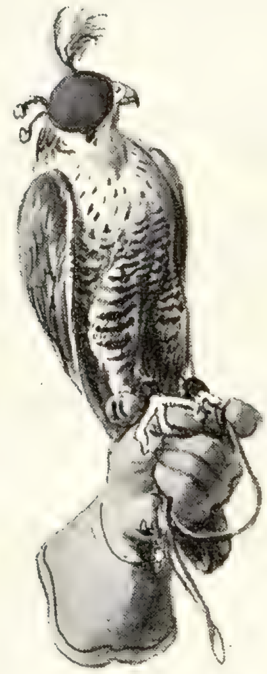
(*Continued on page 78*)



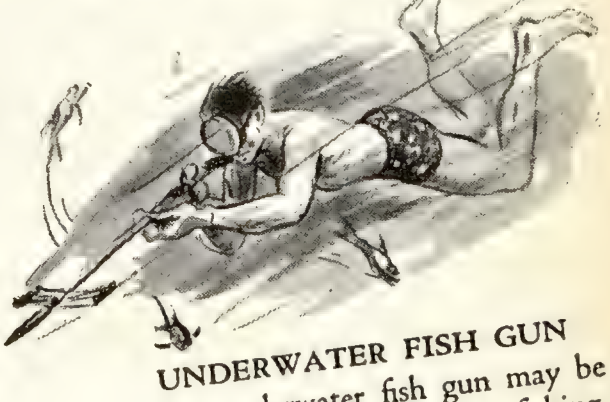
HUNTING OUTFITS
Teddy Roosevelt got his hunting gear at this amazing big-city trading post.



"CROSS-EYED" SHOTGUN
You haven't seen everything until you see A. & F.'s "cross-eyed" shotgun.



HAWKING GEAR
Customers even get hoods, jesses, leashes, for hawking.



UNDERWATER FISH GUN
An underwater fish gun may be just what you need to make fishing fun.

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

I WAS shoving another nickel into the pinball machine when he came over and leaned his elbows on the glass top.

"You got a minute, Pete?"

I hit the first ball and rang up a thousand.

"Go ahead," I said. "I'm listening."

But I still didn't look at him. O.K., O.K., so he had crawled on his belly across fifty yards of Normandy mud to drag me to safety. But how endless can a pay-off be? Doesn't he ever tear up the I O U? How long was I going to have to go on getting him jobs he couldn't hold, and fixing him up with girls who were too good for him, and staking his binges with dough I couldn't spare? He crawled into the dark and dragged me from certain death, and for that they gave him the Silver Star. And for that I had Harry Hackett. It was no bargain for either of us.

"I'm in kind of a jam," he was saying. "I have to blow this town fast. A couple of thousand miles. I thought maybe California."

"Have a nice trip." I had a pretty good idea what the jam was. About all I didn't know was the girl's name.

"I figured I'd hop a bus for L. A.," Harry said. "And as soon as things start breaking right for me, I'll send you some dough."

I had heard that one before.

He said, "But you know it's going to take a little doing, so I thought—thought maybe—"

I slammed the machine hard. "I told you I was through!" I shouted. "Ellen says she's washed up with me if I give you another dollar! How many times do I have to tell you?"

"Will you let me finish?"

"I got a few hundred in the bank and it isn't enough to get married on, and the kind of dough I make at the laundry it'll take me months to save what we need, and Ellen is waiting and I'm waiting and I just can't go along with you any more, Harry. I can't, that's all."

"Who's asking you for any money?" He put a hand on my arm. "I wouldn't think of going into you for any more, Pete. I got a much better idea. You told me yourself about that four-hundred-dollar payroll."

I looked around wildly. Nobody in the poolroom had heard him. I grabbed my hat, took the steps down to the street two at a time, and walked up the block as fast as I could, but he caught up with me.

"Beat it!" I was hoarse with panic.

"Relax, fellah." He took my arm and fell in stride. "Everyone in town knows you go to the bank on Fridays for old man Jackson's payroll."

"Will you *cut* it?"

"It wouldn't be the first payroll stick-up. And they'll never know who did it."

I tried to laugh, but it was a feeble croak. "You think I'd let anyone get away with that dough, after all the old man has done for me?"

"Maybe you would," Harry said slowly, "if you were in for half of the take."

I stopped short and gave the punch everything I had, but it was a wild swing and he just grabbed my wrists and sneered at me. "When are you going to stop being a damned fool? Is it a favor, that job he gives you, letting you do all the dirty work around that steaming hole for twenty-eight fifty a week?"

I was yanking to free my hands and cursing at him.

"Now, listen," he was snarling. "Like I told you is the way it's going to be. On your way back from the bank Friday afternoon you're going to run into a little trouble and we'll split the four hundred. Not that I couldn't use it all. But I like to feel you got a good reason for keeping your mouth closed. With half the dough in your kick and you and me being old buddies, no one would believe you weren't in on it. So don't do anything stupid, pal. It's your word against mine."

I called him every name I knew, but he just told me to relax and walked away.

ALL the way home I kept telling myself the things I was going to do to cross him up. I saw myself in the police station telling O'Flaherty I needed an armed guard and not even hearing him snicker that I was seeing too many picture shows. I was walking in on old man Jackson and telling him I couldn't go for his payroll any more, but I couldn't think of any reason that wouldn't send Harry to jail. So instead I was quitting a job I needed desperately and telling Ellen I was canned. And when I remembered that that wouldn't save the old man's dough, I was taking the Luger from the bureau drawer and shooting it out with Harry on Friday just as though I could kill a guy who had saved my life.

Oh, I was telling myself a lot of things I was going to do, but by the time I reached home I knew damn well I wasn't going to go through with any of them, because that's the way it is when a guy risks his life for you. You can put up a squawk, but you do what he wants you to do and you keep on doing it until he's out of your life forever.

I sweated for two days. I hardly slept at night. And then I began to think about two hundred dollars, half of four hundred, and what it meant to Ellen and me—how many months our marriage would be delayed for the want of it, and how many months of penny-pinching it would take to save it up. I thought of the things that couldn't be measured in money, like old Jackson's faith in me, and the good clean feeling of being free of a Harry Hackett who was three thousand miles away. I weighed everything carefully, and finally I made up my mind that being party to a crime sometimes wasn't a matter of right and wrong. It was just something that I had to do, that's all.

FRIDAY old man Jackson sent me to the bank at two o'clock and I could hardly stand up as my shaking hands took the money Mrs. Greer shoved at me through the teller's window. Walking back, I got to the alley between the deserted warehouse and the old Humber garage. Harry had a .44 in his hand and his face was white.

"Hurry!" he said tensely.

I looked around. There was no one in sight. I ducked into the alley.

"Harry, you sure you have to go through with this?" My voice was thin with fright.

"Hand it over!"

I gave him the envelope. He tore it open and counted the four hundred with fumbling hands. Then he counted off two hundred and said, "Here, stop crying."

I took the bills and tucked them away.

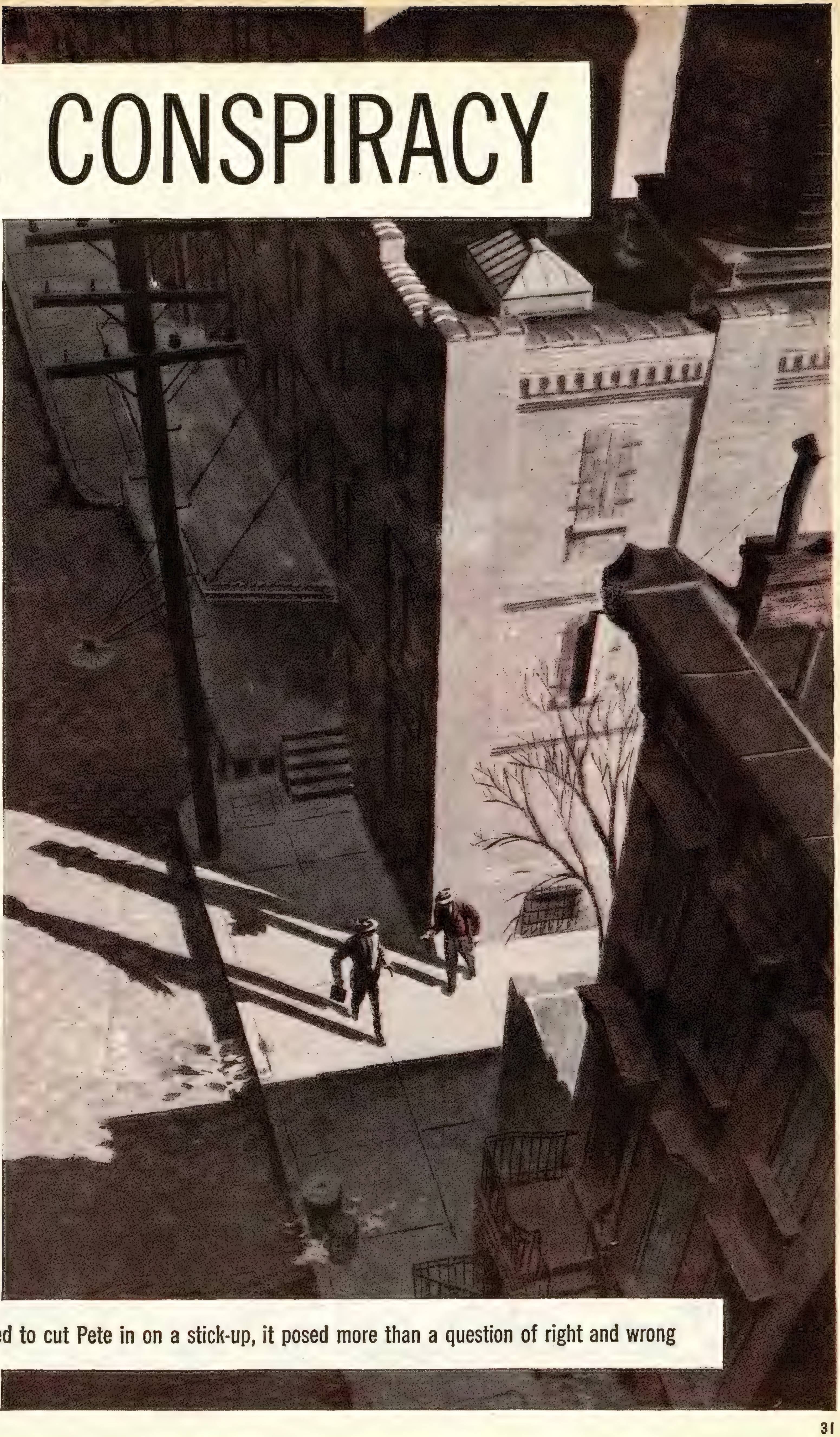
He was looking up and down the street nervously. "Now, don't forget: the first thing you knew, you felt a gun in your back and a voice said, 'Don't turn your head.' You didn't see the guy and you never heard the voice before. Remember, we're both in this together, so don't do anything stupid."

Then I was watching him walking away fast in the direction of the bus terminal and I had a funny kind of sad feeling inside, knowing that I had shaken off my bad dream at last and that the big guy hurrying up the block would never be free of himself, no matter how far he ran. And like a jerk I heard myself saying, "Good luck, Harry."

I took a deep breath and headed back to the laundry, to the job I liked and an old man who trusted me. He'd be waiting for me like he did every Friday afternoon, but it wasn't him I was thinking about. I was thinking about Ellen. I was wondering whether she'd understand why I had done it, when she found out about the two hundred dollars withdrawn from our savings account. I was wondering whether I understood it myself.

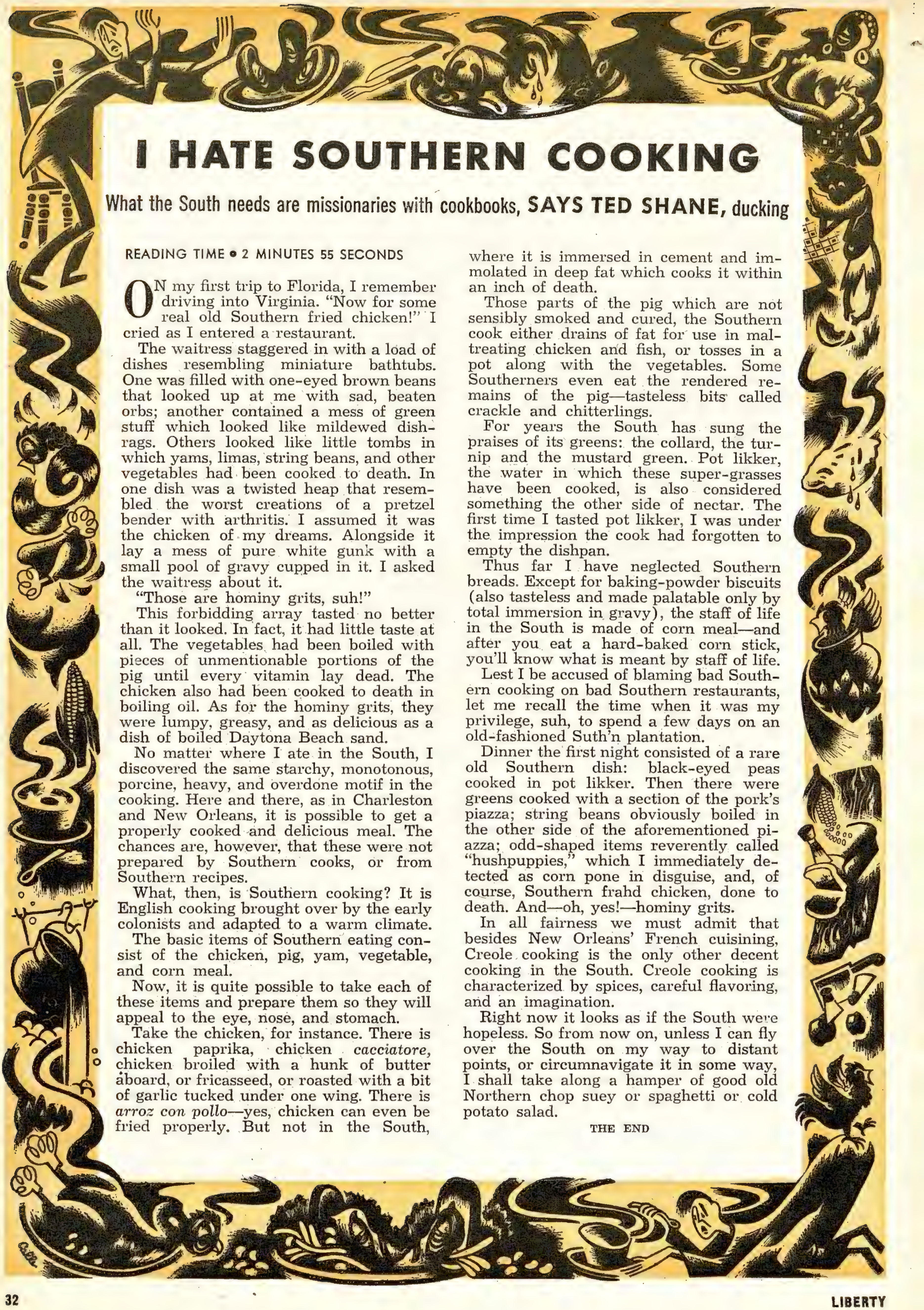
THE END

THE CONSPIRACY



When Harry offered to cut Pete in on a stick-up, it posed more than a question of right and wrong

MUENCHEN



I HATE SOUTHERN COOKING

What the South needs are missionaries with cookbooks, SAYS TED SHANE, ducking

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ON my first trip to Florida, I remember driving into Virginia. "Now for some real old Southern fried chicken!" I cried as I entered a restaurant.

The waitress staggered in with a load of dishes resembling miniature bathtubs. One was filled with one-eyed brown beans that looked up at me with sad, beaten orbs; another contained a mess of green stuff which looked like mildewed dishrags. Others looked like little tombs in which yams, limas, string beans, and other vegetables had been cooked to death. In one dish was a twisted heap that resembled the worst creations of a pretzel bender with arthritis. I assumed it was the chicken of my dreams. Alongside it lay a mess of pure white gunk with a small pool of gravy cupped in it. I asked the waitress about it.

"Those are hominy grits, suh!"

This forbidding array tasted no better than it looked. In fact, it had little taste at all. The vegetables had been boiled with pieces of unmentionable portions of the pig until every vitamin lay dead. The chicken also had been cooked to death in boiling oil. As for the hominy grits, they were lumpy, greasy, and as delicious as a dish of boiled Daytona Beach sand.

No matter where I ate in the South, I discovered the same starchy, monotonous, porcine, heavy, and overdone motif in the cooking. Here and there, as in Charleston and New Orleans, it is possible to get a properly cooked and delicious meal. The chances are, however, that these were not prepared by Southern cooks, or from Southern recipes.

What, then, is Southern cooking? It is English cooking brought over by the early colonists and adapted to a warm climate.

The basic items of Southern eating consist of the chicken, pig, yam, vegetable, and corn meal.

Now, it is quite possible to take each of these items and prepare them so they will appeal to the eye, nose, and stomach.

Take the chicken, for instance. There is chicken paprika, chicken *cacciatore*, chicken broiled with a hunk of butter aboard, or fricasseed, or roasted with a bit of garlic tucked under one wing. There is *arroz con pollo*—yes, chicken can even be fried properly. But not in the South, where it is immersed in cement and immolated in deep fat which cooks it within an inch of death.

Those parts of the pig which are not sensibly smoked and cured, the Southern cook either drains of fat for use in maltreating chicken and fish, or tosses in a pot along with the vegetables. Some Southerners even eat the rendered remains of the pig—tasteless bits called crackle and chitterlings.

For years the South has sung the praises of its greens: the collard, the turnip and the mustard green. Pot likker, the water in which these super-grasses have been cooked, is also considered something the other side of nectar. The first time I tasted pot likker, I was under the impression the cook had forgotten to empty the dishpan.

Thus far I have neglected Southern breads. Except for baking-powder biscuits (also tasteless and made palatable only by total immersion in gravy), the staff of life in the South is made of corn meal—and after you eat a hard-baked corn stick, you'll know what is meant by staff of life.

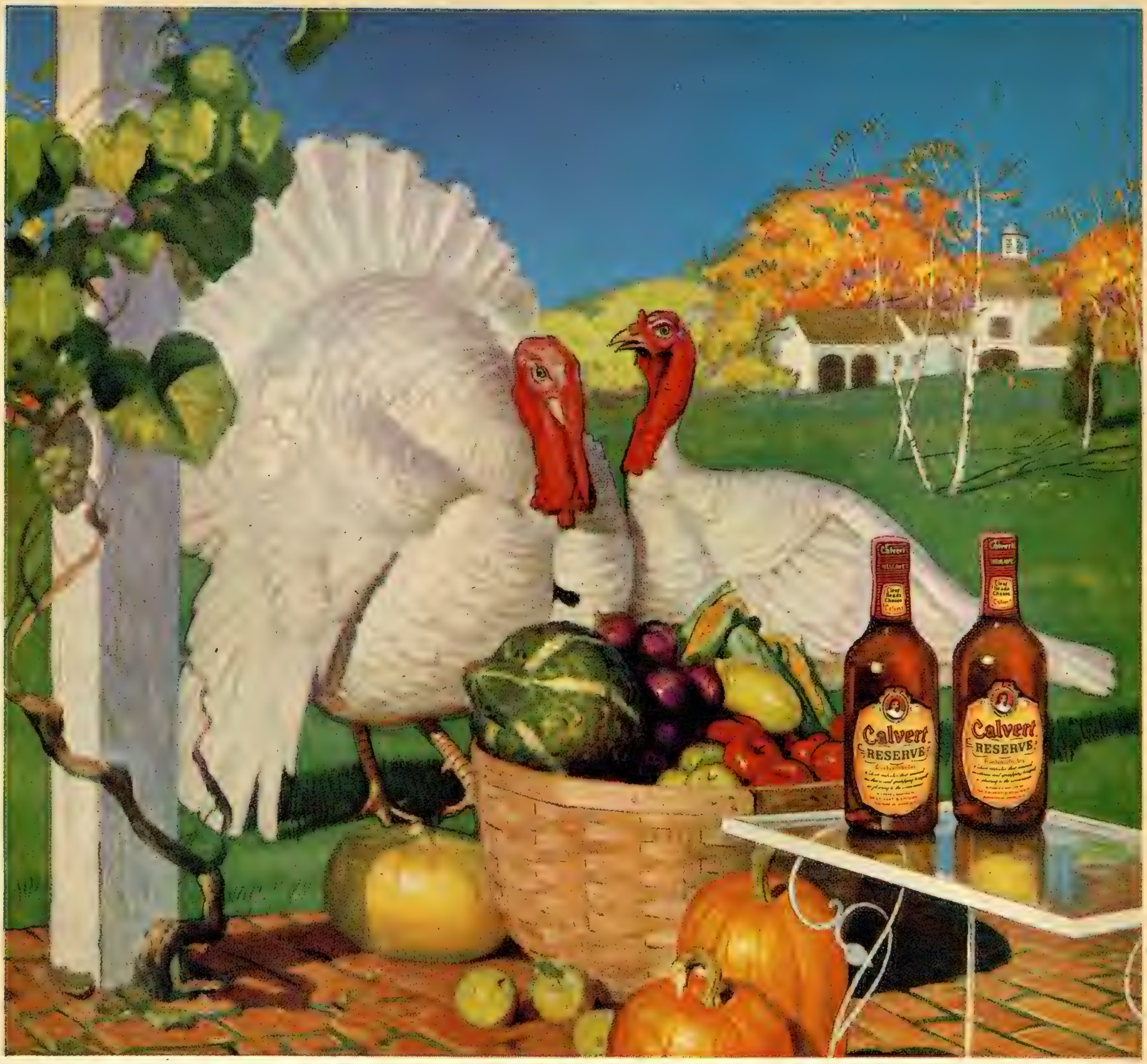
Lest I be accused of blaming bad Southern cooking on bad Southern restaurants, let me recall the time when it was my privilege, suh, to spend a few days on an old-fashioned Suth'n plantation.

Dinner the first night consisted of a rare old Southern dish: black-eyed peas cooked in pot likker. Then there were greens cooked with a section of the pork's piazza; string beans obviously boiled in the other side of the aforementioned piazza; odd-shaped items reverently called "hushpuppies," which I immediately detected as corn pone in disguise, and, of course, Southern frahd chicken, done to death. And—oh, yes!—hominy grits.

In all fairness we must admit that besides New Orleans' French cuisining, Creole cooking is the only other decent cooking in the South. Creole cooking is characterized by spices, careful flavoring, and an imagination.

Right now it looks as if the South were hopeless. So from now on, unless I can fly over the South on my way to distant points, or circumnavigate it in some way, I shall take along a hamper of good old Northern chop suey or spaghetti or cold potato salad.

THE END



"Say! This will be a bountiful feast!"

You'll notice at many a pleasant gathering Calvert's the choice of the wise. Reason: Calvert is *light* whiskey...polite to the palate... perfection itself in its richly mellow flavor. Taste it once and you'll be *another* who's switched to Calvert! Yes, it's good to know the congenial reasons why...

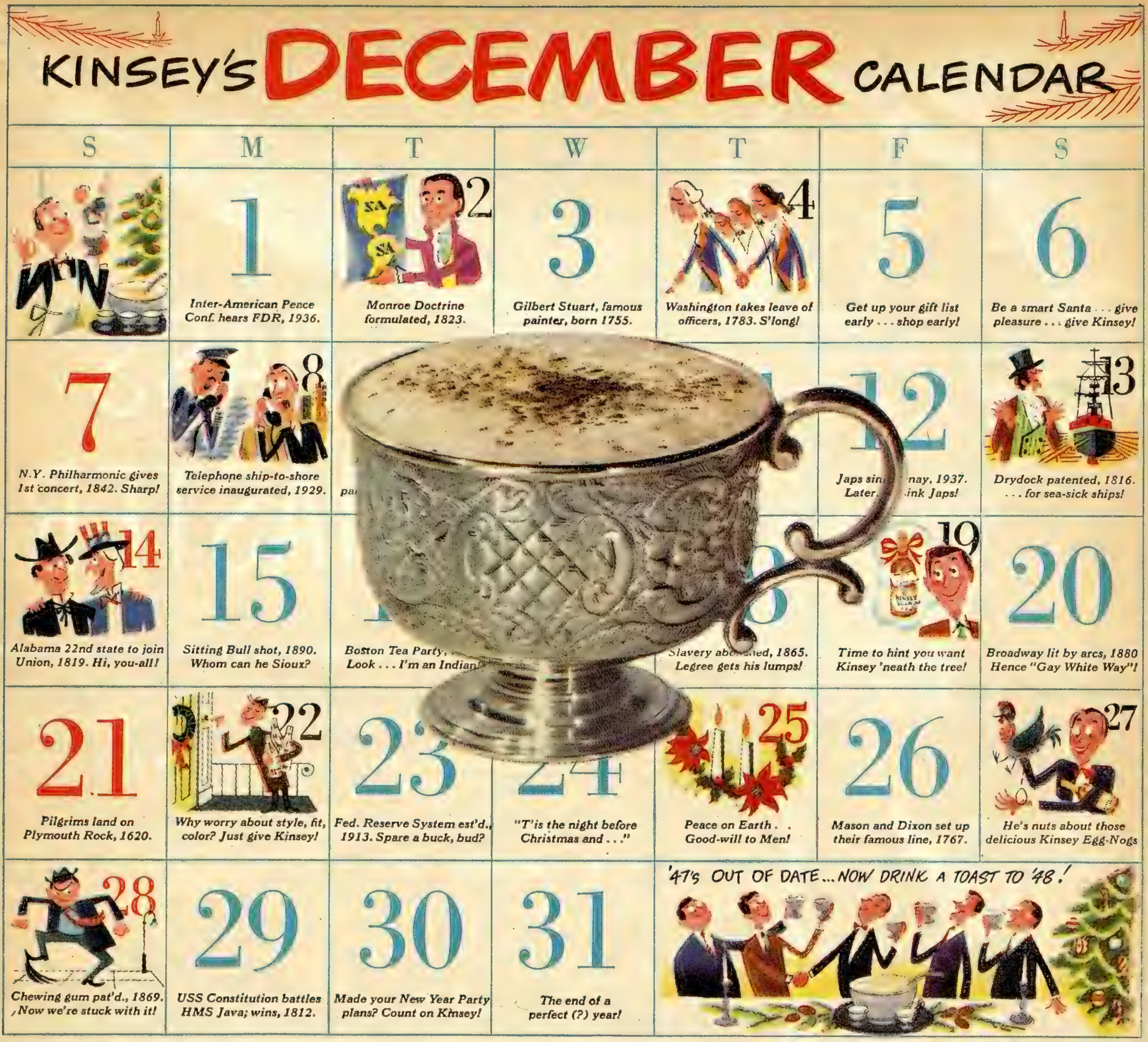
Clear *Heads Choose Calvert*

Calvert

BLENDED WHISKIES

Reserve **OR** *Special*

Choice Blended Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special" —72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City



KINSEY'S DECEMBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1 Inter-American Peace Conf. hears FDR, 1936.	2 Monroe Doctrine formulated, 1823.	3 Gilbert Stuart, famous painter, born 1755.	4 Washington takes leave of officers, 1783. S'long!	5 Get up your gift list early . . . shop early!	6 Be a smart Santa . . . give pleasure . . . give Kinsey!
7 N.Y. Philharmonic gives 1st concert, 1842. Sharp!	8 Telephone ship-to-shore service inaugurated, 1929.	pa			12 Japs sin nay, 1937. Later. ink Japs!	13 Drydock patented, 1816. . . . for sea-sick ships!
14 Alabama 22nd state to join Union, 1819. Hi, you-all!	15 Sitting Bull shot, 1890. Whom can he Sioux?	Boston Tea Party, Look . . . I'm an Indian		lavery abo ed, 1865. Legree gets his lumps!	19 Time to hint you want Kinsey 'neath the tree!	20 Broadway lit by arcs, 1880 Hence "Gay White Way"!
21 Pilgrims land on Plymouth Rock, 1620.	22 Why worry about style, fit, color? Just give Kinsey!	23 Fed. Reserve System est'd., 1913. Spare a buck, bud?	24 "T'is the night before Christmas and . . ."	25 Peace on Earth . . Good-will to Men!	26 Mason and Dixon set up their famous line, 1767.	27 He's nuts about those delicious Kinsey Egg-Nogs
28 Chewing gum pat'd., 1869. Now we're stuck with it!	29 USS Constitution battles HMS Java; wins, 1812.	30 Made your New Year Party plans? Count on Kinsey!	31 The end of a perfect (?) year!	'47's OUT OF DATE ... NOW DRINK A TOAST TO '48!		

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

Serve your guests a drink supreme...
A Kinsey Egg-nog... smooth as cream!

Enrich your holiday hospitality with this grandest of *all* drinks . . . a magnificent Kinsey Egg-Nog. Here's how:

Beat separately whites and yolks of 6 eggs. Add 1 cup of sugar to yolks while beating. Mix together with 1 pint cream, 1 pint milk, 3 oz. Jamaica Rum, 1 pint Kinsey Whiskey. Chill, dust with grated nutmeg. Serves 15-20.

Superb is the *word* for it . . . and Kinsey is the *whiskey* for it! Yes, holiday or any day, Kinsey makes *any* drink taste better. Try it . . . tonight!

KINSEY

SINCE 1892

the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments

KINSEY
GOLD LABEL
KINSEY Blended Whiskey
KINSEY
SILVER LABEL
KINSEY Blended Whiskey

GOLD LABEL
Rich, Full-Bodied

SILVER LABEL
Light, Mellow

BLENDED WHISKIES: *Gold Label—86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label—86.8 Proof, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Dist. Corp., Linfield, Pa.*

PASS MASTER

Johnny Lujack, Notre Dame's super passer, finds the pigskin turning into gold even before he can pick up his diploma

BY H. B. BROWN, JR.

READING TIME•3 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

JOHNNY LUJACK, the Notre Dame All-America and one of the most publicized players in football history, is about to get a pay check well into five figures.

It appears certain that he will sign a professional football contract soon after the Irish close their grid season with University of Southern California at the Los Angeles Coliseum on December 6. The Chicago Bears, of the National Football League, have long yearned for this super passer. So have the Rockets, Chicago's representative in the rival All-America Conference. The resultant bidding may bring Johnny a substantial additional bonus.

Testimonials will bring offers of additional cash. Meanwhile, it has been hinted that some of the movie makers will make a picture showing what makes Johnny run and pass and kick so well. This check might well read $50,000.

Professional basketball promoters will go to any length to sign Johnny for the season or for single games.

The fifth of six children, Johnny is the youngest of four boys who kept the Lujack name on Connellsville, Pennsylvania, High School athletic teams for all but two years of the period from 1928 until 1941.

At 14 and a sophomore, Johnny Lujack won a place as running halfback on the high-school team. He was a basketball star that year, and also a member of the track team.

At Notre Dame, Johnny caught Coach Frank Leahy's eye as a freshman. The next season he was called to take over the quarterback slot when Angelo Bertelli went with the Marines. Lujack's first assignment in this capacity was against Army at Yankee Stadium, and Johnny obliged with an array of passes that routed the previously unbeaten Cadets by a score of 26-0.

He performed brilliantly for the rest of that 1943 season, and when it was all over Notre Dame was national collegiate champion.

Two days after the final game, Johnny was working out with the university's cage squad. That spring he was on both baseball and track teams. Lujack ended his sophomore year as Notre Dame's first four-letterman in more than a quarter of a century.

There wasn't much that Johnny could do about Army's decisive wins over his alma mater in 1944 and 1945. An apprentice seaman in the

(Continued on page 89)

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION – Reading Time . . . One Evening

The Miracle of the Bells

Here's perfect Christmas reading — a novel of faith and hope for all who believe in miracles, and especially for those who don't

BY RUSSELL JANNEY

THE jangle of the old-fashioned doorbell of St. Michael's parish house in Coaltown, Pennsylvania, disturbed the thoughts of a priest of about thirty who was seated at a narrow desk in a small, bare room.

His thin and undersized body was topped by a small head for which the prominent nose and ears were a size too large. And the chin was not strong enough for the nose. But his eyes mirrored his ardent unselfish soul.

Since his church served the Polish population, he was a Pole. He had been born and reared in near-by Scranton. Three years ago the Bishop had given him this church, where an elderly priest had died. Father Paul had seen in the run-down condition of St. Michael's his opportunity—his life work. But though there was plenty of unhappiness, illness, poverty among his flock, the contented possessors of these attributes entirely misunderstood Father Paul's solicitude. His rounds of calls were considered prying into personal affairs.

It was reported one day that Father Paul had given some sort of "absolution" to a dying Jewish peddler, for there was no Rabbi in the place. He had heard of the man's illness and called at his shack at the edge of the town. After that, parishioners transferred their worship to other churches whose priests spoke ardently of hell-fire on Sundays and who let them alone the rest of the week.

Thus, the practical result of three years of effort was near financial disaster to St. Michael's. There was no money to rebuild foundations which were sinking because a mine shaft had been driven beneath them. There was not even enough money to pay the bills for altar and shrine candles.

Now Father Paul sighed, put the unpaid bills down on his desk, went to the door and admitted his visitor.

The man's steel gray eyes surveyed the unattractive priest. "My name is William Dunnigan," he said. "I have the body of a girl, who was a parishioner of your church, across the street in the undertaking place. She has a plot in your cemetery where her father is buried. I want to arrange for what you call a church funeral tomorrow."

"Come in," Father Paul said in a friendly voice. "Please have a chair."

Dunnigan sat down stiffly, holding his derby in his lap. His athletic frame was clad in a perfectly fitting suit of pale red and blue checks on gray. His shirt was a brilliantly dark royal purple, though the four-in-hand tie was black. His highly polished black shoes were topped with white spats. His face was ruddy, and handsome in a rough-and-ready way.

"I did not know there had been a death in my parish. I am sincerely sorry to hear it. Had I been informed

(*Continued on page 83*)

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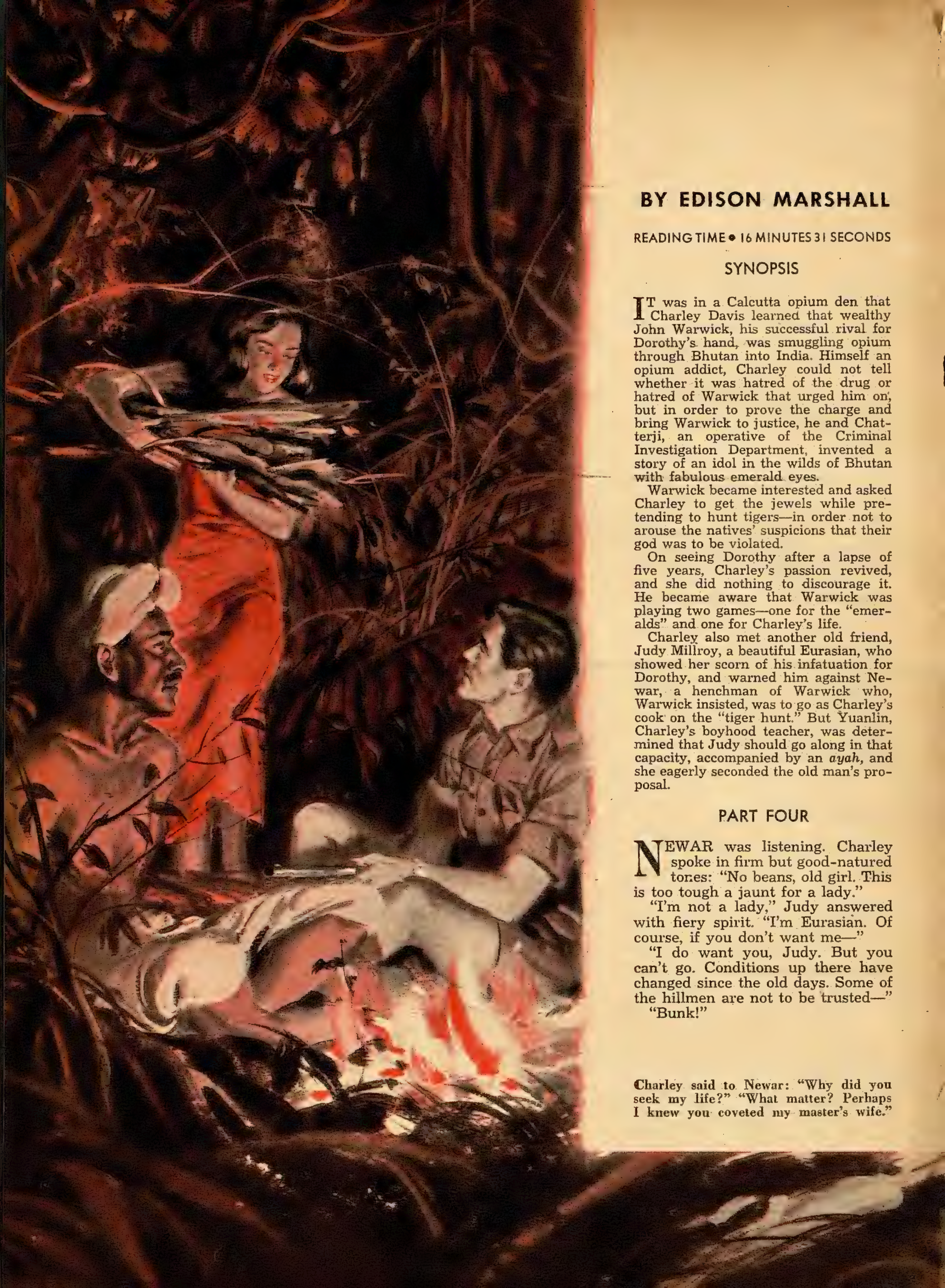
GULSER



Charley said to Newar: "Why did you seek my life?" "What matter? Perhaps I knew you coveted my master's wife."

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

SYNOPSIS

IT was in a Calcutta opium den that Charley Davis learned that wealthy John Warwick, his successful rival for Dorothy's hand, was smuggling opium through Bhutan into India. Himself an opium addict, Charley could not tell whether it was hatred of the drug or hatred of Warwick that urged him on, but in order to prove the charge and bring Warwick to justice, he and Chatterji, an operative of the Criminal Investigation Department, invented a story of an idol in the wilds of Bhutan with fabulous emerald eyes.

Warwick became interested and asked Charley to get the jewels while pretending to hunt tigers—in order not to arouse the natives' suspicions that their god was to be violated.

On seeing Dorothy after a lapse of five years, Charley's passion revived, and she did nothing to discourage it. He became aware that Warwick was playing two games—one for the "emeralds" and one for Charley's life.

Charley also met another old friend, Judy Millroy, a beautiful Eurasian, who showed her scorn of his infatuation for Dorothy, and warned him against Newar, a henchman of Warwick who, Warwick insisted, was to go as Charley's cook on the "tiger hunt." But Yuanlin, Charley's boyhood teacher, was determined that Judy should go along in that capacity, accompanied by an *ayah,* and she eagerly seconded the old man's proposal.

PART FOUR

NEWAR was listening. Charley spoke in firm but good-natured tones: "No beans, old girl. This is too tough a jaunt for a lady."

"I'm not a lady," Judy answered with fiery spirit. "I'm Eurasian. Of course, if you don't want me—"

"I do want you, Judy. But you can't go. Conditions up there have changed since the old days. Some of the hillmen are not to be trusted—"

"Bunk!"

The Green-Eyed Idol
KANE

Charley thought his jungle quest was too rugged for a beautiful Eurasian girl — but then he always had underestimated Judy

"Sahib," Newar broke in, "I know a few words of English and thought you mentioned the bad people of the hills."

"What of it?"

"It chanced that I spoke lately to some wool merchants from Tangon. It is true, lord, that some hill tribes hate the whites."

It was cleverly done, Charley noted. Newar was trying not only to prevent Judy going but to plant a plausible motive for a murder.

"Well," said Charley at last, "I prefer her cooking to Newar's. Since she has an *ayah*"—this was an old half-naked Aka woman—"there is no impropriety. They have good ponies and will not delay the journey. Newar may cut wood for the fires."

Along the trail Judy rode behind him as in the old days, but, as yet, neither hinted where it might lead.

He waited until the broadening path let her draw abreast, out of hearing of the boys behind, then spoke in low tones:

"Judy, how much do you know?"

"Only that you're not after tigers."

"Why did you come, then?"

"Partly because Yuanlin asked me to. Anyway I wanted excitement."

"Do you know anything about—opium?"

"Only what we all know—we natives—and never say aloud. Once a native said something, and the next day he died."

Charley told her of Newar's almost certain mission and his own plan to combat it. The gunman would not strike until tricked into believing that two fabulous emeralds were on his victim's person. That would enable Charley to rig the time and place. Catching him in the act, he would force him to expose Warwick and to turn king's evidence for this crime and the opium operations.

Judy gave him a wondering glance. "You've taken a lot on, Charley. I can read native faces and he's a terribly capable man."

"You understand now why I tried to keep you from going."

"Well, we've hunted together before—but not such big game."

"Newar didn't want you to come. He'll figure I've told you about a jeweled idol, and then you won't swallow the story of a hillman knocking me off. He wouldn't want you asking questions and carrying reports to the police."

"Warwick wouldn't want that either." She shivered a little.

"It would be a lot better if the same 'hillman' made a clean sweep of all the white people in the outfit," Charley went on ruthlessly. "But you can still turn back."

"Well—I'm not going back."

"Good. Then that's one more reason I've got to win."

THERE was little chance to talk privately on the narrow bridle path, but while the men were pitching camp just before sundown, Charley invited Judy to come with him to a near-by pond, ostensibly to shoot a deer for the mess. Now they could discuss ways and means.

Her first task would be to discover how Newar was armed. If he had only a knife, he was no more than a spy and Charley had figured this all wrong. If he had a pistol, he could strike no farther than he could toss a stone. But he might have a take-down rifle—of about .25 caliber, such as sportsmen used for buck—in his long bundle. With such a weapon an expert marksman could kill at three hundred yards.

In the twilight they stole campward, a hog deer slung on Charley's shoulder. He had laid down his burdens to give her a hand on a steep slope. But she slipped on the wet grass, and the next instant was in his arms, his lips pressed to hers. She was not Dorothy's substitute. He had never been more vividly aware of anyone as she gave herself up to his kiss, or of being so alive.

"If you're in love with Dorothy—"

"I don't know how I feel about Dorothy." The need for honesty had revealed to him this deep-buried fact.

"I was in puppy love with you until I grew up. But when you didn't come back—because you'd lost her—and were content to slip away to dream about her instead of making a new life among your own people—"

(*Continued on page 74*)

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

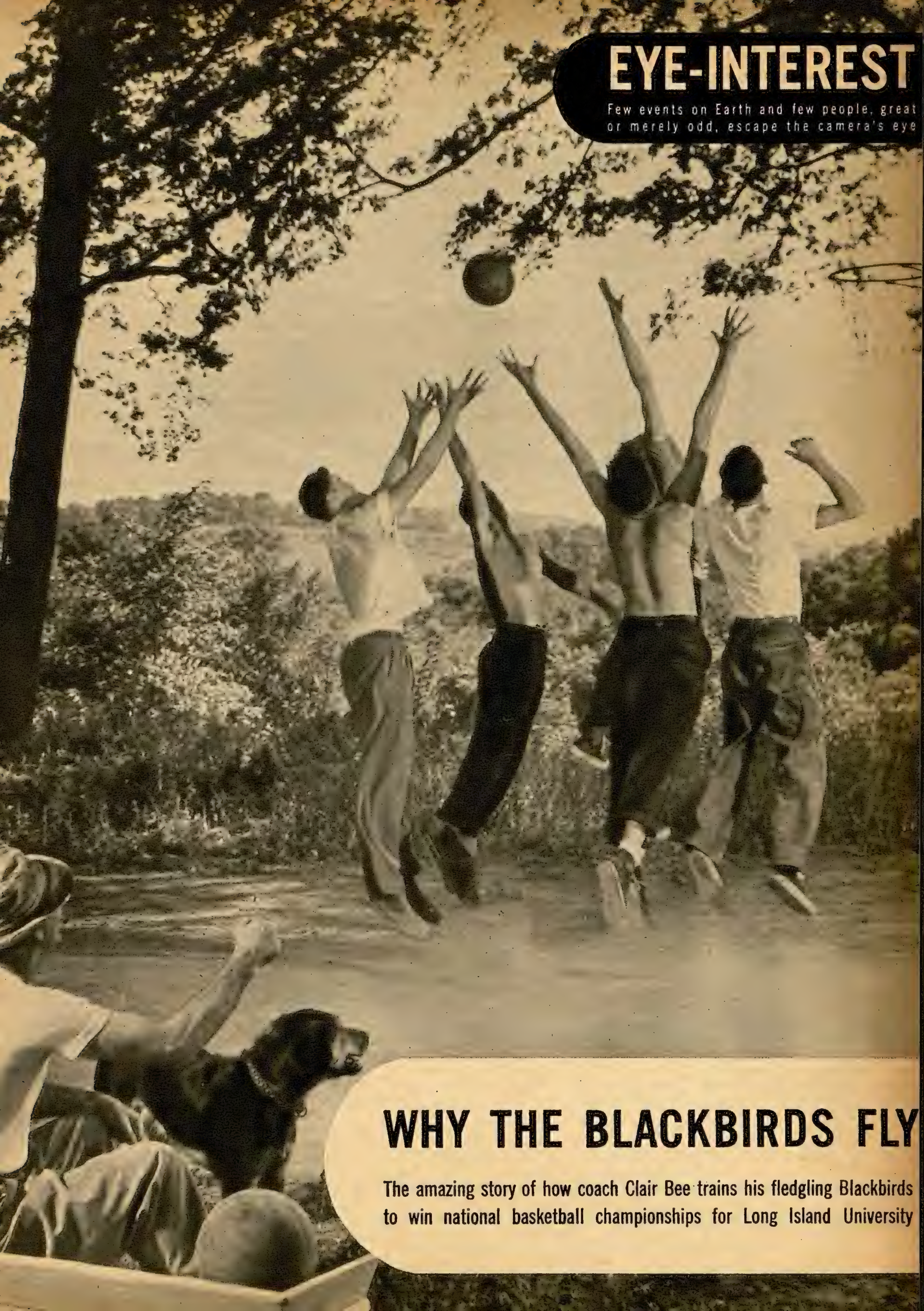
If you seek the perfect bourbon, make the acquaintance of OLD GRAND DAD. For here is satisfying richness--heart-warming mellowness--authentic true-to-Kentucky taste that has deservedly made this noble whiskey the Head of the Bourbon Family.

BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N.Y.

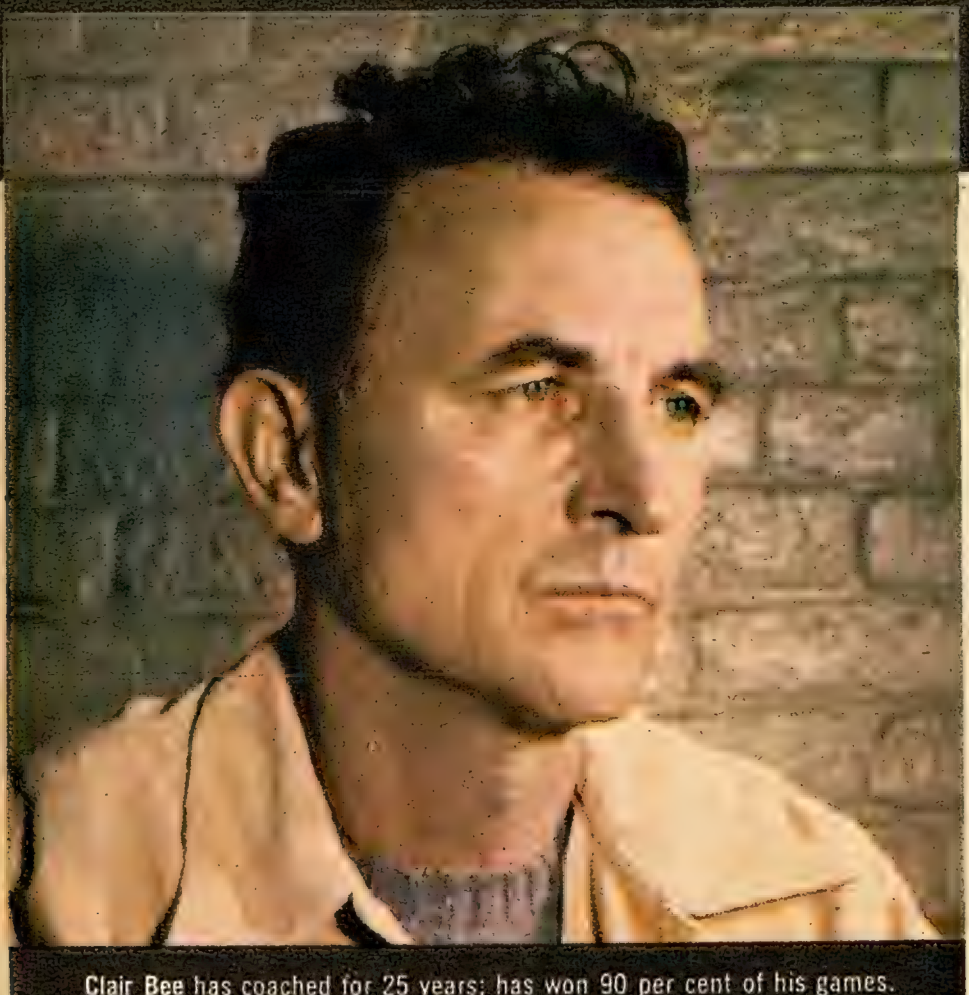


WHY THE BLACKBIRDS FLY

The amazing story of how coach Clair Bee trains his fledgling Blackbirds to win national basketball championships for Long Island University

28
LIU
26
LIU
LIU

Hands, feet, and eyes shoot baskets—and win games.



Clair Bee has coached for 25 years; has won 90 per cent of his games.

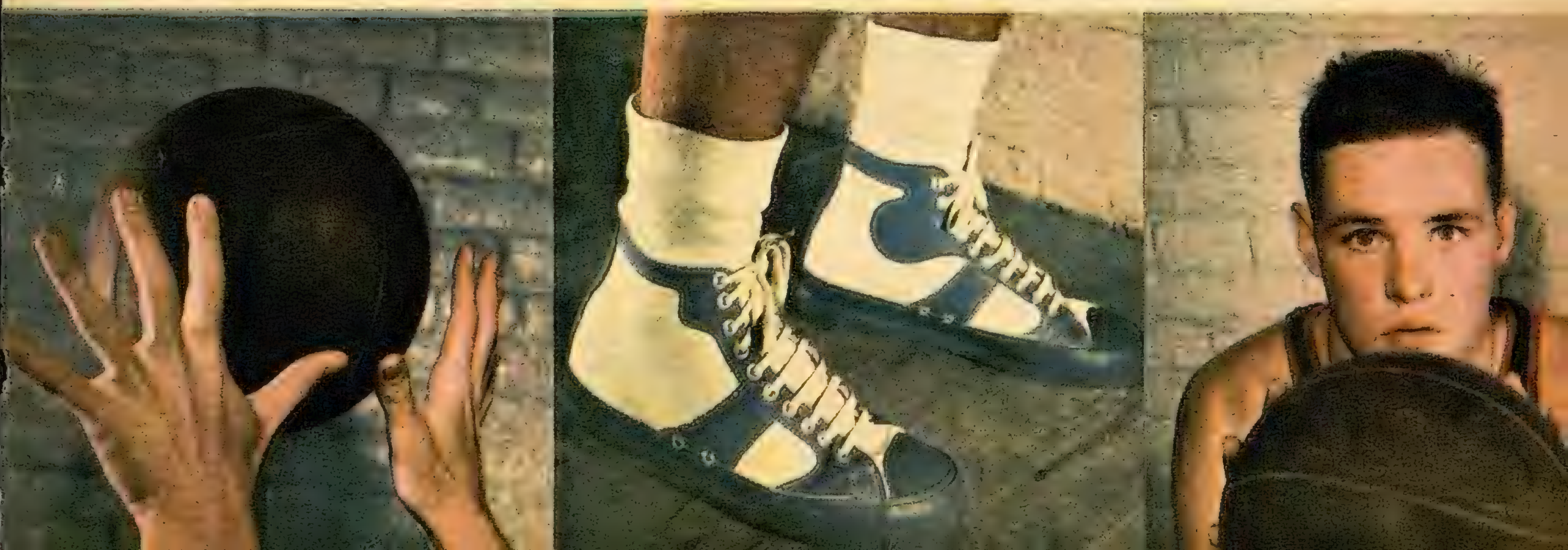
CLAIR BEE claims he can build a championship basketball team with any group of average players provided they love the game—love it enough to practice endlessly and enough to submerge any desire for individual prowess to success as a team. No galaxy of high-school stars makes up this year's freshman squad; nevertheless, within three years, coach Bee expects them to bring Long Island University its fourth national basketball championship. Summer weeks on the Bee farm will have a lot to do with it. Clair Bee and wife, Peggy, are called

18,000 spectators are background when Blackbirds fly at Madison Square Garden.

PHOTOS BY HY PESKIN

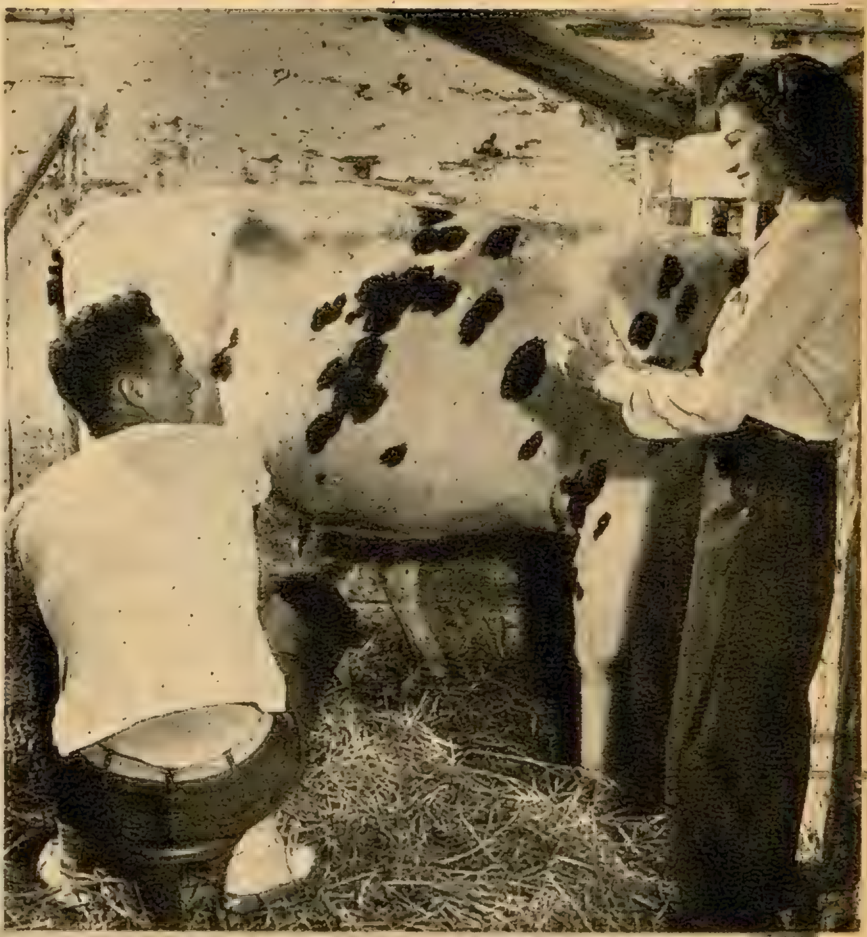
Fingertips hold ball lightly; thumbs spin it away. Feet face basket; balls of feet hold weight. Eyes fix on rim of basket.

PHOTOS BY HUGELMEYER



Above: Coach Bee is a good storyteller. His after-dinner tales of high spots in L.I.U.'s basketball history ground boys in the glories they're expected to equal.

Below: Milking is hand-strengthening exercise. Mrs. Bee gladly assumes coaching role when cow is Ragapple, most temperamental of her Holsteins.



Above: Apple picking develops finger dexterity, ball-of-foot balance.

Left: Quick mind, eye, and hand called for in four-ball passing drill.

Barn is bad-weather practice ground. **Above:** Bee coaches Murtha's dribble. In background, l. to r.: Krieger, Taylor, Bacek, Keller, Balbirer, Charwin, Van Ryswyk.

the "Biz" Bees. Officially, Bee is assistant to the president of Long Island University, director of athletics, professor of accounting, coach of basketball, football, and baseball. In spare time he lectures, writes books, stars in television shows, and runs a 200-acre farm.

Attractive, fragile-looking Mrs. Bee keeps a 14-room house spick and span, milks cows, does the laundry, drives a six-ton truck, makes her own slip covers, her own butter, helps with the book writing and regularly cooks for as many as 16 hungry basketball players plus half a dozen week-end guests.

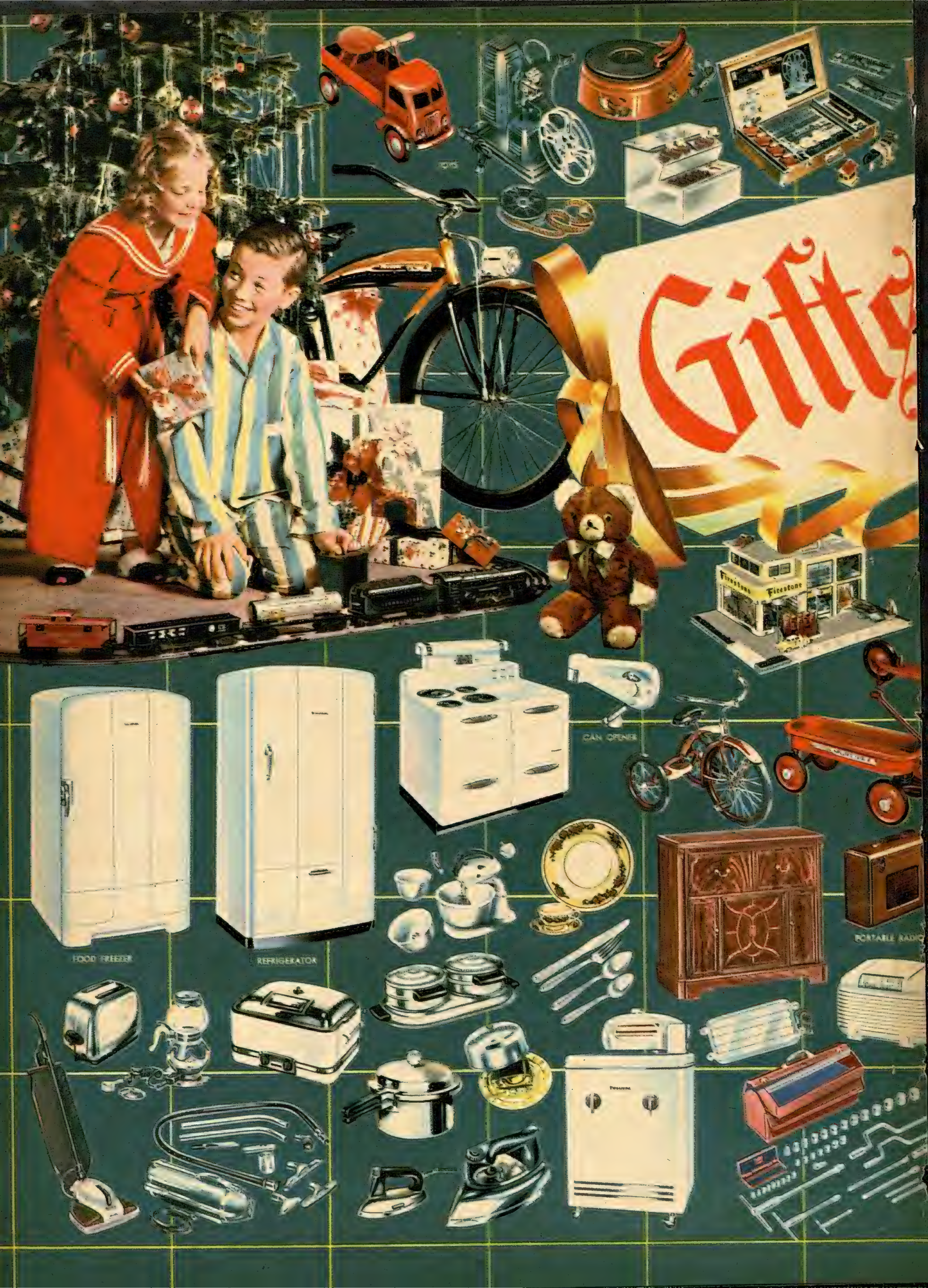
But for them both the major interest is basketball, and at apple-picking time they farmed-in this group of freshmen hopefuls. Farm chores, food, and sleep were the only time-outs allowed from basketball practice. By the time the apples were picked, the boys knew one another well—both as players and as personalities.

Keep an eye on this L.I.U. freshman team—it's the first Clair Bee has had a chance to build since his war years' time-out from basketball as commander in the maritime service.

HUGELMEYER

Above: Swimming-hole practice. Fingertip control of wet ball is really toug

Below: Quiet hour in team's quarters. Basketballs get brief rest on mant


Gift
Firestone
Firestone
CAN OPENER
PORTABLE RADI
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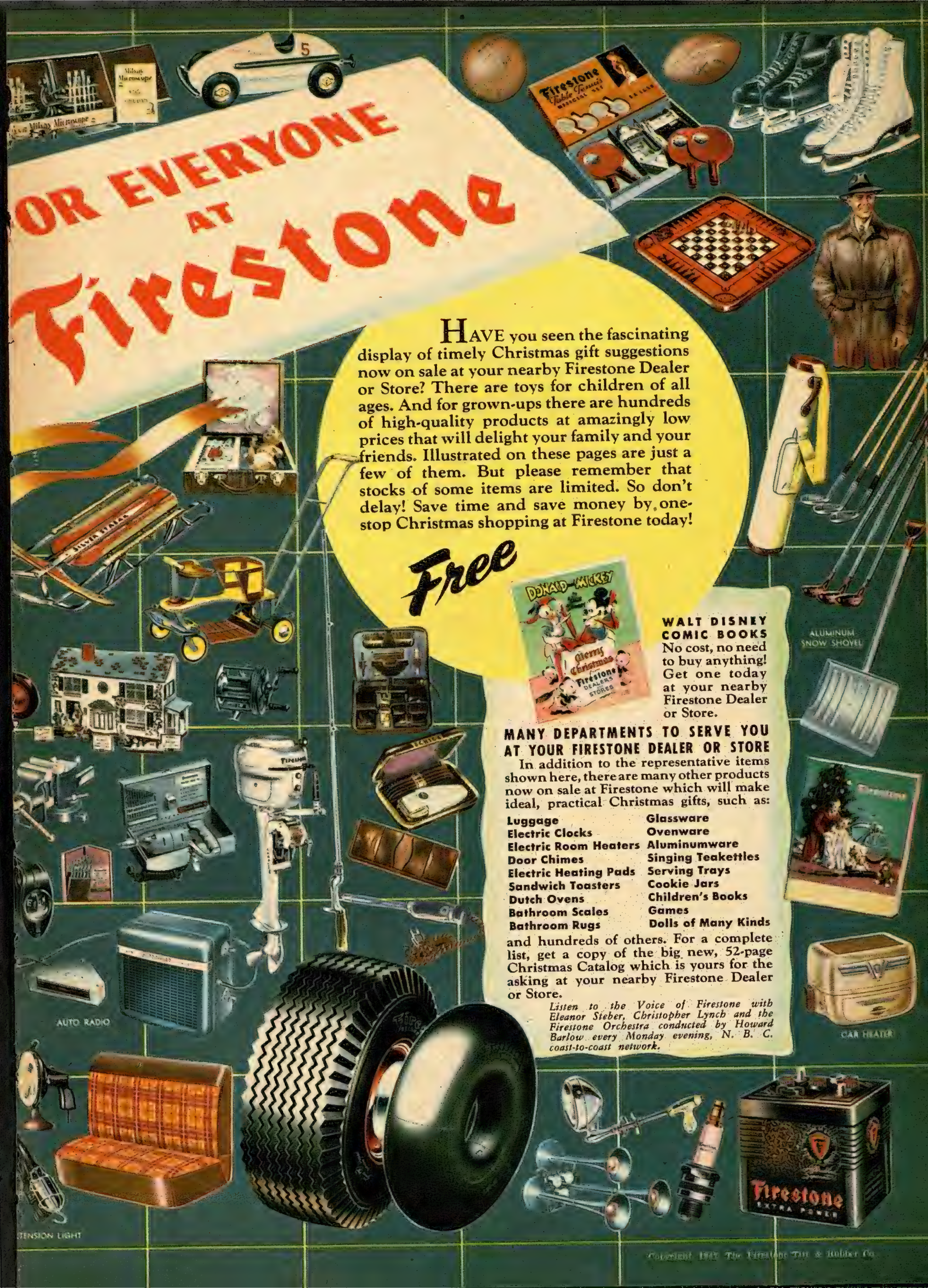

HAVE you seen the fascinating display of timely Christmas gift suggestions now on sale at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store? There are toys for children of all ages. And for grown-ups there are hundreds of high-quality products at amazingly low prices that will delight your family and your friends. Illustrated on these pages are just a few of them. But please remember that stocks of some items are limited. So don't delay! Save time and save money by one-stop Christmas shopping at Firestone today!

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No cost, no need to buy anything! Get one today at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

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In addition to the representative items shown here, there are many other products now on sale at Firestone which will make ideal, practical Christmas gifts, such as:

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Children's Books
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Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Eleanor Steber, Christopher Lynch and the Firestone Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow every Monday evening, N. B. C. coast-to-coast network.

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The Fugitive

JOHN FORD and Dudley Nichols, director and writer of the memorable The Informer, have again turned out a striking emotional drama of a hunted man—this time a courageous priest who refuses to renounce his religion in a land where the clergy is being persecuted. His story is told in terrifying terms of action. The picture was filmed in Mexico under the artistic eye of Mexico's top cinematographer, Gabriel Figueroa, who makes each scene a celluloid painting of beauty and power. Henry Fonda plays the priest with extreme restraint. His co-stars in this R-K-O picture are Dolores Del Rio and Pedro Armendariz.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

OUT OF THE BLUE (Eagle-Lion). Laughs are part and parcel of this entertaining new Vera Caspary mystery film.

DESIRE ME (M-G-M). Greer Garson and Robert Mitchum in a diverting postwar problem play.

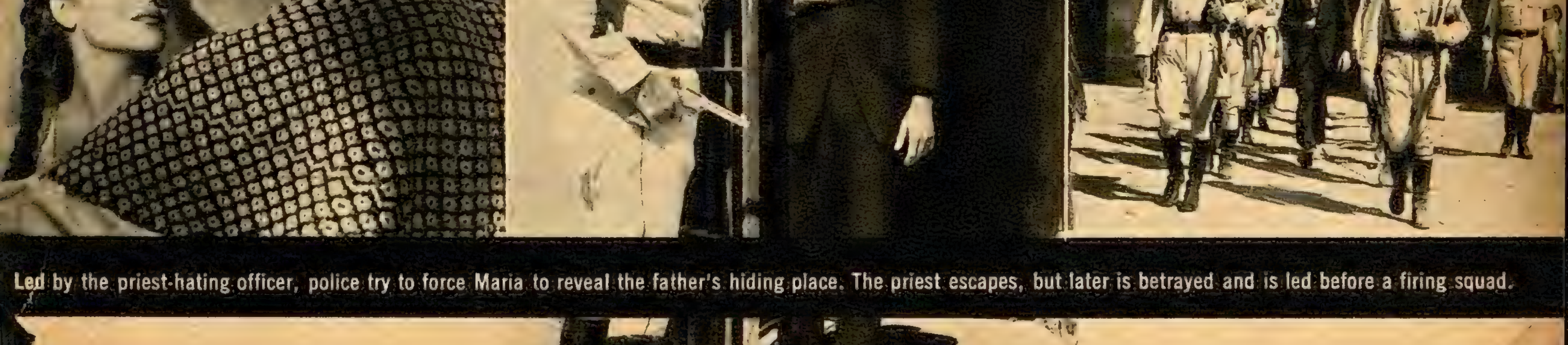
SHOE SHINE (Lopert Films). A realistic Italian film that tells the story of Rome's homeless children.

INTERMEZZO: A LOVE STORY (Selznick International). A welcome revival of Ingrid Bergman's first American picture.

LIBERTY PICKS A MOVIE ELIGIBLE FOR TOP HONORS

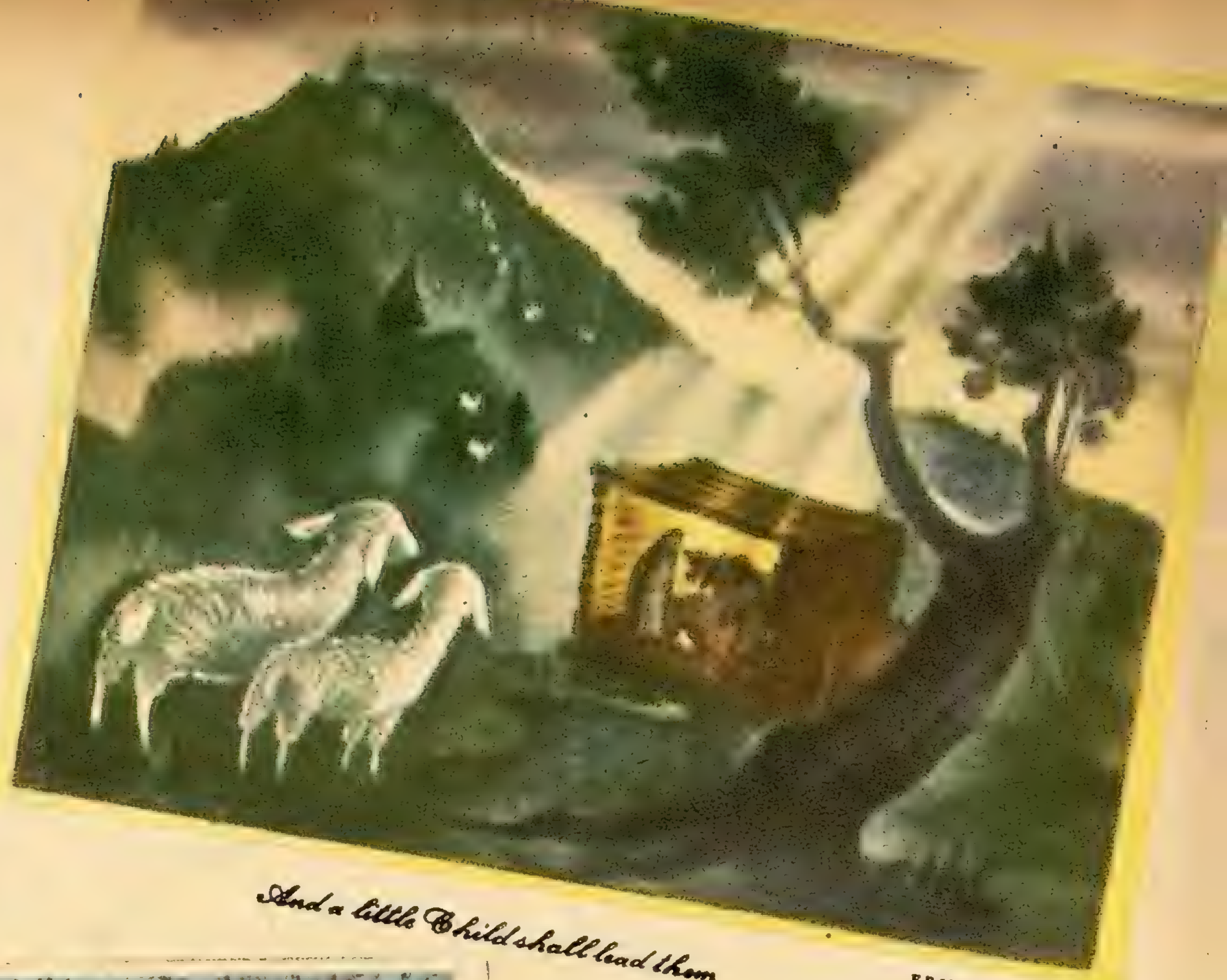
A priest in disguise (Henry Fonda) is being hunted by the antireligious government of a tropical land. Leader of the hunt is a clergy-hating officer (Pedro Armendariz

Maria (Dolores del Rio, in an American film for the first time in six years) is among the priest's most devoted parishioners and for a time helps him to elude the police.



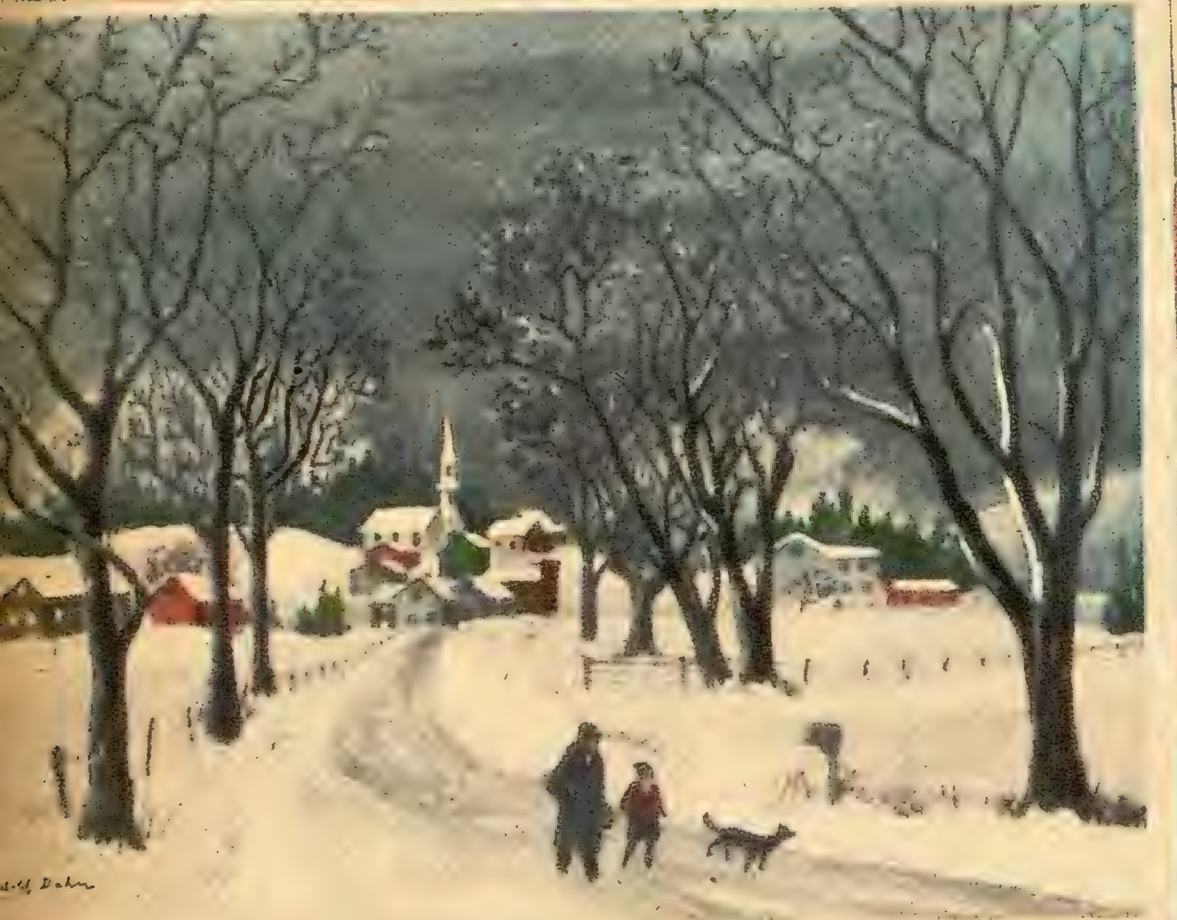
Led by the priest-hating officer, police try to force Maria to reveal the father's hiding place. The priest escapes, but later is betrayed and is led before a firing squad.

CHRISTMAS CARD GALLERY



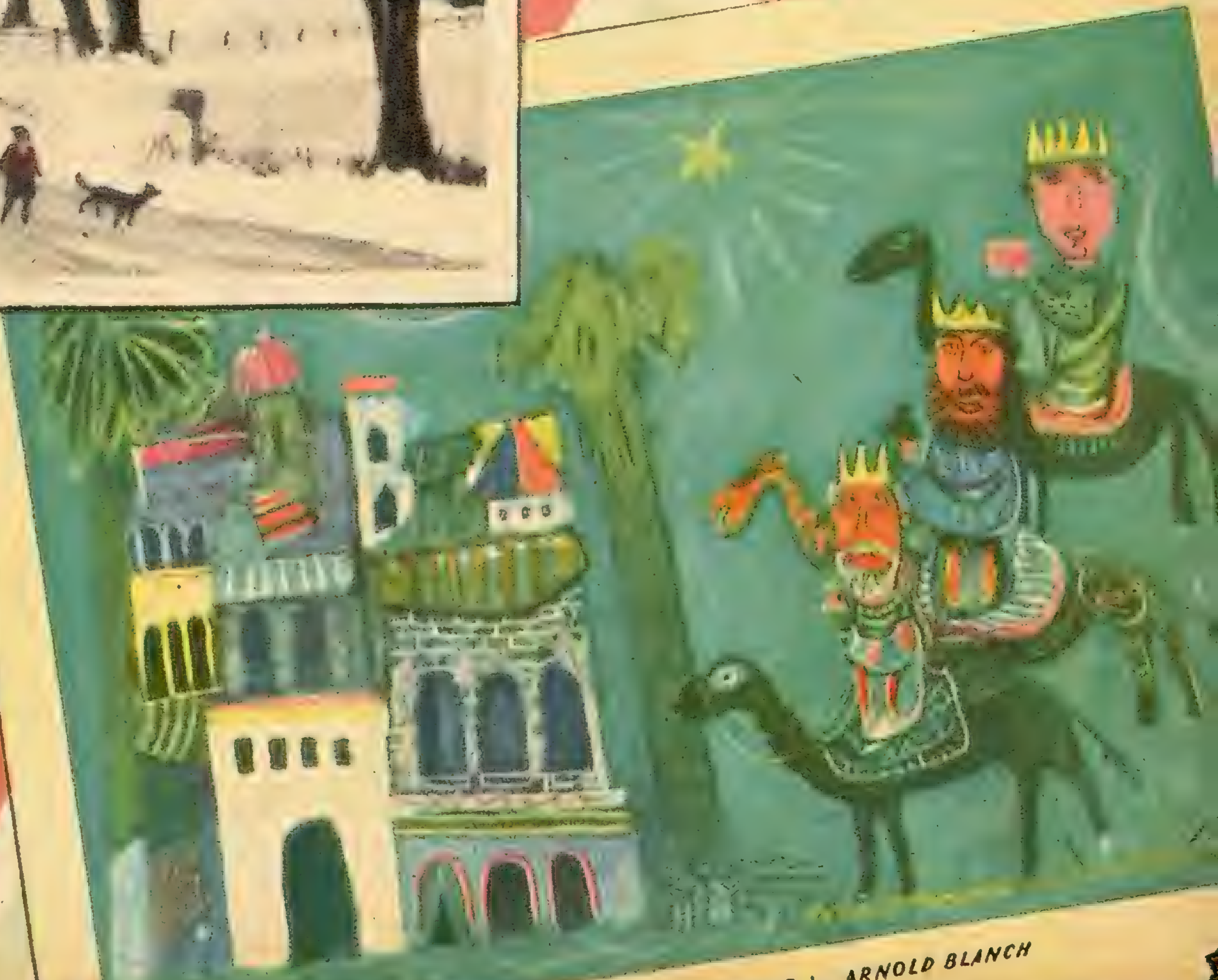
And a little Child shall lead them

ERIKA WEIHS

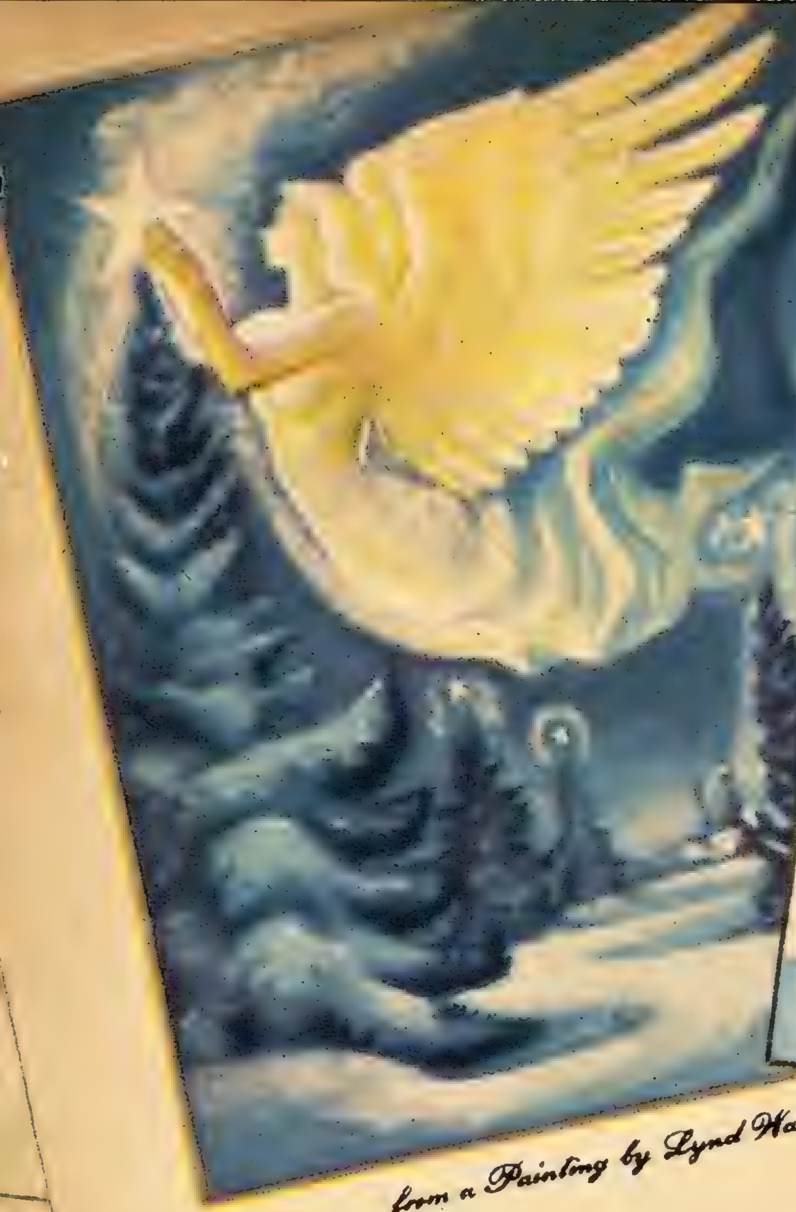


PAINTINGS FOR CARDS BY ERNEST FIENE, ADOLF DEHN, AND WILLIAM GROPPER CREATED BY ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS AND DISTRIBUTED BY AMERICAN ARTISTS GROUP. PAINTING BY ARNOLD BLANCH CREATED BY ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS. THOSE BY ERIKA WEIHS, OTTO STORCH, AND LYND WARD FROM GALLERY ARTISTS CO.

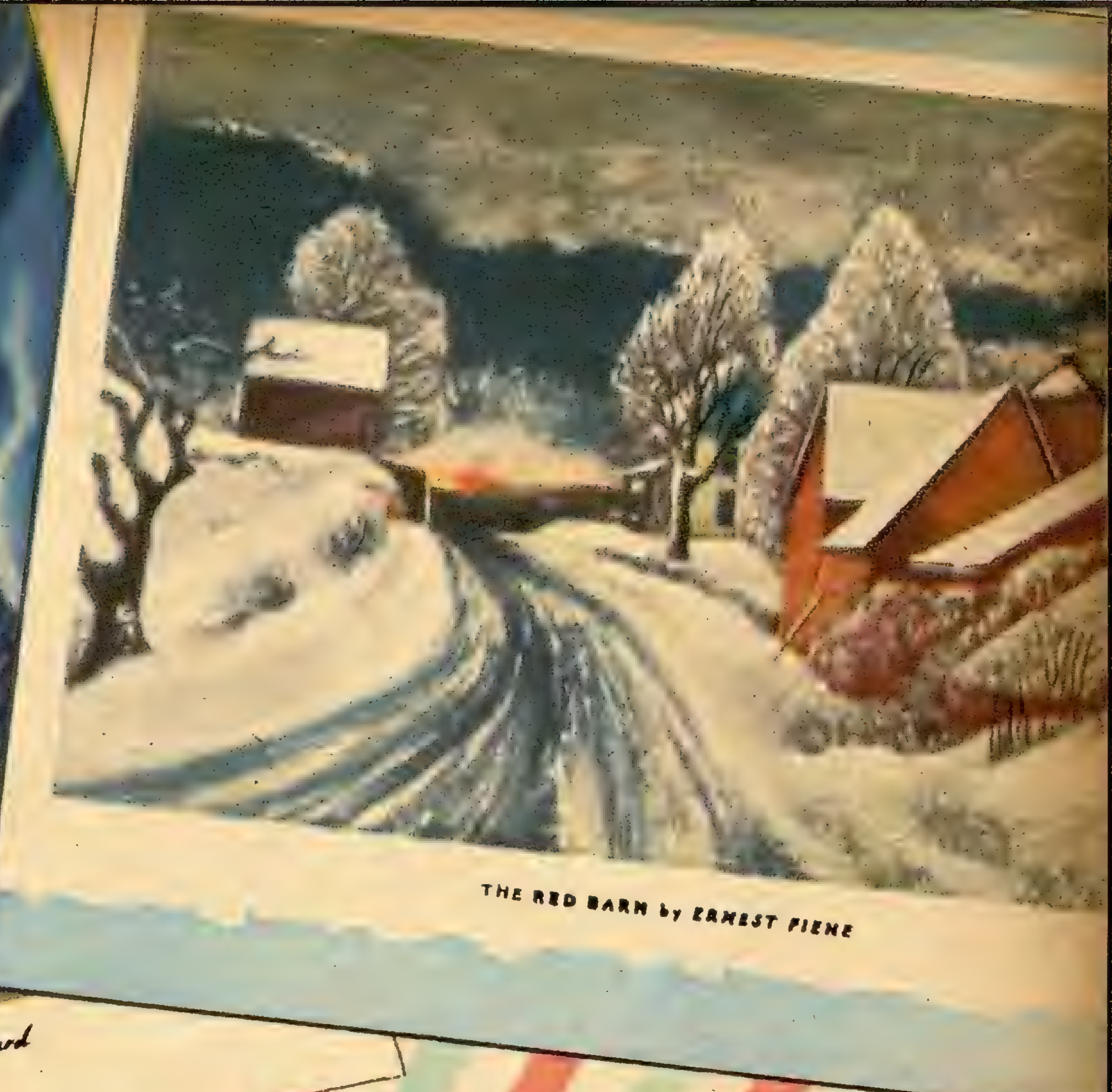
CHRISTMAS cards are more varied than ever and the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers estimates that over a billion and a half will be mailed this season. On these pages are beautiful examples of fine art in Yule cards.



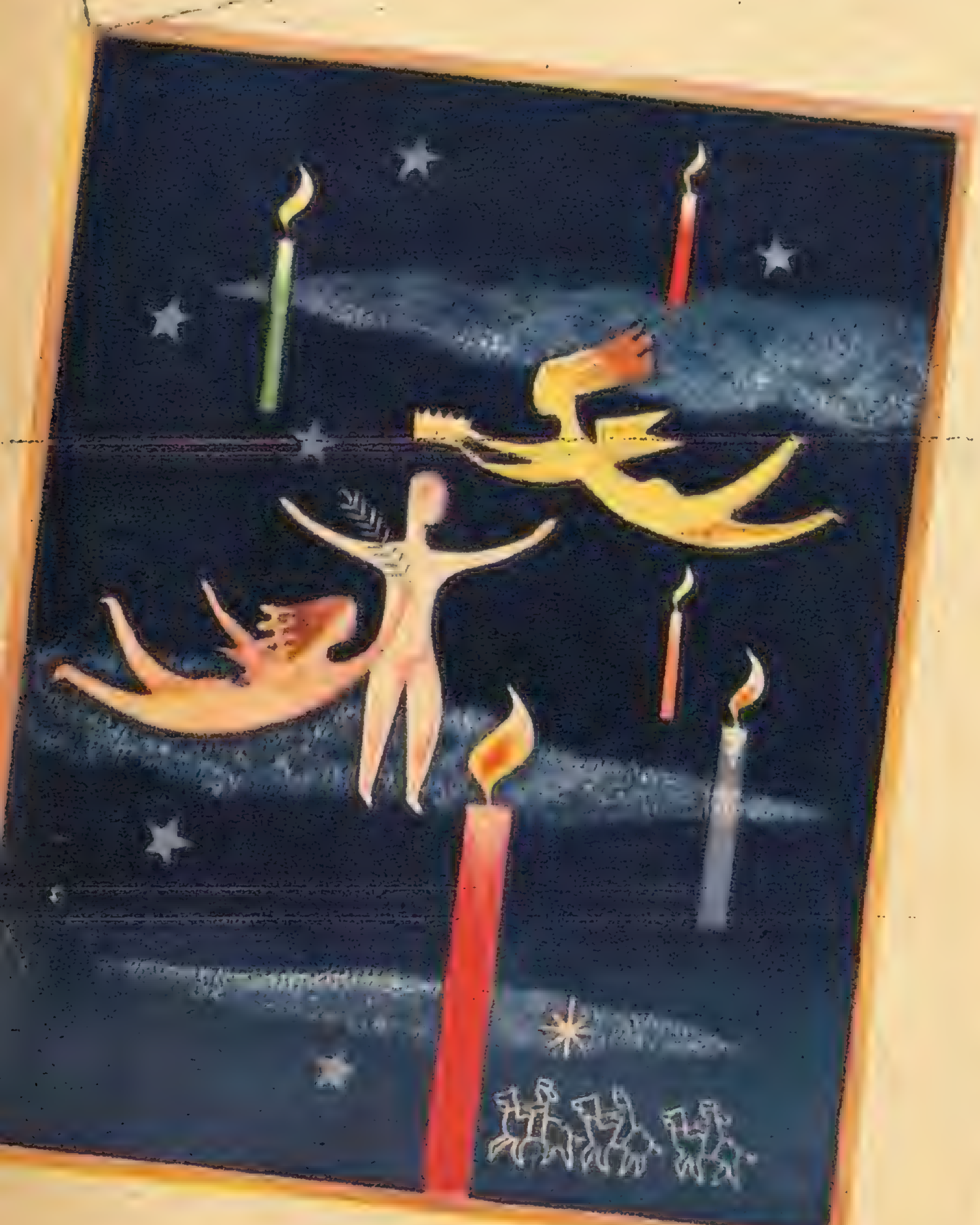
EARING GIFTS by ARNOLD BLANCH



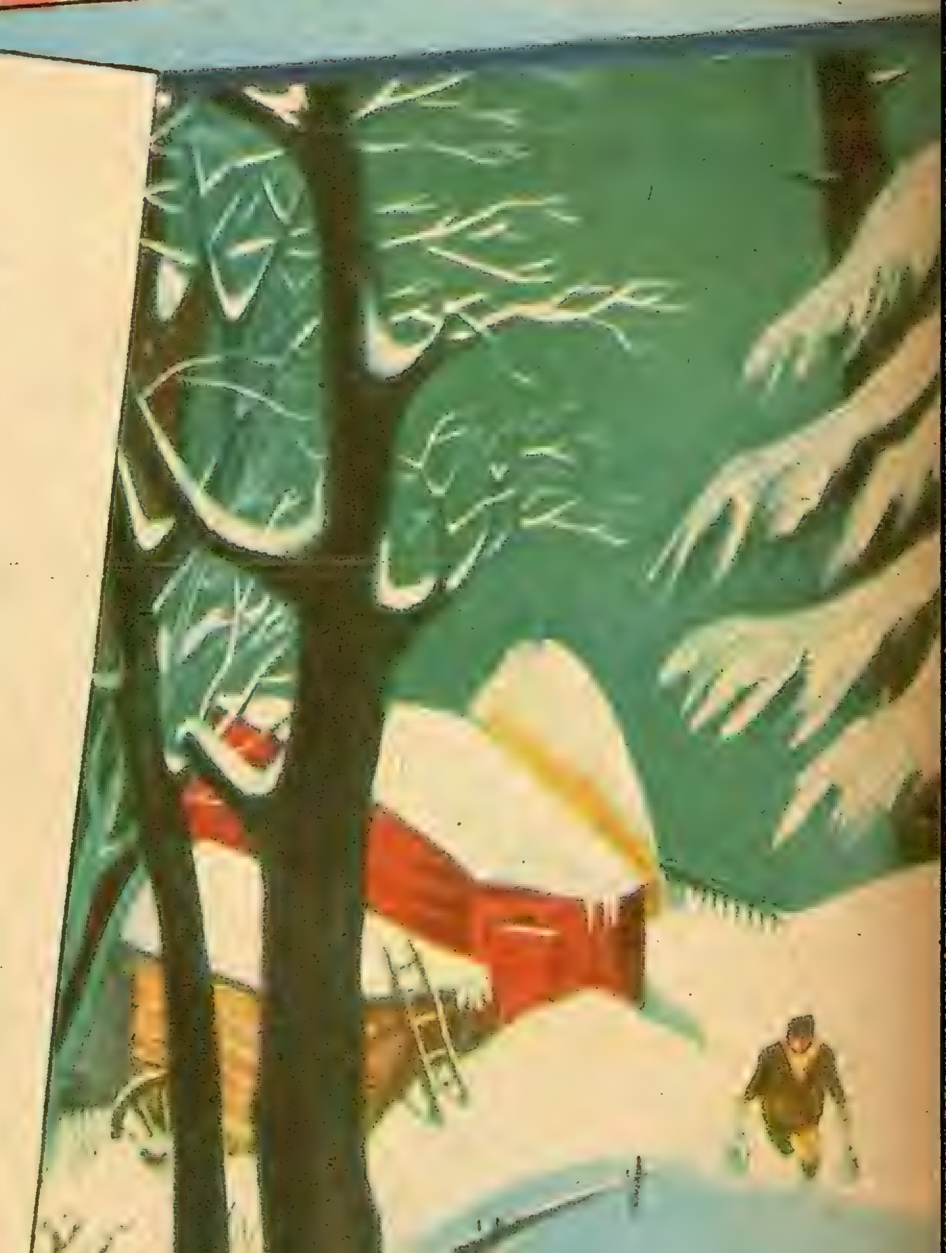
from a Painting by Lynd Ward



THE RED BARN by ERNEST FIENE



from a Painting by Otto Storch



FARM CHORES

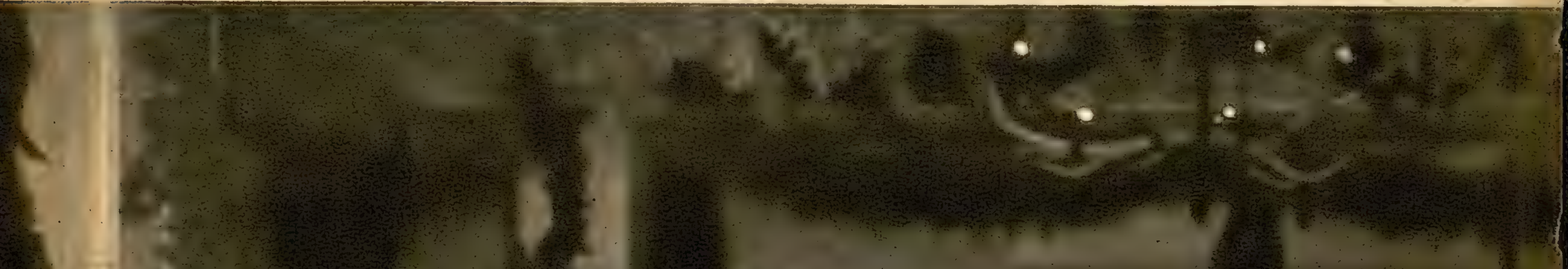
WILLIAM GROPPER

PHOTOS BY JACK A

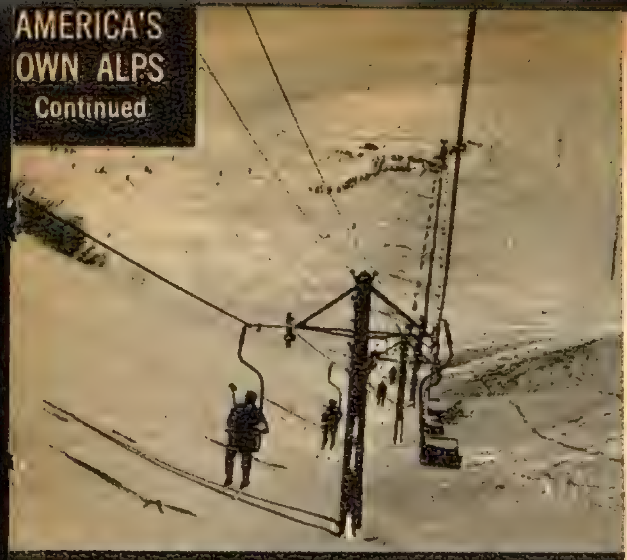
Eager to ski, new arrivals gather at Dollar Mountain lift. Sun Valley Lodge, Challenger Inn, and Swiss chalets in background.

AMERICA'S OWN ALPS

SIX thousand feet up in the Sawtooth Range of the Idaho Rockies nestles plush Sun Valley, where celebrities and simple vacationers combine rugged sports with personal pampering. The winter season, December 21 to April 30, with an average temperature of 21 degrees, presents a skier's heaven. Experts and novices can pick a mountain to suit their style. Baldy (9,238 feet) invites the braver element; has a two-mile chair lift, longest in the world. Nature being as lavish as the hotel accommodations, there are three other alpine mountains. Dollar Mountain (a modest 6,685 feet) lures the novice. Ski champions from Switzerland and France, film stars, socialites, and just plain folks—they all go to Sun Valley's famed hotels and ski slopes.



Outdoor fun over for the day, indoor fun begins at a popular Sun Valley night spot. This is the Ram at Challenger Inn which serves Gluehwein, a spiced wine.



Sun Valley has four ski slopes, each with lift.

Instructor on steep slope shows how it's done.

Swisslike cluster of swank inns and chalets.

Plush Sun Valley provides skating rinks, too.

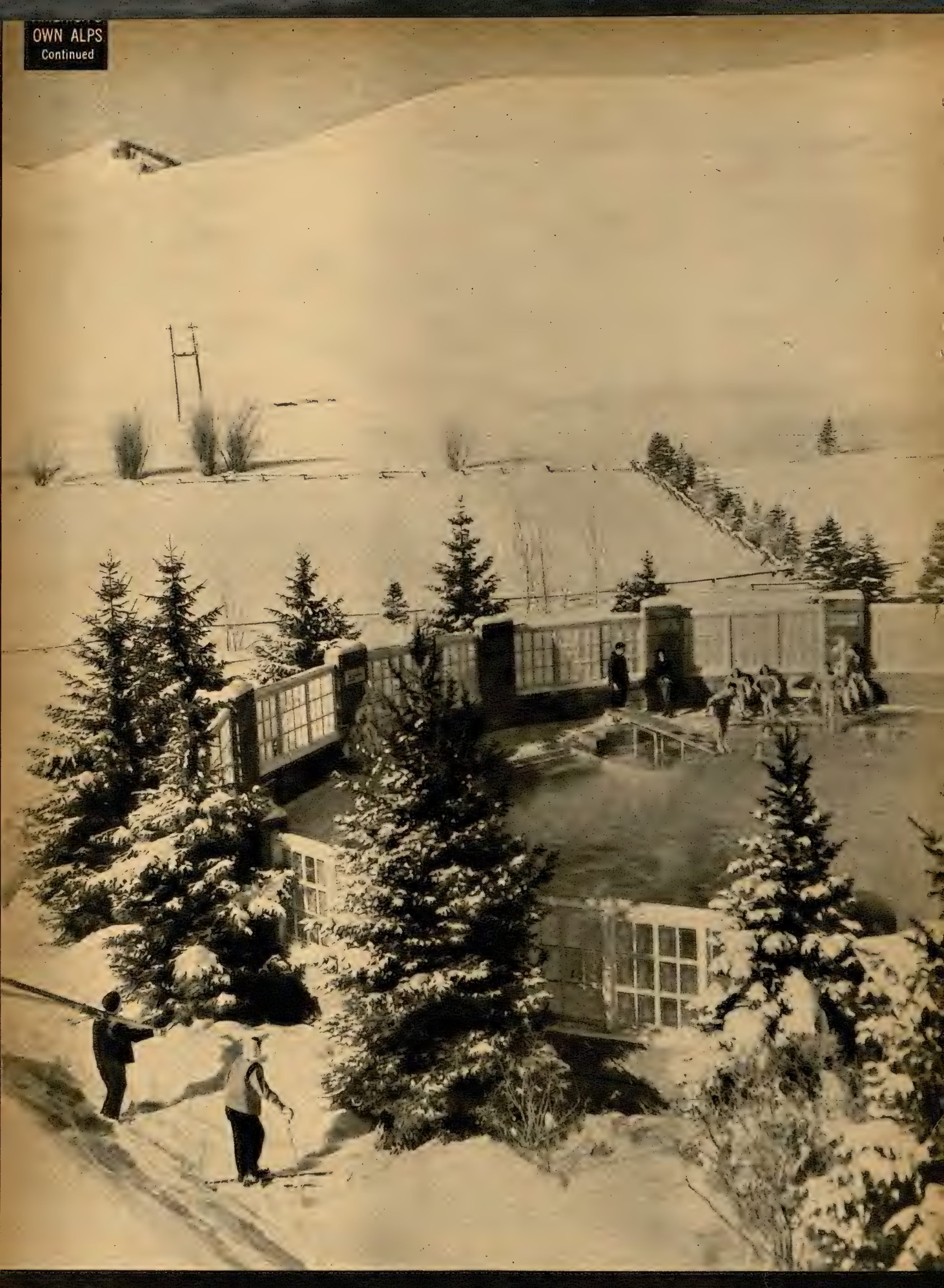
She's Romantic! He's Rugged! Together they're DYNAMITE!

Against the violent backdrop of blasting tunnels . . raging floods in the world's biggest setting, moves the titanic struggle of a man fighting for money to buy the woman of luxury who entered his brawling world

RKO PRESENTS

JOHN WAYNE · LARAINE DAY
in
TYCOON
IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
with
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · JUDITH ANDERSON
JAMES GLEASON · ANTHONY QUINN
Produced by STEPHEN AMES · Directed by RICHARD WALLACE
Screen play by Borden Chase and John Twist

RKO RADIO PICTURES



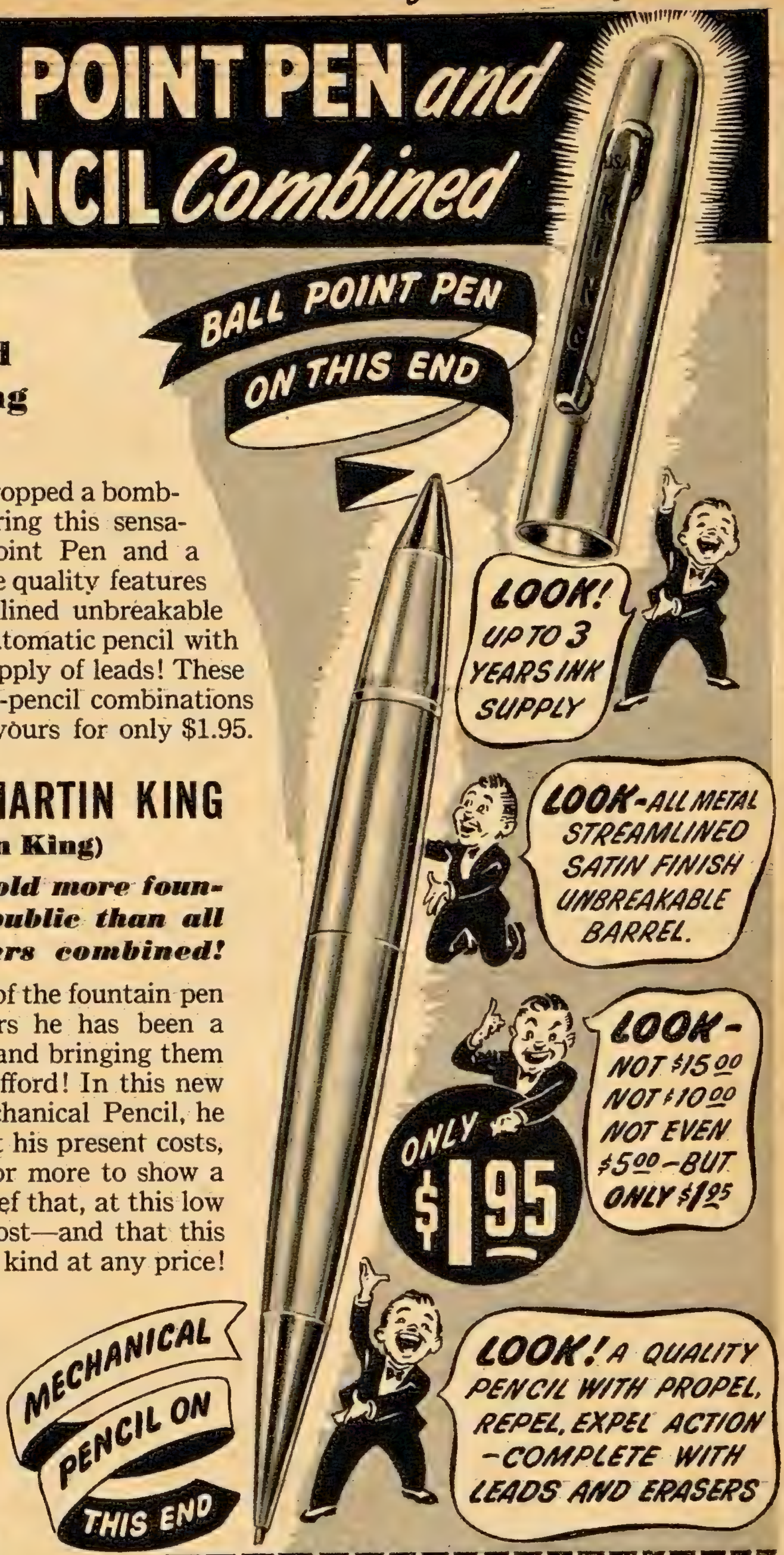
One of Sun Valley's two snow-encircled warm-water swimming pools. Steam rises in glass-walled enclosure and warms air directly over and around the pool.

The Most Amazing Offer ever made to Readers of Liberty

NOW... The BALL POINT PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL Combined

. . . and the first such combination ever offered in America at this startling low price ($1.95)

Yes, Martin King, the fountain pen king, has dropped a bombshell on high priced fountain pens . . . by offering this sensational new value . . . a combination Ball Point Pen and a Mechanical Pencil . . . *all for only $1.95.* Note the quality features shown at right . . . an all-metal pen . . . streamlined unbreakable satin finish barrel . . . 3 year supply of ink . . . automatic pencil with propel, repel, expel action includes eraser and supply of leads! These are features you ordinarily look for in pen-and-pencil combinations selling for many dollars higher. Now it's all yours for only $1.95.


BALL POINT PEN ON THIS END
LOOK! UP TO 3 YEARS INK SUPPLY
LOOK-ALL METAL STREAMLINED SATIN FINISH UNBREAKABLE BARREL.
ONLY $1.95
LOOK- NOT $15.00 NOT $10.00 NOT EVEN $5.00-BUT ONLY $1.95
LOOK! A QUALITY PENCIL WITH PROPEL, REPEL, EXPEL ACTION -COMPLETE WITH LEADS AND ERASERS
MECHANICAL PENCIL ON THIS END

ANOTHER FIRST BY MARTIN KING

(The Fountain Pen King)

Who has produced and sold more fountain pens direct to the public than all other pen manufacturers combined!

Martin King is the Henry Ford of the fountain pen industry. For twenty-five years he has been a pioneer in designing quality fountain pens . . . and bringing them down to the price that the average man can afford! In this new combination Ball Point Fountain Pen and Mechanical Pencil, he has introduced his latest and greatest value! At his present costs, the pen-and-pencil would have to sell at $10 or more to show a profit! But he has staked everything on the belief that, at this low $1.95 price, volume sales will bring down his cost—and that this $1.95 value will be the largest selling unit of its kind at any price! Our readers get first call on this great value! For this advertisement is one of the first public announcements in America! And here is Martin King's challenge offer . . . to prove to you that you should mail the coupon below and be among the first to cash in on this great value:

SEND NO MONEY! Just Mail Coupon!
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded PLUS ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE!

Yes, Martin King makes this challenging offer. Don't send a penny. Just mail coupon at right. Pay postman only $1.95 plus C.O.D. postage when package arrives. Then try this pen and pencil ten days. Compare it for writing quality in day-by-day use. Then if you're not 100% delighted with the "buy" you've made . . . just return it. Martin King will not only refund your purchase price in full. . . . HE WILL PAY YOU ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE. You'll agree that Martin King must have an outstanding value when he makes such a daring offer. So get yours without delay. Mail coupon at right!

THE PENMAN
Dept. 39-S **179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.**

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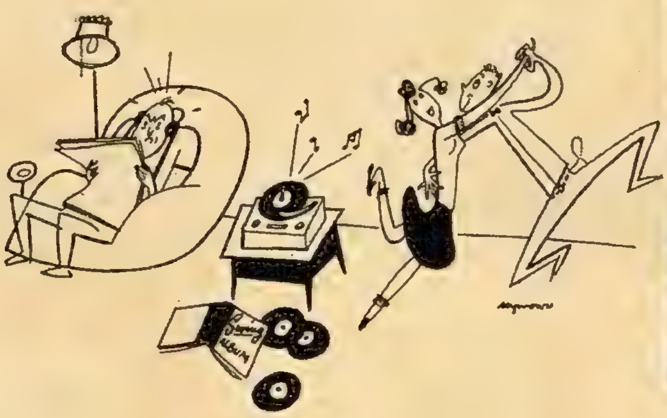
ABOUT BANDS AND THINGS



BY BENNY GOODMAN, Capitol Records Artist

DUKE ELLINGTON and His Famous Orchestra at Carnegie Hall is an impressive album featuring his soloists and arranger Billy Strayhorn. Clarinetist Jimmy Hamilton shines in Flippant and Flurry, with Harry Carney featured on the reverse side in an outstanding bit of virtuosity on Golden Feather. Sultry Sunset spotlights the sax artistry of the great Johnny Hodges, and Jam-A Ditty on reverse is a concerto for four horns. Strayhorn composed Overture to a Jam Session in two parts. The Beautiful Indians, parts 1 and 2, features vocalist Kay Davis on one side, and Taft Jordan's trumpet, complemented by Al Sears and sax, on the other. (Musicraft, Album S-6; $4.06.)

A blending of two of the nation's foremost swing vocalists on one record results in a disk both amusing and good listening. The King Cole Trio and Johnny Mercer go together like money in the bank, spiced by the fine guitar of Oscar Moore in Harmony and Save the Bones for Henry Jones. (Capitol 15001; 75 cents.)

Peggy Lee, coming on stronger with each record, has chosen two fine songs, one the standard There'll Be Some Changes Made, and a new release, The Nightingale Can Sing the Blues. Frank De Vol's accompaniment is outstanding. (Capitol 15000; 60 cents.)

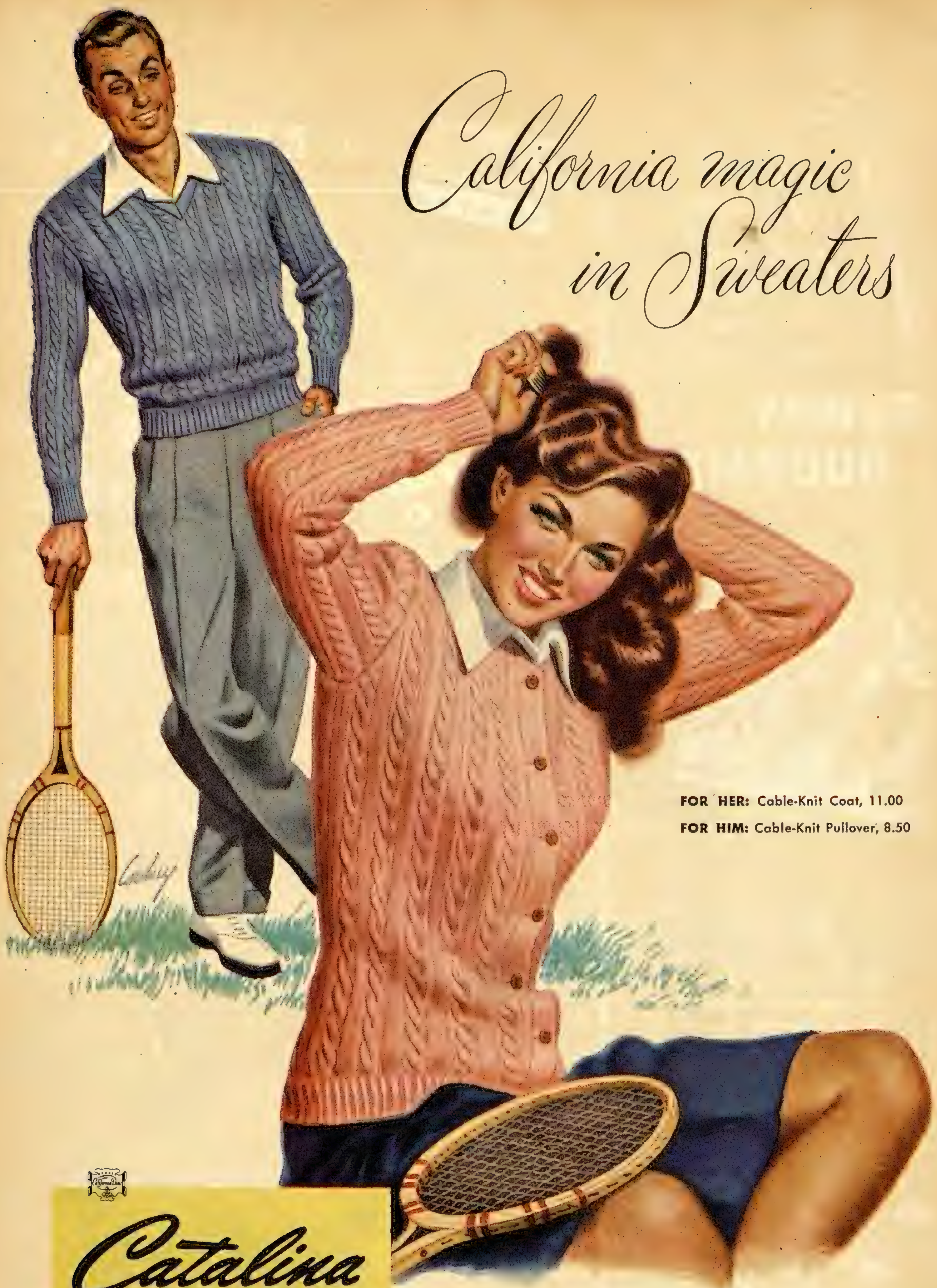
In the classical department I heartily recommend the Quartet No. 2 in A Minor, composed by the late Bela Bartok. It seems tragic that Mr. Bartok, following the tradition of the immortals, didn't receive recognition until after death. Although the album is not a new release, lovers of good music will find it a welcome addition to their collection, particularly for the superb chamber work by the Budapest String Quartet. (Victor Album M-320; $5.24.)

Mel Powell put together an all-star aggregation for two 12-inch instrumentals for Commodore. The sides should be high on any list of good jazz and features Mel at the piano, Cliff Strickland on sax, Lu McGarrity on trombone. Avalon and Lover Man. (Commodore 1522; $1.)

Woody Herman's back in the record news with two fine sides in Baby, Baby, All the Time, a typical Herman mood, written by Bobby Troup, with Gershwin's Somebody Loves Me on the reverse. Wood's pleasing vocal style high-lights, backed by fine playing by the Four Chips. (Columbia 37820; 75 cents.)

In passing, record collectors and jazzophiles should watch for the Song Is Born Album, to be released by a major company right soon. The eight planned sides will feature music from the Samuel Goldwyn production A Song Is Born, which co-stars Danny Kaye and Virginia Mayo. Artists participating—and read this slowly—are Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, the Page Cavanaugh Trio, Mel Powell, Barney Bigard, Zutty Singleton, and, among others, Benny Goodman. A real collector's item, since it is the first time the jazzmen of our era have all been waxed together and assembled for one album, this array is also important in that all proceeds are being deeded perpetually to the Damon Runyon Cancer Research. This is one you will want for your library.

California magic in Sweaters



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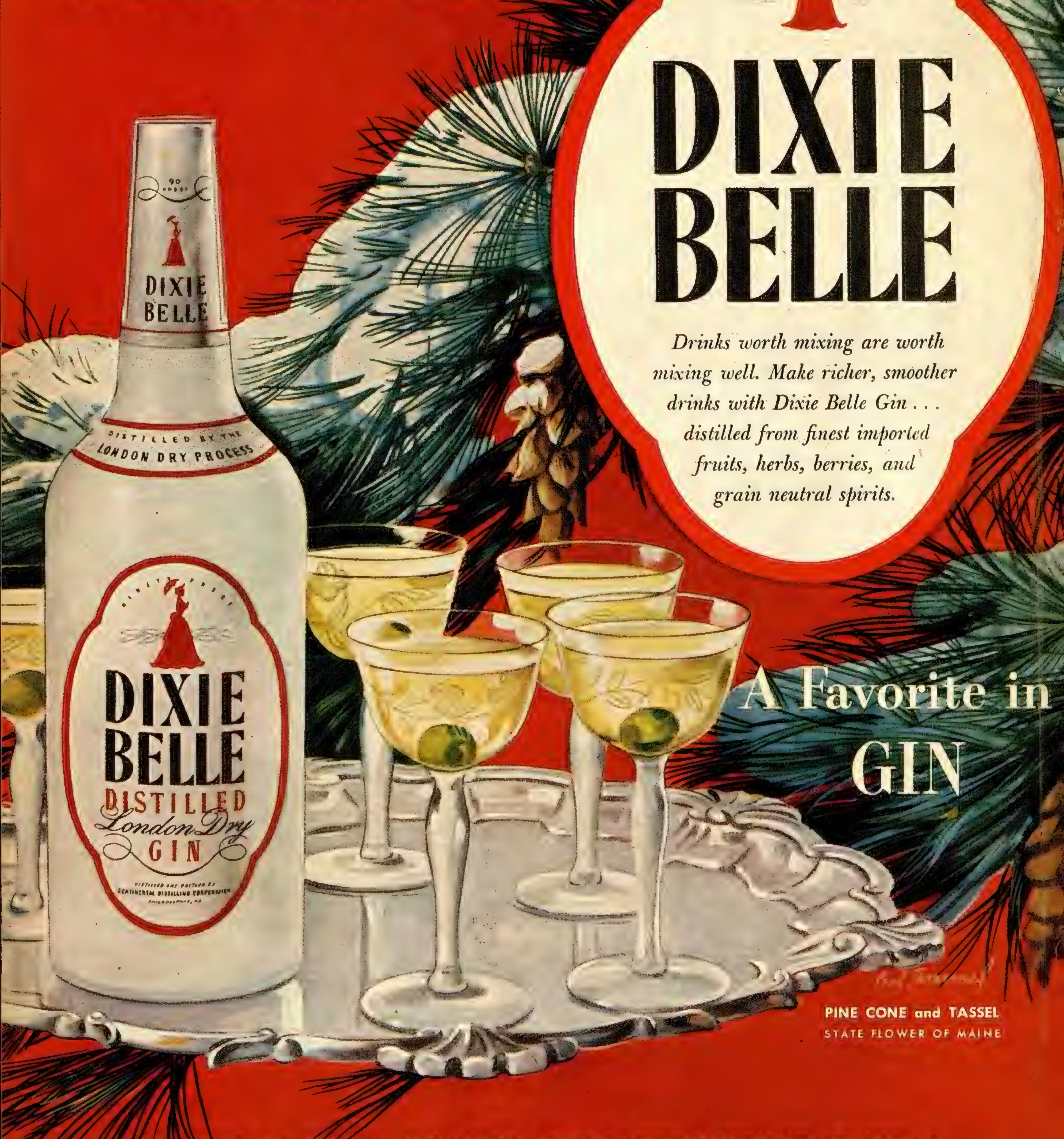
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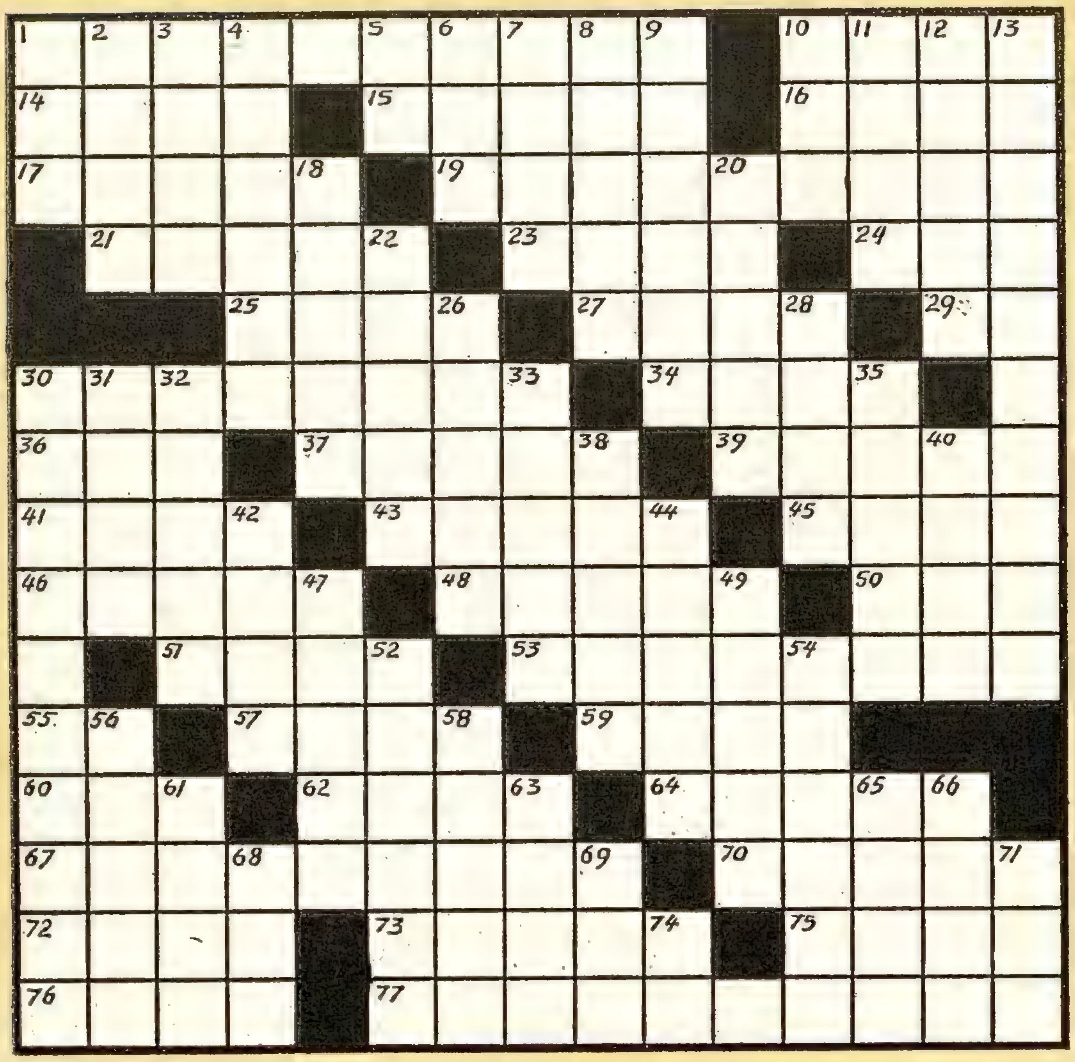
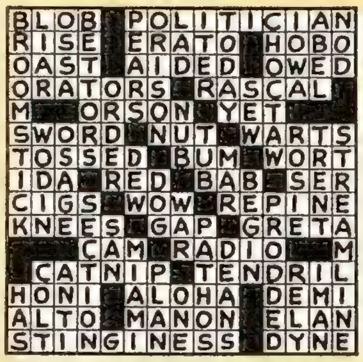
COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Though the hour is late, and Hope gone, there is always —— ——! (two words)
10 Distorted memories of old Turkey
14 Part of the opera that doesn't injure the ear
15 Complete this old motto: Better —— than enever!
16 *Toin* it prepositionally (anag.)
17 This makes more spotted ties than any manufacturer in the world
19 Wot de tough farmer come ter borrer—mebbe he wanted ter run down somebody
21 What people with guilt complexes shouldn't talk in
23 Man often associated with taxes
24 Cry of a sinking Europe (Ship Over Simoleons!)
25 What 39¢ per lb. sirloin is
27 What 39¢ pearls aren't
29 The, as in France
30 Women use it in a smear campaign—and when they kiss and make-up
34 Take along a $100 bill if you're planning to
36 Little Eddies
37 He sounds like a sisi!
39 Place I had better avoid for a time (*vide* p. 32)
41 People muttering at each other in a big empty box @ $4.80 a seat
43 We're more than certain this movie actress' name is Norma
45 Half dozen tremulous tonsils
46 Release
48 Proletariat pongee
50 Wonderful expression!
51 He has the world's reddest record, is joyfully awaiting the coming boom-boom
53 Kibitzers
55 Cockeyed Puzzlers (abbr.)
57 Old stand-by of the WPA
59 Unnuts



B	L	O	B	■	P	O	L	I	T	I	C	I	A	N
R	I	S	E	■	E	R	A	T	O	■	H	O	B	O
O	A	S	T	■	A	I	D	E	D	■	O	W	E	D
O	R	A	T	O	R	S	■	R	A	S	C	A	L	■
M	■	■	O	R	S	O	N	■	Y	E	T	■	■	■
S	W	O	R	D	■	N	U	T	■	W	A	R	T	S
T	O	S	S	E	D	■	B	U	M	■	W	O	R	T
I	D	A	■	R	E	D	■	B	A	B	■	S	E	R
C	I	G	S	■	W	O	W	■	R	E	P	I	N	E
K	N	E	E	S	■	G	A	P	■	G	R	E	T	A
■	■	■	C	A	M	■	R	A	D	I	O	■	■	M
■	C	A	T	N	I	P	■	T	E	N	D	R	I	L
H	O	N	I	■	A	L	O	H	A	■	D	E	M	I
A	L	T	O	■	M	A	N	O	N	■	E	L	A	N
S	T	I	N	G	I	N	E	S	S	■	D	Y	N	E

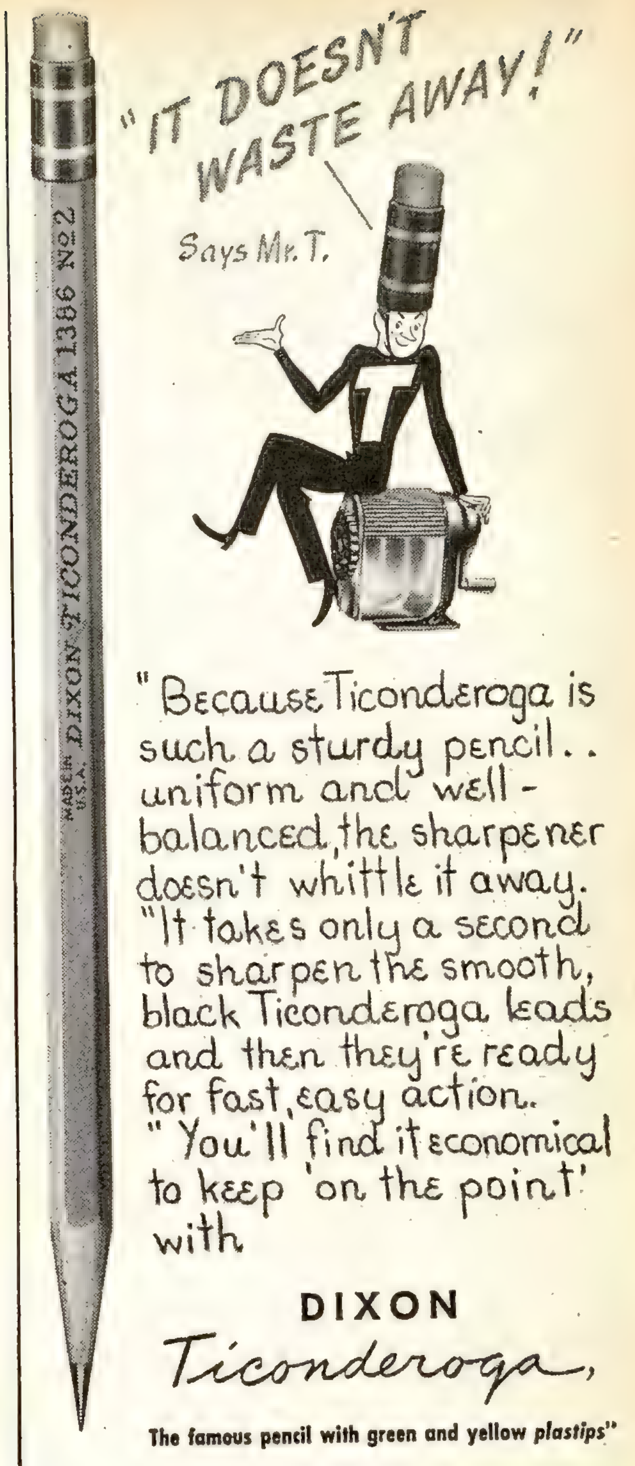
November Answer

60 What with these high prices, nobody does
62 5¢ipedal plusser
64 What Uncle $am does generously
67 After being operated for the removal of one, their owner married it
70 Pre-Winchell column
72 Yen
73 Spaniards say they're a lot of bull
75 What wives and queens do in common
76 A sign of the times
77 Nuttiest Kernel of all

VERTICAL

1 What that $75 short skirt can be made into
2 Bobbles one morally
3 If you give it a twist, you'll hear squawks from a lot of noisy jerks
4 Scotchmen
5 Easy does it!
6 Super bar tender (abbr.)
7 Money-mad Chinese chase theirs (sing.)
8 "That's —— nonsense!" cried the sea lion to the silly goose
9 The roots of unrest
10 Sound heard comin' through the rye
11 Pants occupants
12 A kind of pigeon
13 Lowdown things about nags, used by pitchers (Good luck!)
18 Irishelley
20 Exclamations of sorrow, then surprises in East Indian nurses
22 First thing the detecatiff won
26 wollef drawkcaB
28 Hitler couldn't take it with him
30 O'Fairy
31 Nonproductive kind of machinery
32 It's on the All-time Hit Parade
33 One of the world's splitting headaches
35 No. 1 Russian mystery story
38 Tears
40 He gets things all knotted up
42 Newest thing about 1948
44 Dirty dog, he tries to seize your bone, rag, and hunk o' hair
47 Cockney cardillacs
49 Went in the hole to get rich
52 They've gone down while prices on 'em have gone up
54 Her man señors in bed
56 A mighty good father
58 Doctor with the five lit'ry feet
61 Could this be a male saga?
63 And this a male Ebra?
65 This store'll never give you a pain
66 This kind of store, however, could
68 Bigoted, bald, balmy, burpy, bumptious bipeds
69 Marie's canal
71 One letter in 100
74 Shane's Potty (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.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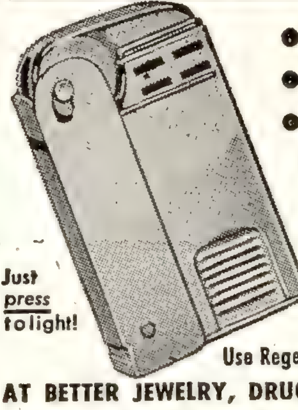
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DEATH CERTIFICATE

Continued from Page 27

wrong, what do you want me to do?"

Paul Standish took a moment to think. If Ballard was wrong, there could be only one answer: that Cheney had been killed deliberately and for a definite and clear-cut reason. Like any good diagnostician, Standish wanted to know why.

Ballard threw up his hands. "Find Montanari, then I'll put twenty men on it for you." He paused. "Who was this Cheney, a brother of yours or something?"

"He was resident physician at City Hospital when I was interning. You could call him a failure—a lot of people did—but he was a good doctor and I don't believe he ever consciously did a dishonest or unethical thing in his life."

He told how a truck had skidded out of control and killed Dr. Cheney's wife and their two-year-old son.

"Some people can take a thing like that and others can't. Cheney couldn't. He turned his back on the society he knew and opened that East Side office. It was the best thing that ever happened to those people in the neighborhood. He collected enough to live on, and if you wanted medical treatment you got it from Cheney, no matter who you were."

ONE of the duties of the medical examiner's office was to see that a copy of all autopsy reports was sent to the district attorney. In the case of Dr. Cheney, Paul Standish delivered this report in person.

John Quinn, the district attorney, was in conference when Standish arrived and he had to wait a half hour before the door finally opened and a thick-bodied, hard-jawed man with small deep-set eyes came out. His name was Mike Darrow and he was still talking.

"I'm getting a little fed up with this," he said to Quinn. "If you want to see me again, you'd better subpoena me."

Quinn glanced at the report Standish handed him; finally put his mind on it as the doctor told his story.

"What, exactly, did you have in mind?" Quinn asked.

"I don't think Cheney was mugged," Standish said. "And if I'm right, there has to be a reason. I thought you might think of some reason."

Quinn said he was sorry. He could think of no reason for any deliberate attempt on Dr. Cheney—but maybe Standish could help *him*. "Where," he said, "would be a good place to hide a body?"

"Montanari's? How do you know he didn't run out on you?"

"I'll tell you," Quinn said, and he did, starting with Mike Darrow and going back to prohibition days when Darrow had been a strong-arm man and hijacker. He enumerated a record of arrests that ranged from extortion to murder, commented on the lack of convictions, and brought the record up to date by explaining the ramifications of Darrow's gambling syndicate, which had branched out into sporting events and made a mistake in trying to bribe certain college basketball players.

"When those kids told their story," Quinn said, "we dug back and found a couple of boxers who sang the same song. Montanari is the lad who offered the bribe, and Darrow is his boss, though we can't prove it. And Montanari knew what the score was. I had his wife down. I told her he'd get two years if he co-operated and gave us the goods on Darrow, and I promised to put in a word when he came up for parole. I also told her he'd go away for ten long years if he refused to tell the truth. And then I got a break."

Quinn leaned across his desk. "His wife is going to have a baby. She hadn't told Frankie, but she told him after I talked to her. Because yesterday, when he turned up missing, she came down here to see me. She said Frankie had promised her he would sing, and I think he made the mistake of telling Darrow so. That's why we're looking for a body. It's the sort of thing Darrow would do."

Quinn stood. "I'm sorry, doc. I don't know how I can help you. Until we find Frankie, I can't think about anything else."

It was nearly five when Paul Standish returned to his office.

Just what made him think of Dr. Cheney's missing bag, he did not know, but suddenly the idea was there and he reached for his own bag, pawing through its familiar contents. Which of them could lead to murder? He removed the stethoscope and saw the hypodermic kit, his pad of prescription blanks and then another, larger pad.

For another minute he sat quite motionless, his mind racing. Then, he reached for the telephone.

Ten minutes later he strode down a corridor in the City Hall to a door marked Department of Health.

THE assistant he had spoken to was waiting with a slip of paper which was a duplicate of the form Standish had seen in his bag. Across the top of the form were printed the words, "Death Certificate," and this one had been filled out and signed by Dr. Edward Cheney.

Standish wrote down the cause of death as stated by Dr. Cheney: "Chronic Gastric Ulcer, Hemorrhage into Gastrointestinal Tract, Spontaneous," is what Cheney had written, and Standish saw that the deceased was one Charles Judson and that the certificate was dated the day before yesterday.

He asked other questions and then drove to Dr. Cheney's flat.

Standish found the office unlocked, and the woman who had been Cheney's secretary answered his question about Charles Judson and let

(Continued on page 64)

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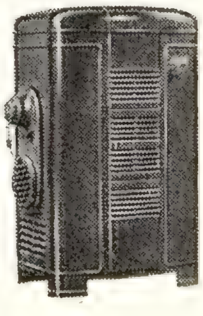

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(*Continued from page 62*)

him inspect Cheney's records. When he saw there was no card for Judson and was sure the secretary had no knowledge of the name, he telephoned Lieutenant Ballard at police headquarters.

“I may have a lead on the Cheney murder,” he said. “I want to call on a fellow named Earle Jennings.” He mentioned an address and said, “Can you meet me there in ten minutes?”

“I'm up to my ears in this Montanari thing and I've got a meeting with the captain and the commissioner. Call me back in an hour.”

“An hour?” Standish said, outraged. “An hour?”

And then all the tension and fatigue became too much for him, and his normally even disposition dissolved abruptly, leaving his voice irascible and hard. He said he had been working on a murder that was really none of his business since two thirty that morning and he finally had a lead and if Ballard didn't want to know about it, it was all right with him.

Ballard finally interrupted him. He said wait a minute and to take it easy. “What makes this Jennings guy important?” he said. “Who is he, anyway?”

“He's an undertaker,” Standish said, and hung up.

By the time he had parked his car and walked along the sordid street to the colored opaque window bearing the inscription, “Earle Jennings — Funeral Director,” Paul Standish was ashamed of his outburst and no longer so sure that his hunch was right. He opened the door and stepped into a long, shabby room. At the far end, near a curtained doorway, was a desk. There was no one in the room, so he walked on, past the desk, into a short hall leading to a room in the back. As he stepped into this, the man working over a casket heard him and wheeled.

He had a heavy screw driver in his hand and his glance was both startled and apprehensive.

“What's the idea?” he said.

“Are you Earle Jennings?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“The Department of Health issued you a burial permit for a man named Charles Judson?”

“Sure.” There was defiance in the voice, but the eyes remained shifty. “We buried him this afternoon.”

“Did you?” Standish moved slowly up to the table supporting the casket, then reached for a handle and tested its weight. “I doubt it,” he said. “Open this up and let's see.”

Jennings swore. He demanded to know who Standish was, and when he found out, there was fear in his face.

“All right, doc,” he said. “You're off the beam, but if you want to look, O.K.” He stepped up to the casket and lifted the lid. As he moved aside, Standish took a quiet look, then stared.

For there was a dead man inside the cheap shallow box, a thin, almost undersized man. His name was Frankie Montanari, and as Standish leaned forward he saw the bullet hole in the side of the head.

But even as he noticed this, it was too late. He tried to duck, sensing rather than hearing the sudden movement behind him. But as he moved, something smashed solidly on the back of his head and pain exploded inside his brain. He went down slowly, dizzily. He was helpless to resist as Jennings dragged him across the floor. Vaguely he heard a door slam and blackness engulfed him.

Never quite losing consciousness, it nevertheless took Standish a while to find the strength to stand. By that time he knew he had been locked in a closet.

Realizing he could not break out, he began to think, and presently the pattern of Dr. Cheney's murder became clear. He knew what had happened now, and why. He also knew about what to expect. He was ready when the door opened a few minutes later and he stepped out to find Mike Darrow, a gun in his hand, Jennings beside him.

Darrow's blocky face was grim and uncompromising. “You had to stick your nose in, huh?” he said.

STANDISH glanced about, weighing his chance and not liking the odds; knowing now that the district attorney's guess had been right when he said Montanari had made the mistake of going to Darrow.

“Frankie came to see you,” he said, “to tell you he was going to talk.”

“With a gun in his pocket,” Darrow said. “This gun.” He gestured with the automatic in his hand. “He pulled it on me and I took it away from him.”

“And after you'd shot him, you were stuck. It was a murder you hadn't planned. You had no alibi, and a body to get rid of, and you thought of a way.” Standish hesitated, his bitterness at Darrow's cleverness erasing any immediate fear for himself. “You needed a death certificate, and that meant a doctor, preferably a poor one, without a family. Someone crooked if possible—like Jennings.”

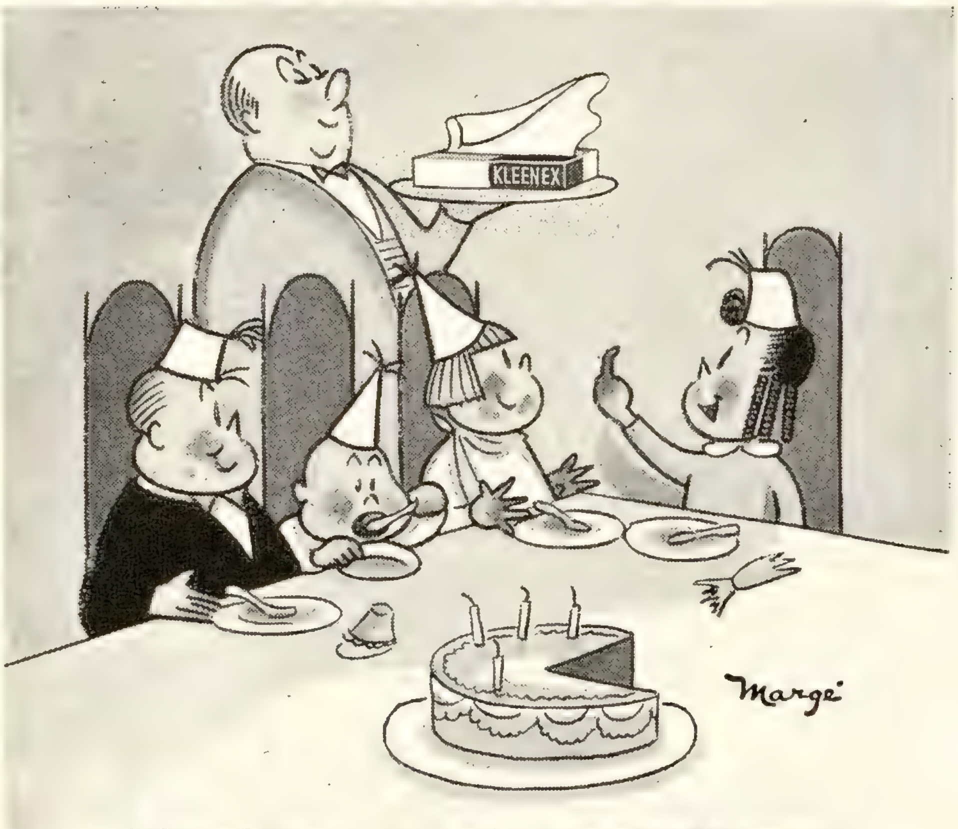
He took a breath and said, “But Cheney was no crook. You found that out, and you knew you'd have to kill him. That didn't matter to you because you'd killed once and had no further penalty to pay.”

He paused again, his bitterness festering as he realized what must have happened to the man who had once been his friend. Cheney had to sign or be killed, and even if he signed he must have known his chance of survival was slim. But he had taken that chance, and in doing so had left behind one clue for whoever might search for it.

“The first certificate he made

(*Continued on page 66*)

LITTLE LULU



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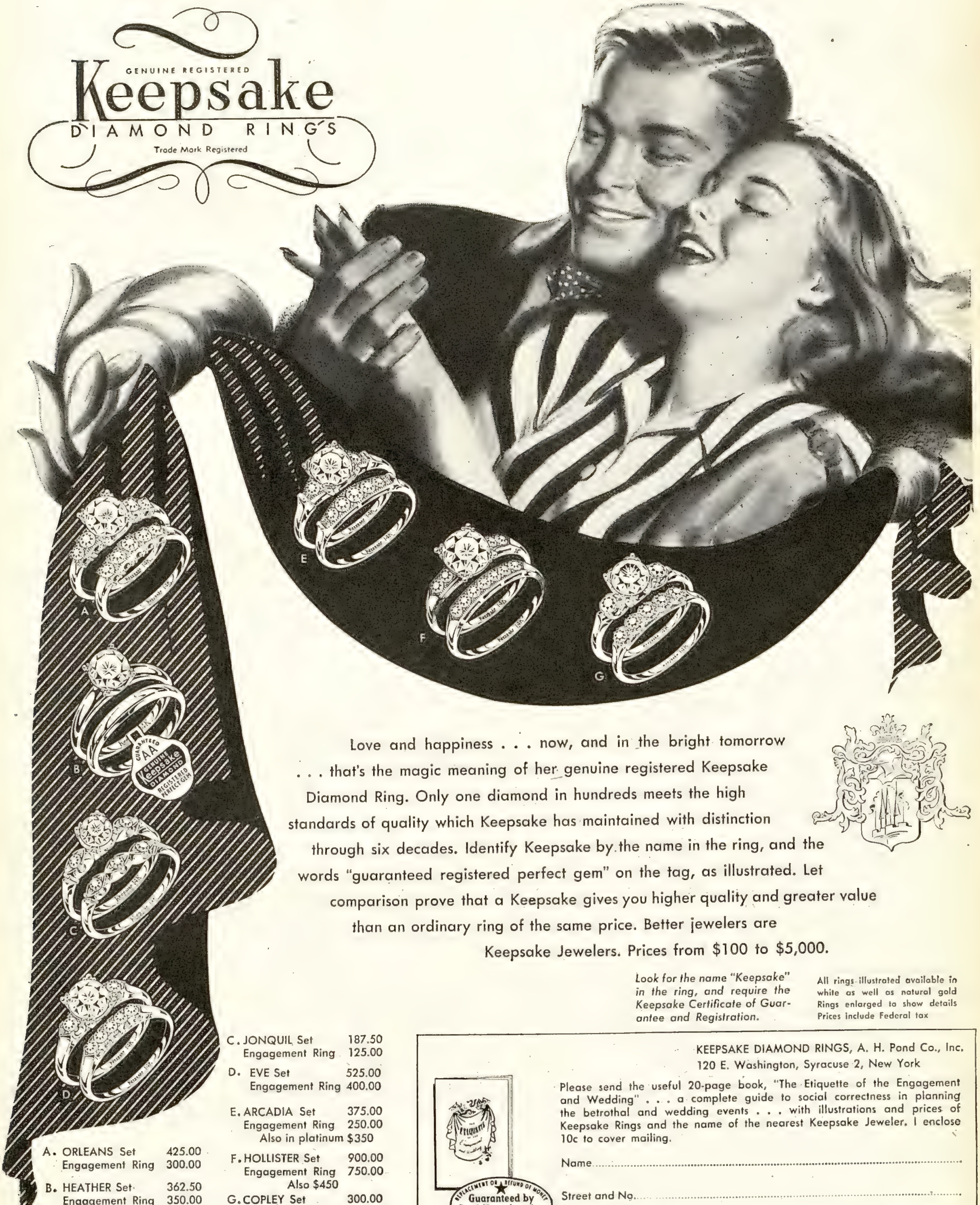
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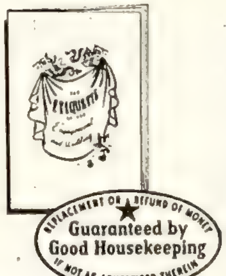

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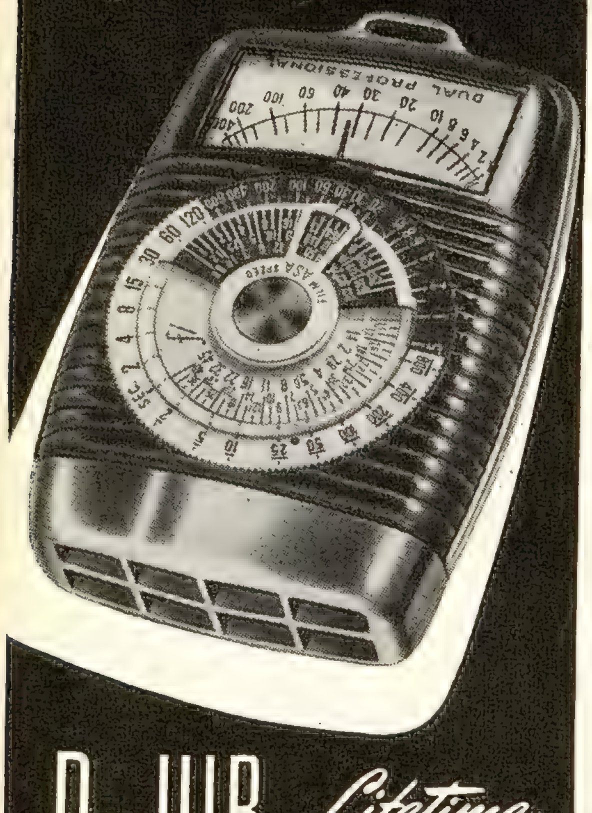

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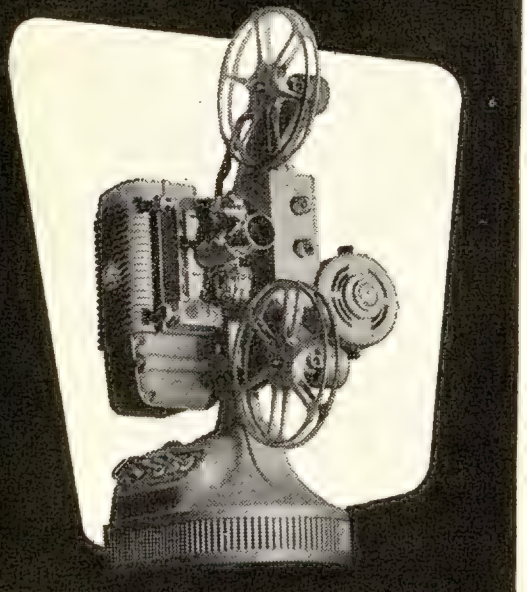

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pats. pend.

(*Continued from page 64*)

out," Darrow said, "he put down some funny words as the cause of death. I was afraid he was trying to tip off the Health Department. I made him write out another with words I could understand. What put you wise, doc?"

"What difference does it make?"

"None." Darrow flattened his lips and his little eyes were bright and implacable. "Tomorrow morning Frankie gets buried as Charles Judson and nobody's ever going to know what happened to him. Only now we need a deeper casket, doc. One that'll hold you both."

He spoke over his shoulder to Jennings, but Standish did not hear him. As he tried to think, he saw Jennings leave the room and come back lugging two sawhorses. Then Darrow was prodding him with the gun, directing him through to the storeroom in the back, forcing him to lift one end of a deeper, more expensive casket while Jennings took the other end.

Standish did not notice the weight; he was thinking about Ballard. He knew Darrow would not get away with his plan, since Ballard knew that he was coming to see Jennings. When he, Standish, turned up missing, Ballard would move in and eventually find out what had happened. But that would not save him, because he could not expect Darrow to believe it.

He tried, as they carried the casket back into the second room. He had his say and Darrow laughed at him. And now he knew, no matter what happened, he had to put up a fight, and quickly.

They were putting the casket on the sawhorses now, he and Jennings, and Darrow was on the other side, and suddenly Standish's nerves were quiet and he knew what he had to do.

He wedged his thigh under the edge of the casket as Jennings tried to adjust it, and then heaved mightily, tipping it toward Darrow.

HE heard Jennings yell as the casket fell. He saw the gun flash as Darrow fired wildly in an effort to jump clear. Then the casket crashed and the floor shook, and above it all came Darrow's scream as his leg snapped under the falling casket.

After that, things were hazy for Paul Standish. He remembered seeing the automatic spin from Darrow's hand; he saw Jennings dive for it. He scrambled over the casket, aware that Jennings would reach it first but hoping he could get in close. He watched the man scoop it up, knowing as it leveled that he would not be in time.

He saw the scared white face behind it and, still moving, watched the trigger finger tighten. Then the gun thundered, and only when he saw Jennings' torso jerk did he realize that it was not this gun that had gone off, but another.

He turned, unbelieving, and found Sergeant Wargo in the doorway to the hall, a short-barreled service revolver in his hand.

Jennings crumpled, a joint at a time, and fell over on his face. Darrow stopped groaning, and the room was suddenly still. Wargo walked past Standish to glance at Darrow, who had fainted, and then at Montanari's casket.

"Where," Standish said finally, "did you come from?"

"I was outside." Wargo motioned Standish to help him lift the casket from Darrow's leg. "This guy's going to the chair with one leg shorter than the other," he said; and then, continuing, "Ballard said the way you talked to him over the phone, anything might happen and I'd better come out here and keep an eye on you. When I saw Mike come in, I thought I'd better come, too, and have a look."

LIEUTENANT BALLARD got the rest of the story a half hour later. "I didn't know," Standish said, "that I was going to find Montanari in the casket. All I knew was that Cheney would never have signed that death certificate of his own free will."

Ballard frowned, not understanding. "Don't people die from ulcers and hemorrhages?"

"Certainly. There was nothing wrong with the wording."

"Then what did tip you off?"

Standish took his time because he wanted to make things clear. "Look," he said. "The law says that when a man dies suddenly, the death certificate must be signed by the medical examiner—unless there is a doctor in attendance who is familiar with the case. The law reads something like this: 'Attending physicians will certify to such deaths only as those of persons to whom they have given bedside care during the last illness,' et cetera."

"I still don't get it," Ballard said.

"The death certificate said the hemorrhage was spontaneous and due to chronic gastric ulcers. A physician who had just been called in could not know of that condition; he would have to be familiar with a case to make any such diagnosis."

"So—"

"So when I read that, I went to Doc Cheney's place and examined his records. He never had a patient named Judson, never called on one. If he *had* been called in and there *had* been a man named Judson, and Cheney found him dying, he would not have signed a death certificate. It would have been unethical and illegal."

Standish tipped one hand, let it fall. "And so I knew that the only way anyone could make Cheney sign such a certificate was by force. I don't believe he ever did a dishonest thing in his life, and he did the best he could to make the truth ring true."

THE END

Gibson double feature

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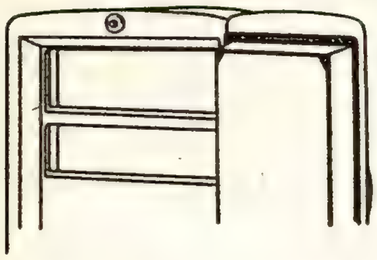

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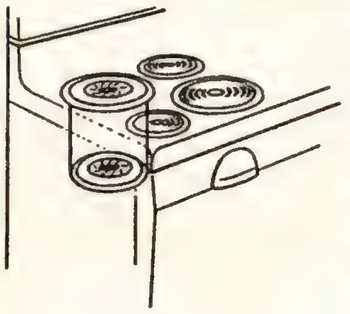

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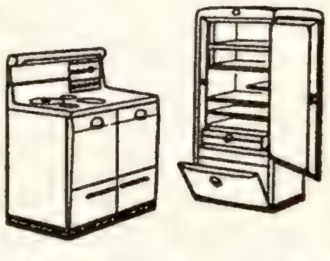

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THE WOMAN ACROSS THE HALL

Continued from Page 21

"I know! That's what makes it so awful! No fresh air or sunlight even when we're home on Saturdays and Sundays. The woman across the hall gets boxes of flowers, and all we can manage are—lamb chops!"

"I'm sorry!" said Bob. "You seem to be disillusioned!" His voice was formal. And right after dinner he disappeared behind his newspaper. It was the first quarrel they'd ever had.

But it wasn't the last—of the woman across the hall or of quarrels. And, somehow, they always seemed mixed together.

A dozen other luxuries appeared at the door of the woman across the hall and disappeared into the arms of the waiting maid. And each additional luxury that appeared across the hall brought on more quarrels. Alicia grew dissatisfied, not only with the apartment and her lack of luxuries, but with her whole life—with herself—and with Bob. Alicia wasn't even sure what this woman—who had changed her whole viewpoint, made her so envious and unhappy—looked like. For frequently young women would be coming in or going out of the apartment—sleek and chic and unburdened with paper bags. There were male callers, too—for of course the woman across the hall would be popular! There was one special man who called a lot. He was just the sort of man who would like the sort of girl who lived across the hall. He had an air about him that meant he'd be at home in wonderful places.

ALICIA and Bob ate in a restaurant one night after Alicia had seen this special caller.

"I don't know why," said Alicia, "you always act as if you are afraid of waiters, or don't know how to tip them. You don't act accustomed to things—"

"The waiter was rude," Bob said. "I shouldn't tip him at all."

"If you knew how to treat waiters, they wouldn't be rude. Some men just seem to know—" There they were, quarreling again!

Alicia grew more and more dissatisfied and didn't mind letting Bob know it. All of the things she had liked—the new furniture, Bob's chair, the radio—all seemed decidedly corny. Even living at the Barrington seemed wrong.

She grew more and more dissatisfied with Bob, too, and didn't keep that from him, either. Oh, he was kind and good-natured—fun. But that wasn't enough. He didn't dress like the caller across the hall. And he couldn't have worn the clothes with such distinction if he had had them. Bob seemed to grow more dull and stupid and uninteresting.

But, most of all, Alicia grew dissatisfied with herself. Her appearance. Her job. This couldn't go on! Anything was better than this!

At dinner, Bob said he had to work that night with his boss. Alicia knew he was telling the truth, but it meant sitting home alone all evening while other people were having gay times.

"That's the last straw!" Alicia said.

"What do you mean?"

"I can't stand things any longer!"

"Can't stand what?" Bob was frankly amazed.

"Not having nice things, pinching pennies, and sitting at home and not going places."

"Just where do you want to go?"

"To night clubs and—and theaters—and meet people—"

"You know we can't afford those things," Bob said. "You're always pestering me lately! When you married me, you knew how much money I had. I don't know what's got into you! We do the best we can!"

"The best we can! That's just it! Our best is second-rate! Dull and middle-class and awful!"

"I'm sorry!" Bob's voice was angry. "It's the best I can do! It's too bad your life should seem like that to you. I'm afraid you must make the best of it. Or find some other solution!" He rose from the table, grabbed his hat, stormed out of the apartment.

ALICIA hadn't thought he'd do that. She sat there—more miserable than she'd ever been in her whole life.

So this was the end! She couldn't go on now! Where were all of her dreams—the things she had hoped for out of marriage? She'd pack and get out—

She cleaned up, a bit weepy now. She packed a bag, and each thing she packed hurt her a little more.

She rang the elevator bell. Waited. The apartment across the hall was silent—the door closed. And inside was a woman who had everything—luxury, money, friends, gay times. It didn't seem fair.

The elevator stopped, but before Alicia could get on, a man stepped out. Glamor-puss himself. He held a box—obviously filled with candy. It would be that man she'd see last of all!

"May I speak to you?" he asked politely.

"Why, yes—" Alicia hesitated.

"You weren't catching a train?" He glanced at her bag.

"No, I have lots of time." She signaled the elevator man not to wait.

"I've often seen you," said the man. "You look so happy."

"I—do?"

"I told my aunt about you."

"Your aunt?" Alicia felt she sounded like an echo. She'd imagined she could be so bright with this kind of young man.

"Why, yes. She lives here."

"I didn't know," Alicia said.

"Isn't that New York for you—not

(*Continued on page 70*)

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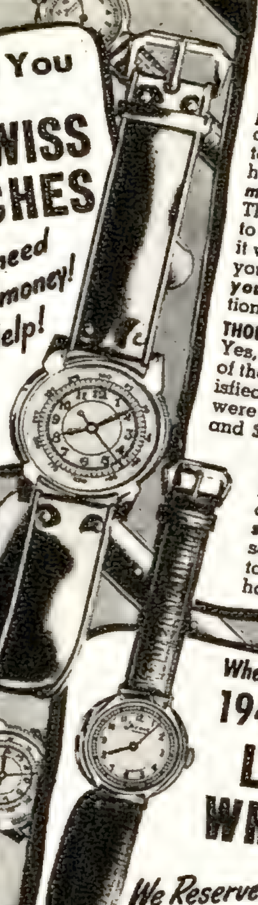

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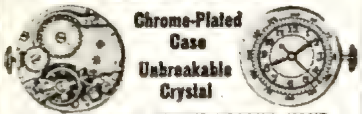

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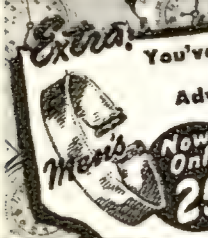

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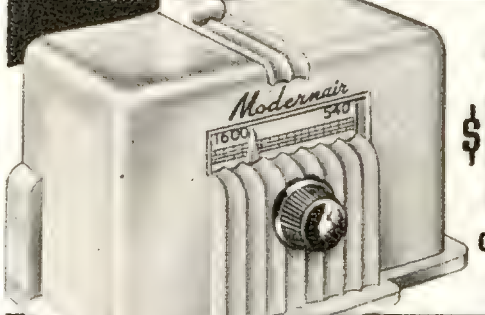

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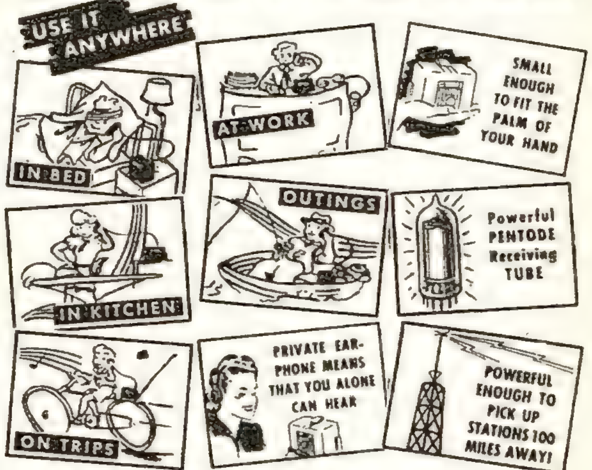
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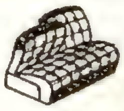

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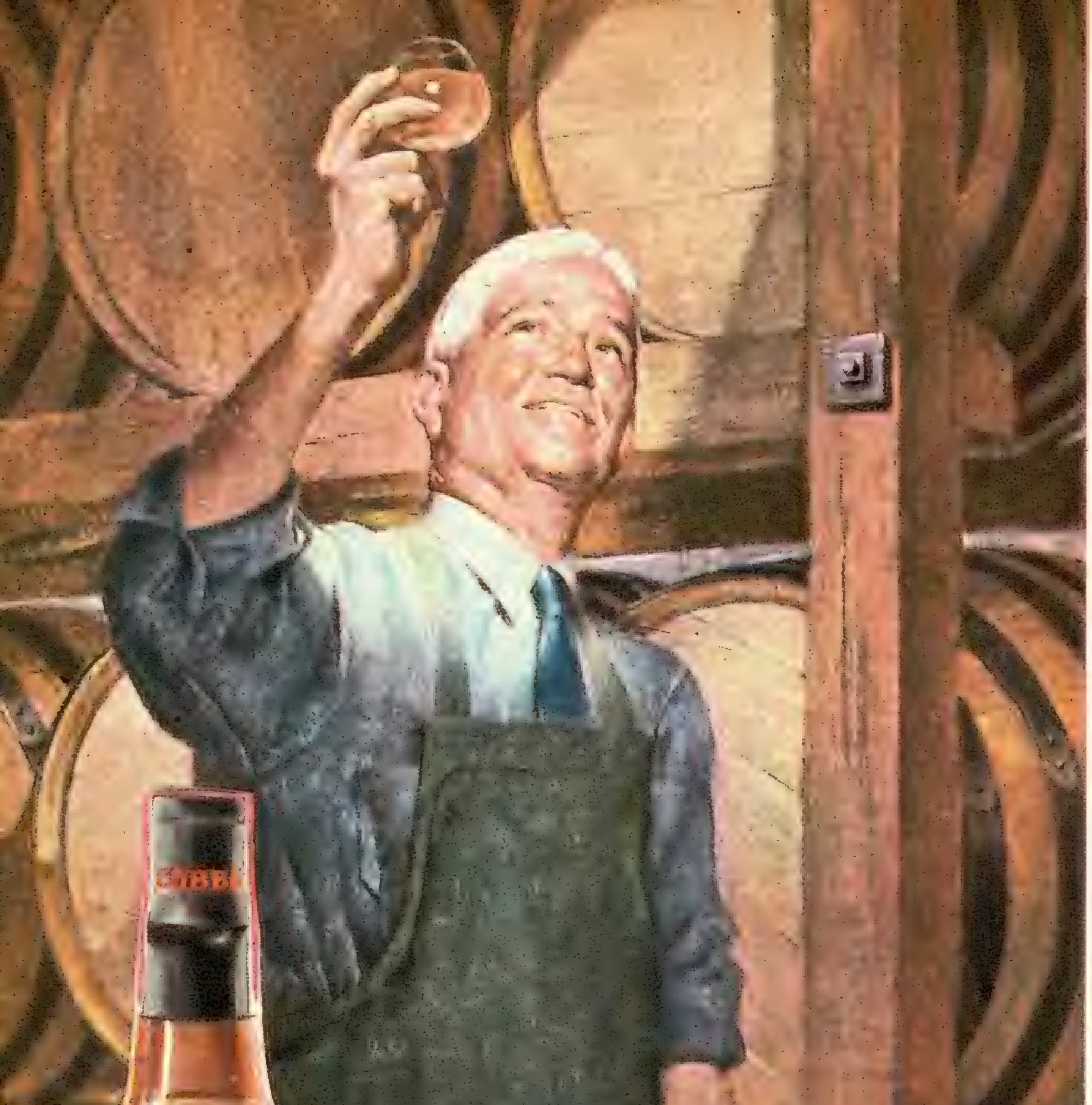
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(*Continued from page 68*)

knowing about your neighbors! My aunt has lived here for years. All alone except for a maid. She's an invalid. Awfully clever, but not strong enough to get around. Stays in bed or sits in a chair by the window. Luckily, she has a good income, doesn't have to worry. And there's a big family—nieces and nephews—you must have noticed us."

"Yes, I've noticed," Alicia said.

"My aunt said she wished you'd drop in. It wouldn't be a hardship—she's lots of fun. As a bribe, there are always tons of candy and flowers we can't possibly haul away. If you'd say hello—"

"I'll—I'll come in tomorrow."

"Wonderful!" said the young man. "I'll tell her. I know she'll look forward to it. And thank you!"

He disappeared into the apartment. And Alicia went back to her apartment—went home.

She sank down on the sofa in a daze, as if something terrific had happened. Well, something had! She'd been living in a dream world. Here was an old lady who needed her—and she had imagined—

Suddenly things popped into place, as if she'd come out of a horrible nightmare. Why, here she was, living in the Barrington in a darling little apartment with Bob—who was gentle and understanding and generous and grand. Married to Bob, whom she loved better than everything else in the world.

But she had quarreled with Bob! Maybe their marriage was over, even if she had come to her senses!

She unpacked her bag. Turned the radio on and off. It would be hours before Bob came home—if he came home at all—

SHE heard a key in the door. Stood there rigid. Afraid. What if Bob—He came in. Threw his arms around her.

"Darling," he said, "I couldn't stand it another minute! The boss said it was all right—he had some out-of-town customers in tow—it was just as well. I'm so sorry. I don't know what got into me—"

"It was me—I mean I—" There were tears in Alicia's voice. "I guess I was bewitched or something. There's a woman across the hall—"

"So I've heard. She bewitched you, I suppose."

"Now you're laughing at me! I—I spoke to her nephew—she's old and ill and can't go any place. And I'm young and I've got you—everything! —and she hasn't got anything at all."

"I thought she had so much—"

"Oh, those things! Nothing at all! I said I'd go to see her—"

"I'm sure that will be very nice—but what about me? And how about the last show at the movies?"

"That would be wonderful!" Alicia said. Everything was wonderful! Being young and married and living here—in the Barrington in their own apartment—with Bob!

THE END

WHAT MAKES HENRY RUN

Continued from Page 19

This composite is the man who once existed on a diet of popcorn and milk, who made important contributions to agricultural science and economics, who was kept from the Presidency by the accident of an invalid's survival, and who was called a traitor to his country on the floor of Congress.

As American in origin as an ear of his own Iowa corn, Wallace has become the chief American apologist for Russia. According to Public Opinion Quarterly, he has nosed out Senator Claude Pepper for the dubious honor of getting the most publicity in the Russian press.

Wallace wasn't always as global and politically minded as he is today. He rode out World War I as a farmer. But in World War II he became so internationally minded that he was known as the Woodrow Wilson of that conflict.

He embraced the Russians as our brothers. He looked upon the Soviet government and the Communist Party through pink-colored glasses, and began to make puzzling comparisons of Russian and American democracy. "Some in the United States believe," he said in an astonishing 1942 speech, "that we have overemphasized what might be called political or bill-of-rights democracy.

"Russia," he went on, "perceiving some of the abuses of excessive political democracy, has placed strong emphasis on economic democracy."

Here Wallace the politician and Wallace the mystic had Wallace the scientist down on his back. And as far as Russia is concerned, they never let him up.

WALLACE has moved happily into the vacuum on the left once filled by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The move has gratified the Republicans, who see in the threat of a third party assurance of a G.O.P. victory in 1948. Wallace has not the strength to win the Democratic nomination, nor to win on a third ticket. With his eye probably on 1952, he would rather stay in the fold. We may look for planks in the Democratic platform next summer designed to hold the Wallace followers in line.

The Communist Party did not sponsor his western barnstorming tour last summer, but the boys were there in the background, looking somewhat uncomfortable in their liberal clothing. The chief leftish sponsor was the Progressive Citizens of America, which had been organized around Wallace. Then there were units of the American Veterans Committee, the C.I.O., and local groups. Others were the Southern Conference for Human Welfare and American Youth for Democracy, classified by Congressional committees as Communist fronts. Americans for Democratic Action, right wing of the liberal movement, officially will have no part of Wallace. "We think history is going to pull the rug out from under Henry very soon," said one national A.D.A. executive.

But the Iowa prophet cannot be ignored as a political factor. On his barnstorming tour nearly a quarter million people in fourteen states went to hear him, and most of them paid admissions. The gross take, which went to local sponsoring groups, was $300,000.

As to what first influenced him most in his attitude on Russia, Wallace himself says it was probably his trip across Soviet Asia in 1944, although principles were the deciding factor, and he would probably have arrived at the same conclusions without the trip. In Russia he talked with scientists, plant managers, workers, and collective farmers. He didn't see any slave labor camps, although he was told he should have on the route he took. "Maybe they were hidden from me," he said skeptically.

Before the war ended, he became convinced that the secret of preventing World War III was to reach "understanding" with Russia. In this he was especially influenced by an Office of Strategic Services analysis of May, 1944.

WALLACE scouts assertions he has been swayed by pro-Soviet individuals. But the collective pressure of Communists in the groups around him cannot be without effect.

His closest political advisers are two non-Communists: Michael Straight, the earnest young liberal whose family has long played angel to the New Republic, of which Wallace became the editor, and Harold H. Young, the fat Texan who sees politicos in the back room while Wallace receives clubwomen and clergymen in the front parlor.

On his trip to Europe last spring, Wallace made copy by carrying eggs from his farm to improve the breed of British chickens. He is almost as much interested in hatching real as political eggs. The President fired him as Secretary of Commerce at 10 o'clock one morning in 1946. Three hours later, associates found Wallace at his desk with a book on cross-breeding open. He was telephoning the superintendent at Katonah to breed Pen 7 with Pen 9.

During the war a meeting of Army brass hats was organized in great secrecy one day to hear an address by Wallace. They weren't even permitted to tell their secretaries where they were going when they left the Pentagon. One of them stamped angrily into his home that evening. He told his wife he had been forced to listen to a lecture on hybrid corn.

Wallace's relations with the White House were up and down for sev-

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THE BISHOP'S WIFE

eral years. Roosevelt sometimes beamed on him and called him "Old Man Common Sense." At other times he referred to Henry as "flighty." By 1944, the President's advisers, including Harold L. Ickes and Samuel I. Rosenman, had convinced him Wallace would be too much of a drag to carry through the fourth-term campaign. Probably to get him out of the way, Roosevelt sent him on a trip to Soviet Asia.

This severe blow at Wallace's ambition and vanity must have left a permanent scar. But Wallace disguised it and campaigned for the party anyhow. A grateful Roosevelt offered him any Cabinet job except State, which he wanted. So he took Commerce, perhaps partly to spite Jones, who headed that branch as well as the RFC, and partly to show he could get along with business. Congress confirmed him for Commerce, but refused to trust him with the vast funds of the RFC.

Henry Agard is third in a dynasty of vigorous Henry Wallaces. Grandfather Wallace, first of the immediate line, served as a Civil War chaplain. In his sixtieth year he founded Wallaces' Farmer.

Henry Agard was born in a cottage on one of his grandfather's farms 59 years ago. He knew near-poverty when he was small, as the family credit was stretched tight in the mid '90s.

The father, Henry Cantwell Wallace, gave up farming for publishing. He took charge of the business side of the paper, while "Uncle Henry" and young Henry wrote. Unlike the others, he liked a drink, chewed tobacco, and played golf. The first of the line to hold a political job, he was Secretary of Agriculture under Harding and Coolidge.

There is a good deal more of his grandfather than of his father in Henry Agard. He attributes to "Uncle Henry" his interest in theology, philosophy, and the classics. His interest in science he got partly from a Negro student at Iowa State Agricultural College, who used to take the small Henry on walks to study grasses. His name, later famous, was George Washington Carver.

Young Henry early showed his scientific side. He challenged the idea that handsome ears of corn that won show prizes were the best. A hog, he felt, had no sense of beauty. At 16, Wallace began his long work with hybrid varieties, and a few years later established the first commercial hybrid-seed-corn farm.

JUST out of Iowa State Agricultural College, Wallace set about seeing how cheaply a person could exist, and dosed himself with various mixtures. He finally hit on a combination of milk, corn, and tomatoes. To his own satisfaction, he proved that milk and corn (even without the tomatoes) will support life indefinitely and make a not unpalatable diet. A switch to popcorn now and then gives variety.

In his first year as Secretary of Agriculture, Wallace startled guards and clerks by walking barefoot into the building and up to his office. He had been playing tennis on a nearby court and, as he didn't have the proper footwear, he finished barefoot.

The mystic Wallace developed along with the scientific. In 1924, Henry Agard had a dream of his father's death which turned out to be prophetic. The son attended several spiritualist discussion meetings (not séances), seeking assurance of existence after death. He got nothing from spiritualism. In this period he dipped into theosophy, Buddhism, and other religions.

Wallace the politician emerged more slowly than the other Wallaces. The gawky and earnest man who came to Washington in 1933 recoiled at first from politics and from some of the New Deal projects, such as the NRA. He dutifully pushed and defended the early AAA programs, with its plow-down of 10,000,000 acres of cotton and its slaughter of 6,000,000 little pigs.

His real contribution was scientific research. He vigorously promoted the inbreeding and cross-breeding of corn, which others had begun. He estimates his own annual contribution at more than 300,000,000 bushels added yield and the saving of 150,000,000 man-hours.

His son, the fourth Henry Wallace, is now adding commercial application of chicken breeding to the seed-corn business. The Pioneer Hi-Bred (*hybrid*) Corn Company, organized by Henry Agard Wallace, sold $4,000,000 worth of seed corn in 1944, Henry Agard once told a Senate committee. His own income from the concern has been estimated at $50,000 a year, but that is probably far too high. The entire Wallace family now owns 48 per cent of the company. It no longer owns Wallaces' Farmer, which was once called "Wallaces' Gold Mine."

THE Henry Wallaces have changed their legal residence from Iowa to New York.

Henry Wallace commutes from his farm in Westchester County to his office in New York, sometimes penciling out on the train editorials for his staff at the New Republic to check and polish.

When he started work, there were a number of candidates for the job of his secretary. Wallace announced that he would interview only Negro applicants, and chose a lively girl named Mrs. Viola Scott.

Everybody at N.R. belongs to the Newspaper Guild, C.I.O., and when New York was organizing a parade last June to urge veto of the labor bill, the staff asked Wallace whether he didn't want to head the N.R. unit. He thought it over carefully and declined. If he ever steps out of his modest sanctum to lead one, it will probably be a third-party parade.

THE END

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THE GREEN-EYED IDOL

Continued from Page 39

"What do you mean, Judy?"

"I know about the pipes. Someone who knows you in Calcutta told me. Is she worth that to you? Opium's a good substitute for her kind of love—a big thrill and then pass out—the kind to weaken a man instead of strengthen him. If after this trip you want her, you can have her."

"Do you think if I broke off with the pipes I'd break off with her?"

"Yes. They're cut from the same cloth."

"Does it work both ways?"

"I think so."

"Out here—with you—hunting Warwick—it seems to me I'll never smoke again. I don't know how Dorothy enters into that—I haven't thought about it. I only know how you enter into it—to make me fight to go straight." He was saying what he had hardly known was in his heart. "You're the one person I can't bear to promise—and then fail."

"That counts a lot with me." She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

ON the morrow's trail Charley learned from Yuanlin the location of every pagoda in the neighborhood. On the following day he hunted bison to use for tiger bait, and Nathoo and Dorja wondered why he passed up so many stretches of good ground, to comb others close to the far-scattered villages. But Charley wanted to lay his bait and keep his watch close to a pagoda—any pagoda would do.

On the second day he shot a lone superannuated bull within half a mile of a tumble-down Buddhist shrine. After the boys had cut off some camp meat, he had them chain down the carcass—otherwise the tiger would drag it into blind thickets—and erect a platform in a tree.

That night, about the fires, Yuanlin's tongue became loosened by palm toddy, so that he discussed quite freely with Newar the various shrines hereabouts. One of them—he would not give its name or place—contained an especially holy image of the Excellent One. However, no Hindu outlander must be seen approaching it by day or night, for the wild men of the hills were fanatical in guarding it. Only well-trusted Buddhists and the foster son of the hills, Charley sahib, could enter.

Later in the evening Charley strolled into Judy's tent.

"Newar has a take-down rifle," she whispered.

Charley's face darkened in the candlelight. "Now at least we know what we're up against."

In the morning Charley's scouts reported that a big tiger had found the bait during the night and made a full meal. Toward evening he would no doubt return, affording the sahib a shot. But Charley would keep the watch alone, he told his followers—no one was to come near until daylight.

In midafternoon he beckoned to Judy, and they strolled out of hearing of Newar's keen ear. "It's all set," he told her. "Your whole job will be to fire your rifle half an hour after Newar leaves camp. You can pretend to blaze at a deer."

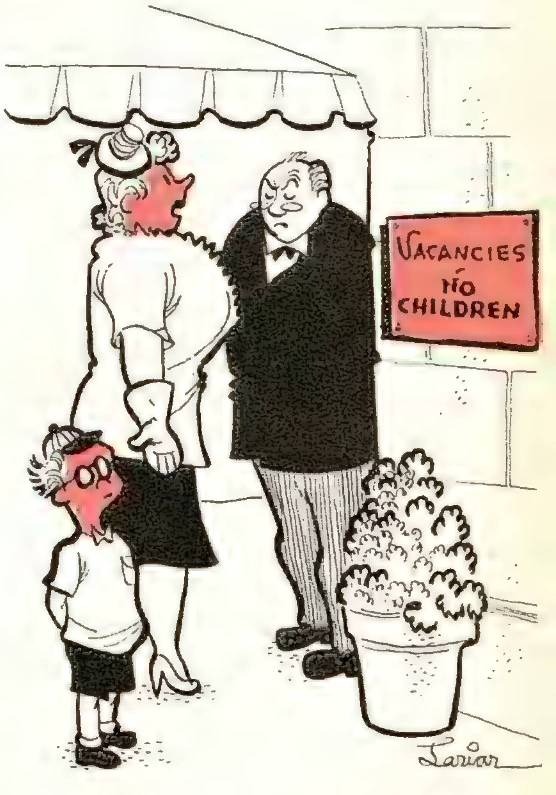
"You're a good hunter, Charley, but I feel sure he is also. He has a big advantage too—he only has to kill—after he thinks you've got the emeralds—while you are trying to take him alive."

"But he doesn't know I'm onto him. Listen to me. If you hear a shot, it will probably be Newar knocking me off. If, instead, I've had to shoot, or am still alive, I'll fire three times rapidly, a signal that all's well. But if you don't hear that signal, assume I've got it. Then you high-tail out of camp and hide all night in the brush, so Newar can't sneak back and give you yours."

"Go on, Charley." Judy's eyes were wide.

"The instant he shows up in camp, come back and accuse him of killing me in the hearing of the boys. Tell them if anything happens to you, to burn Newar at the stake without asking any questions. They'll do it, too. That will put a crimp in him as far as you're concerned."

A FEW minutes later he set out with rifle and headlight, two boys carrying his tea flask, a basket of food, and a blanket against the night's chill. On nearing the scene the boys laughed and talked, so the tiger would leave his lair beside the bait and draw farther back into the thickets and not see the sahib go into ambush. Of the tiger bait, only a few stripped bones and patches of skin remained.



". . . but his mental age is 21!"

LIBERTY

The moon rose about nine. A few minutes later Charley heard the distant report of Judy's rifle, signaling that Newar was half an hour gone from camp on his murderous errand.

A cold quiver crept down Charley's spine. The hunt was on. Even now his foe was creeping through the moonlit forest in rifle range, ready to trail him to the pagoda and ambush him on his return.

With his rifle slung on his back, Charley crept down the tree. He flashed his light to frighten any tiger lurking near, then took a moonlit game path to the tumble-down Buddhist shrine. There was no danger on this march. Not until his return trek was the shooting due to start.

Occasionally Charley flashed his light across the entrance or let it burn all but screened in his hand. That would give the impression of his being busy at some furtive task well back from the door. Waiting there proved a severe strain on nerves that he did not trust, and they were twitching a little when the long hour's watch was over. With a fluttering heart he made ready to leave the shelter.

Peering around every corner, he circled the building. Then, in the almost-safety of the entrance, he displayed the bait to a two-legged tiger watching from the dark. He held in turn in a swift flash of light two globes of jade as big as English walnuts. They were green as emerald and burned in the dark like a leopard's eyes.

Then he took off in the direction he had come and gained the dry bed of a nullah he had previously explored. It ran within a hundred yards of his blind.

NO doubt he had given the slip to his pursuer, and everything depended on gaining his chosen battleground ahead of him. It stood to reason that Newar had trailed him to the pagoda to make sure there had been no hitch and the jewels were presumably in his victim's pocket before he struck. Charley's tactics were based on this assumption. But perhaps Newar had never left this ground, taking on blind faith the success of Charley's raid! Even so, he would surely lie in the heavy thickets beyond the tree where Charley had his platform. On this side of the bait, almost out of practical range, was another tree—the one Nathoo had expected him to use. It was the one Charley all the time had intended to use for his main and perilous watch.

Charley took a quick survey of the ground and resolved to go ahead with his ruse. He gained the tree and climbed quickly to a secure perch twenty feet from the ground.

Not a leaf rustled. Every hunter's instinct told Charley that Newar had not yet made his ambush. He should appear any moment now. All Charley need do then was make out his dim form, touch the button of his

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flashlight, and hold him at his mercy in its golden exposé.

Just behind the tree grew dense shrub. Suddenly from that blind growth rose the furtive rustle of brush.

Charley knew that his enemy, betraying his position by a false step, would instantly attack, since his own position made him wide open to it. At that range the hunter could kill by moonlight, but to make sure he had pressed the button of a hunting light. The beam burst upon Charley from the rear.

No hunter would have flashed the betraying light until his gun was at his shoulder. Charley did the only thing possible to prolong his life. Still clinging to his rifle, he leaped off his perch into the darkness below.

The rifle was torn from his hand and he landed so bruised and stunned he could not keep his feet. Already Newar's hunting light was questing for him—he still lived on only because Newar had not yet burst clear of the thickets cutting off his aim. Charley dived for the rifle that had fallen near by.

He would not have time to get his hands on it. Newar was crashing toward him, out of the thickets for a clear shot. Suddenly out of the darkness behind Newar rose an incredible sound.

"Drop that gun!"

Then there was a thud amid a little crash of foliage. It was Newar obeying the command.

Charley picked up his rifle, looked to see that the muzzle was clear of dirt, and stared hard into the thickets until he made out Newar's form behind the hunting light now blazing on the ground.

"NEWAR, raise your arms and walk slowly forward," Charley directed.

"Yea, sahib."

"Sit, do not crouch. We have much to talk over and your calves may grow weary." Charley held his rifle ready across his knees.

"Yea, protector of the poor."

"Judy, you can lower your gun and come out.

"There are some thongs in my jacket pocket," he told her. "Please get them out and tie his wrists and ankles tight."

Only when her hand was in his pocket did she gulp and ask, "Charley, are you hurt?"

"Black and blue all over, but no bones broken."

She went skillfully about her work. Newar gazed straight ahead as she bound his hands tight behind his back, but when she was looping a thong about his ankles, he turned to Charley.

"I am not worth the price of a cartridge after being taken by a woman. Yet, sahib, I sought your life—even I—and your honor requires that you take swift revenge."

"Nay, I'll let you live awhile." Charley glanced at Judy. "How did you manage to get here in time?"

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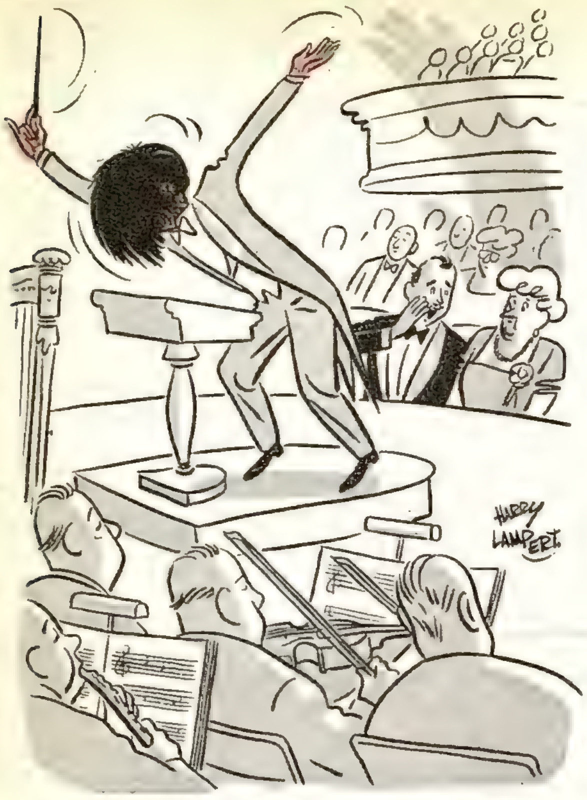

"The maestro conducts from memory. He *has* to!"
LIBERTY

"I wasn't far away. I had Yuanlin fire the signal shot from a Bhutanese musket. But I took the wrong path—and almost didn't—"

"You *almost* didn't—but you did," Charley broke in. "I'm cold, and you must be, too. Let's build a fire."

They collected kindling, and when the fire was burning briskly Charley turned to Newar. "Why did you seek my life?"

"What does it matter? Perchance I was angry at you shaming me before your men, when I would be your cook. Perhaps I knew you coveted my master's wife, and would protect her from you. It is enough that I hated you."

"Judy, thrust the end of Newar's rifle barrel into the fire."

WIDE-EYED, Judy obeyed. Newar did not want to watch but could not help himself.

"I can't stand this," Judy whispered under her breath.

"So the rope binding his feet and hands is strong?" Charley pretended to answer. "That is good, for otherwise he might break it soon." He turned, smiling, to Newar. "So you sought my life because I shamed you—nay, I had forgotten—because I coveted your master's wife."

"Why not, sahib?"

"Mem-sahib, does the steel grow red?"

"Lord, I will tell you the truth! I knew of the green eyes of the idol and coveted them—but could not steal them because the villagers guarded them from such as I. I knew that when you laid for the tiger it was your cunning plan to get the jewels."

"How did you find out about the jewels?" Charley broke in.

"A hillman, who knew their worth, drunk with palm toddy—"

"Your master, Warwick, did not tell you?"

"No, sahib. I'm only his field hand—"

"That is odd, because he and my other friends are the only ones who ever heard of them. You see, Newar, they never existed. I invented them to bait him with."

"Sahib, in God's mercy put a bullet through my brain. I have been tricked liked a village plowman at a fair!"

"Speak truth and you can live. You'll be pardoned by the Viceroy—and go back to Punjab."

"Woe upon me! I've been tricked and betrayed—"

"You shall speak, and the mem-sahib shall write. Tell all about the opium—how Warwick smuggles and distributes it—the exact methods—and how he hired you to kill me. Then you will sign and we will go at once to Shillong—"

"I know nothing about opium. He did not hire me—"

CHARLEY rose, drew the rifle's ruby-red barrel from the fire, and started toward Newar.

"Don't, Charley!" Judy cried.

He turned gravely. "I'm sorry there's no other way. Newar, I will lean it against your bare leg. When you are ready to tell all, cry 'Yea,' and I will take it off."

There came a horrible hissing sound. It seemed to Charley to go on forever—actually hardly more than a second.

Then with a great sobbing wrench, Newar cried "Yea!"

Charley restored the gun barrel to the fire. From his pocket he took a notebook and fountain pen and handed them to Judy. Then he whirled, for Newar was twisting about in his bonds, uttering a strangled cry. It rose to a bubbling yell of terror, so extreme that it stifled Charley's heart and almost froze him in his tracks. It became an incredibly piercing scream as Charley jumped for his rifle.

He was too late. Into the firelit ring leaped the tiger, with great yellow eyes like burning topaz. It set its fangs in Newar's shoulder and, like a cat with a mouse, lightly sprang back.

Newar did not stop screaming. Charley and Judy heard him for a long time, hideously piercing the silence of the long glades, and only distance let the sound grow thin, faint, and finally inaudible. If they lived they would hear it in a hundred dreams.

They were standing side by side, ashen faced, their rifles held in taut hands.

"The poor devil saw him creeping up," Charley whispered. "If he hadn't yelled—"

"No, the beast would have attacked anyway—one of us. He was hungry—and bold—and he knew Newar was helpless—and his cry of pain from the burn excited him. Anyway, we might have known that something like this—"

"What do you mean, Judy?"

"You know. This is the jungle. It isn't just green woods. This is a jungle affair. You aren't going to be allowed to win that easy—"

"Steady, Judy. We're both out of our minds. But I'll tell you something—a ghastly joke if ever there was one. I told Warwick to promise Newar—if he'd go with us—a kilo of tiger fat."

"Stop it, Charley!"

"I can't. You see, he's not going to get it. He going to *be* it."

To be continued in the next issue.

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Ski Costume and Equipment by V L & A—Chicago

MANHATTAN TRADING POST

Continued from Page 29

to which customers were wafted by limousine. This layout included a skeet field, quail walk, and 100-foot-high shooting tower. Here coach Schaefer tested his students with a special "try gun," in which the stock, length, and pitch could be varied.

Occasionally coach Schaefer would encounter a perverse student who insisted on holding a gun against his right shoulder while aiming with his left eye. Under such circumstances, A. & F. would order a "cross-eyed" gun, with a stock that curved inward from the right shoulder to bring barrel and sight level with the hunter's left eye. With the expiration of its lease in Bayside, A. & F. is now looking for another shooting ground.

THE man in charge of the fishing department is an old-time trout-casting enthusiast named William Sherer who, despite the trout-casting pool on the roof, has stubbornly held out against encouraging fishermen to drop around for individual instruction. "As it is," says Mr. Sherer, "this place is so cluttered up you can't move." It is not only his assortment of 15,000 dozen feather lures in 1,500 patterns and equipment ranging from nets used to catch a pond gilly to harpoons for bagging whale that attract the customers. The nine men in his department are neatly divided in their enthusiasms. One is a surf-casting bug, another specializes in lake bass and pickerel, a third prefers Florida sail-fishing, a fourth dotes on tuna.

Mr. Sherer is constantly receiving patterns from fishermen who want specially made harness and tackle boxes. In this last respect his job is a sinecure, however, to that of Ray Langan in the camping department. One of Mr. Langan's oddest orders was for shirts of chain mail, to be worn by oil workers in the Colombian jungle, where the native Indians developed a nasty habit of shooting at them with poisoned arrows.

The store's large clothing departments for men and women specialize in "country wear." Men's garments range from a duck hunter's muff to a dinner jacket, the last no doubt on the traditional assumption that a gentleman dresses for dinner even in the middle of the Sahara.

Since their emphasis on value rather than volume sells items of long-lasting quality, the store's turnover during the past five years has been just a bit over three times per year, mostly in the gun, camping, and fishing departments. Sales have been around $5,000,000 a year.

A. & F. was founded in 1900, when the late Ezra H. Fitch purchased a half interest in the camp-supply store of David T. Abercrombie on Manhattan's South Street.

In 1905 Fitch compiled a handsome leather-bound book of 300 pages, explaining the store's aims and cataloguing its goods. It nearly bankrupted the firm, but when the book was delivered to some 60,000 prospective customers, it had a lasting effect.

In 1912 Abercrombie left the firm, and in the same year James S. Cobb, another old customer, purchased an interest and was named general manager. By 1917, the store reached its present site. In 1928 Fitch retired. Cobb became president and arranged the mergers with the store's chief rivals—Von Lengerke & Detmold of New York and Von Lengerke & Antoine of Chicago. Mr. Guernsey worked in every department in preparation for his assumption of the presidency in 1940, when Mr. Cobb retired to become chairman of the board.

A. & F. has been responsible for many of our citizens' strange antics. It introduced and helped popularize the frightful, loud, baggy plus fours, which made golfers in the '20s look as though their mothers had been frightened by a peacock. It was among the first stores to sell its customers wrist watches, which were elsewhere considered somewhat sissified.

And it also must bear on its conscience the guilt of having launched the mah-jongg craze which swept the country in 1923.

Just what social significance this specialty emporium may have as a purveyor of dreams to adventure-starved window gazers, we'll leave to the psychoanalysts. Its practical aims have been neatly summed up by President Guernsey in a sentence which could well serve as its motto: "This store is equipped for people who want to have fun."

THE END

NOT THE DOMESTIC TYPE

Continued from Page 25

Clarissa.

Grandma Renfro was down in the horse corrals below the house, shoeing a mule. I was busy because Clarissa was giving me six bits to saddle some ponies and a pack mule and go down to Mule-Tail Deer Canyon with her and help dig for skulls.

Clarissa had been making regular trips to Mule-Tail Deer Canyon for several months. Grandma Renfro didn't know about it, but Clarissa had been spending a few hours almost every day tutoring the children of a dry-land farmer named Kittrell who lived on the rim of the canyon, just across the fence line from our Hell-to-Catch pasture. These Kittrell boys—twins, towheaded, ornery, and nine years old—were named Lee Roy and Roy Lee. Their names illustrated about the way Old Man Kittrell's head worked—in circles. The Kittrell kids were encouraged to play truant by their pop, so they seldom went to school.

Mrs. Kittrell had a four-month-old baby girl and she had heavy household and farm chores. She couldn't pay much attention to Lee Roy and Roy Lee and the twins grew up as wild and mischievous as a couple of coyote cubs. Clarissa had made friends with Mrs. Kittrell and the poor woman told her she was afraid that the kids were going to be as ignorant as their father. Clarissa told me she didn't believe anyone could ever get that ignorant. But, to put Mrs. Kittrell's mind at ease, she volunteered to drop by the farm almost every day and give Lee Roy and Roy Lee some instruction. It was amazing how much those brats had learned.

As soon as Grandma Renfro had ridden over the hogback below the corrals, I started up to the gallery to tell Clarissa that the ponies were saddled.

When I got near the porch swing, Bill was telling Clarissa how he had equipped his ranch house with an electric washing machine, electric icebox, cream separator, and a lot of other handy gadgets.

"We wouldn't be able to afford any help for a while—even if we could find someone who wanted to work," Bill was saying, "but that washing machine and the other electrical stuff will make things a lot easier for you."

"Washing machine? Washing machine?" said Clarissa, as if she were coming out of a daze. "Don't ever speak of me in the same breath with a washing machine. This homemaker stuff just doesn't appeal to me, and I don't have the slightest talent for being a family woman. If you're looking for a cook and bottle washer, Bill, you'd better go strum that guitar on some other girl's front porch."

She patted her latest skeleton on the skull and continued: "Dr. Kornhauser says I'm to get an instructorship at the university after I receive my master's degree next year. It'll be mostly laboratory work with Dr. Kornhauser, and I'm just going to bury myself in research."

Bill stood up and said that he had to see Goober Savaflavos, our foreman, about borrowing one of our bulls.

"So long, honey," said Clarissa. She usually was the friendliest to Bill Lightfoot when she was getting rid of him, and perhaps this was why he always came back for more punishment. A few minutes later, with me trailing the pack mule, we were heading at a lope for the hazy green-and-lemon-colored entrance to Mule-Tail Deer Canyon.

"We'll go by the Kittrell place first," said Clarissa. "I haven't been there in two days and I don't want

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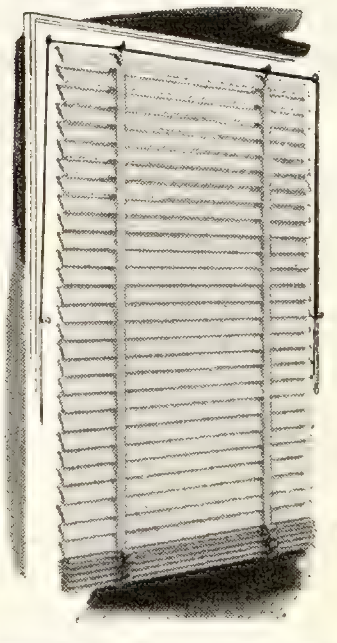

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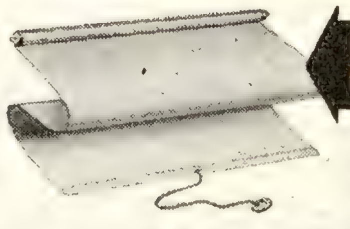

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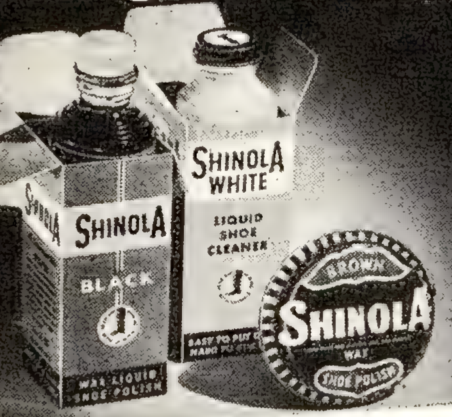

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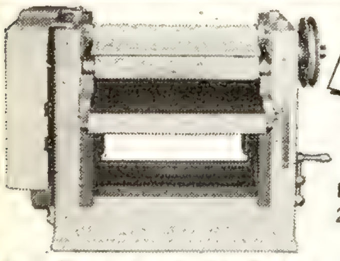

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those kids to get behind in their studies. I'm worried about Mrs. Kittrell, too. She's nursing that baby and I believe she has heart trouble and shouldn't live in this high altitude. And she's doing most of the work around the farm."

The Kittrell farmhouse was a gloomy place, a big sod house perched in a grove of mesquites on the rim of the caprock above the canyon. There wasn't a sign of life around the house. Clarissa called, "Hayoo, Mrs. Kittrell! Hayoo!" a few times. The kitchen door opened and two small cottonheaded boys appeared, carrying a bedraggled infant between them. They were Lee Roy and Roy Lee and their four-month-old sister, Lark.

"WE thought you were Mr. Snoderly, the truant officer," explained either Roy Lee or Lee Roy.

Lark, the baby, was wearing a soiled damp flour sack for a diaper and she was wrapped in a coarse woolen blanket.

Clarissa grabbed Lark and I suppose she was going to bawl out the twins for the way they were handling the infant, when Roy Lee said, in a matter-of-fact voice:

"My mother died day before yesterday and went to heaven. And my father has taken her to town in a wagon to the burying place. He won't be back until tomorrow or the next day. And Lee Roy and I are taking care of Lark."

Clarissa was silent for a few moments, thinking of her friend, Mrs. Kittrell. And then she said:

"Have you fed Lark? No, I can tell you haven't." To me she said, "That Old Man Kittrell should be hung. Working his wife to death and starving his kids." Again to Roy Lee, she said, "What happened to your mother, honey?"

"Oh," said the little boy, "she'd hoed all morning in the field, and she was chopping some wood before cooking dinner when she just sort of keeled over. I ran to the windmill and got her a dipper of water. But when I got back she'd died and gone to heaven. And a long time later my father came home from hunting jack rabbits. We don't have any milk cows any more, and we don't have any canned milk. But my father has gone to town to take my mother to the burying place and get some canned milk and then we can give Lark something to eat."

"Mrs. Kittrell was nursing Lark," said Clarissa to me, "and that makes this all the worse. We don't know when Kittrell will get back. He probably got drunk after his wife's funeral. So we've got to take immediate action for this baby. We've got to have some milk and there's none here at the Kittrell place and we haven't time to go back to the ranch. So the only thing to do is to go out on the range and get some milk for Lark. But first thing, Bud, I want your shirt, to make a temporary diaper for the baby. And then I want you to go down and hitch that mule team to Mr. Kittrell's hay wagon. Lee Roy and Roy Lee will help you."

Clarissa came down to the corrals, carrying Lark on her arm. She also held a nursing bottle with a battered-looking nipple and a half-gallon milking pail. She had me tie her saddle horse on the end of the hay wagon.

"We're going wild-cow milking," said my cousin with a grin. We crossed a cattle guard into the lower end of our Hell-to-Catch pasture where there was a lot of brood stock. When we got in the pasture, we soon had some cows following us, for our stock are fed cottonseed cake and feed bundles in the middle of the winter from hay wagons like the one we were driving.

Clarissa spotted a big red roan cow with a new calf and she told me to stop. She handed the baby to Roy Lee and Lee Roy. She climbed aboard the saddle horse and caught the animal with a throw around the neck that was very neat considering the wingspread of the horns.

Clarissa spurred in close, loosening the rope for a second while she threw a length of the lariat around the animal's rump. Then she turned her horse off suddenly at a tangent. With the tugs from both the head and rump, the roan fell as if she had been hit by a boulder. Clarissa slid out of the saddle, rushed up and hog-tied the cow's thrashing legs with the short rope.

Clarissa went to work milking while the cow bellowed and slobbered in alarm and the calf circled the scene on wobbly legs.

"Remember that cow. Bud," Clarissa said to me. "We'll milk her again on the next feeding, if her milk agrees with Lark. I got a bucketful because I thought that Roy Lee and Lee Roy looked a little peaked too, and they can have all the milk except the three ounces we give the baby."

CLARISSA measured out three ounces of warm foaming milk into the nursing bottle and attached the rubber nipple. The little boys took turns drinking the rest.

"I boiled this bottle and nipple," said Clarissa. "It still isn't very hygienic, but it's the best we can do until the emergency is over. We'll start back out here in about two hours and a half, for we want Lark to have regular three-hour feedings until Old Man Kittrell shows up with something we can make a formula out of."

When we got back, I was real exasperated when Clarissa put me to washing diapers and baby clothes.

"This is the hardest six bits I ever earned," I mentioned.

But Clarissa was too busy to be listening to me. Lark had an improvised gocart, made of two small cultivator wheels on a soap box and lined with old quilts. Clarissa put the sleeping baby in the gocart in the yard. And Clarissa and the twins went to work cleaning up the filthy interior of the house.

Both the twins and I started working better when we began to smell good cooking in the kitchen. Clarissa had found some salt pork and a few other things in a closet. She made some very good biscuits and she fried the salt pork rolled in flour, and there were canned red beans and canned tomatoes and coffee sweetened with sorghum syrup.

"There's nothing else in the kitchen," she said, but we were all so hungry she didn't need to poor-mouth about that meal.

Lark was howling hungrily by now. And Clarissa said it was time to hitch up the team and go out on the range for another feeding.

We left the baby in the gocart with the twins to mind her. Clarissa and I went down to harness the mules to the hay wagon. We were bridling them when we happened to look up toward the house. The gocart was moving, but neither Lee Roy nor Roy Lee was pushing it. And then we saw what was happening. One of the Kittrells' gaunt hogs had rooted under the baby buggy, scratching its back on the crude axles. The carriage wasn't high-wheeled enough for the hog to crawl under. The animal, wedged firmly between the wheels, had become terrified and started running with the box stuck on its back and with Lark riding like a baby rajah on a midget elephant.

The hog was headed for a shallow but rocky little draw where Lark would, most certainly, have been spilled. Clarissa thought faster than I did. She jumped on her saddle horse. She galloped along the rim of the draw, turning the hog toward the house. Then she rode alongside the hog and lifted Lark, by the diaper, from the box.

"Round up the twins and tell them that they're going to stay here in the house while we're out on the range this time. They're too much trouble on that hay wagon. I don't think they'll mind anyway, for Roy Lee says that Lee Roy is thinking up a plan to trap Mr. Snoderly, the truant officer—whatever that means."

WE were fortunate when we got in Hell-to-Catch pasture. The roan cow was grazing in about the same spot. In a few minutes Clarissa had roped, thrown, hog-tied, and milked her. Lark gurgled down her second feeding as we drove back through long, slanting rays of late-afternoon sunlight.

There was a car parked in the yard when we got back to the Kittrell farmhouse. It was a little coupé with "Deaf Jones Public Schools" inscribed on its sides.

"It's Mr. Snoderly's car," I said. "I guess he's out here to try and corral those brats again and haul them off to school. He's going to get a surprise when he gets them in a

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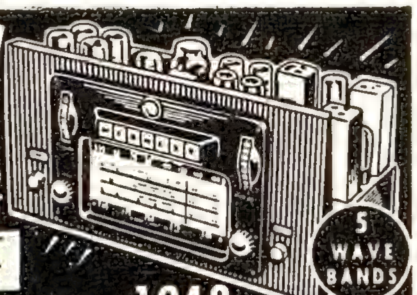

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classroom and finds out how smart they are."

We didn't see anyone—either the twins or Mr. Snoderly—around the house. But someone was yelling from the storm cellar in the yard. And we were most surprised to see that the door to the storm cellar was nailed up from the outside. I got a hammer and opened the door and Mr. Snoderly came out, glaring in the light and mad as a wet hen.

Right then I figured out what had happened. The twins had seen him driving up and hid in the brush. Mr. Snoderly had searched the place for them, and when he'd gone down in the storm cellar, the twins had slammed the door of the dugout, and nailed it securely shut.

MR. SNODERLY was plenty angry, but he calmed down when Clarissa talked to him. "I am sorry, Miss Renfro, that I lost my temper," he said, "but these illiterate little yahoos need some disciplining."

"They're not illiterate," said Clarissa. "You can pick out the smartest kids in the Deaf Jones School system up to the age of twelve and I'll bet on Lee Roy and Roy Lee against them in a quiz contest."

"Let me speak my piece, please, Miss Renfro," said the truant officer. "I certainly appreciate what you've done for these children, particularly today. The baby might have gotten really ill if you hadn't pitched in. And I noticed how clean the house was. I really came out here on a more important errand than rounding up truants. Will Kittrell is in jail. He got roaring drunk after his wife's funeral and he was taking pistol shots at a visiting shoe drummer when he was arrested. The man seems to have no affection for his children. Judge Cable and I got to talking and we decided that, for the good of the county, some funds should be appropriated to buy Old Man Kittrell a railroad ticket to some place thousands of miles from here. We put him on a train for Chicago this morning."

"But what will happen to Roy Lee and Lee Roy and the baby?" Clarissa asked. I'd flushed the twins out of the brush back of the house and they lost some of their fear when Mr. Snoderly arranged his face into a smile for their benefit.

"I was coming to that," continued Mr. Snoderly. "Creola and I have no children. We have a nice home and we'd like a big family. The judge got Will Kittrell to sign some papers and the twins and Lark now belong to us—that is if they want to."

And then in a louder voice Mr. Snoderly said, "It just happens that I bought two Shetland ponies this morning and they'd be just right for two little boys to ride."

"Paint ponies?" asked Roy Lee and Lee Roy in chorus.

"Paints," said Mr. Snoderly. A half hour later he started for town with Lark asleep in a basket beside him and with Roy Lee and Lee Roy

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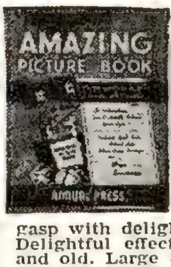

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wrestling with each other in back.

Clarissa told me to keep my mouth shut about what we'd done during the day or she'd tell Grandma Renfro about the time I sneaked off and entered the Brahma steer-riding event in the county rodeo.

Grandma Renfro and Bill Lightfoot were pacing on the front gallery when we rode up.

"We were getting nearly frantic, sweet," said Bill. "We were just about ready to get all the cowpunchers and go out searching the canyons for you."

"Well, now I can relax and have a beer before finishing getting dinner," said Grandma Renfro. "You children go in and wash up."

With Will King Solomon and Dulcie off on Uncle Gummy's round-up, my grandmother had to do all the cooking. She grumbled as she laid the dinner on the table.

"I swear that Clarissa girl gets more worthless every day," said Grandma Renfro, holding her head sidewise so she wouldn't get Bull Durham ashes in the gravy bowl.

We had T-bone steaks and biscuits and gravy, and hot potato salad with bacon drippings, and a garden salad, and cherry pie. Clarissa and I ate like wolves. Grandma Renfro made a lot of grumpy remarks about how she didn't see how we could have such appetites after spending the day digging up the bones of those poor souls. Bill Lightfoot wasn't eating much because he was spending most of the time gazing at Clarissa. Clarissa's long red hair was combed smooth and she looked pretty good.

AFTER we finished dinner, Clarissa, trailed by Bill, went out on the porch, leaving Grandma Renfro and me to do the dishes.

"Nothing but work for me around this house," said Grandma Renfro. "You'd never think I had a big strapping granddaughter."

Outside, we could hear Bill hitting soft chords on his guitar and telling my cousin about his electric icebox and his washing machine and other gadgets. And Grandma Renfro cussed when she heard Clarissa reply to Bill that she wasn't the domestic type and had no inclinations or talent for being a family woman and home maker. And then she started telling another long anecdote about doing archaeological research with Dr. Kornhauser. After about twenty minutes of listening to stories about Dr. Kornhauser, Bill said he guessed he'd better be getting home.

A few days later, Clarissa and I rode into town to see how the Kittrell kids were making out. We found out that the twins were doing swell in school. The baby was getting fat and healthy. Only Mr. Snoderly wasn't feeling so good.

Lee Roy and Roy Lee had left another trap for him—some marbles at the top of the stairs. And he was laid up for several weeks.

THE END

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

Continued from Page 36

of the illness, I would have been at your service, sir, before." Father Paul had seated himself behind his desk and was leaning forward in his anxiety.

"Oh, she died in Hollywood. She left Coaltown some years back," Dunnigan answered impatiently. "I arrived with the body only an hour ago, telegraphed your local undertaker who met me at Wilkes-Barre. The girl's father's name was Stanislaus Trocki. Hers, Olga Trocki. If there's anything due on the father's funeral service—it was four or five years ago—I'll square it before we talk business about the daughter's job. I'd like to know your cash charge for a Mass, a funeral service. I'll pay in advance for all of it, without bargaining, if the amount isn't beyond my means. And perhaps you will be kind enough to make me out a bill."

Dunnigan took his wallet and significantly tapped it on the priest's desk. Father Paul raised his eyes and the press agent noted for the first time their strength and depth. And the flash of anger, also, that flared in them. When the priest spoke his voice held a quiet dignity.

"For whatever I can do—for whatever my humble church can do—there will be, if I may use your words, no cash charge. So I'm afraid I cannot make you out a bill. I believe our organist receives three dollars for playing at a funeral. You can pay her directly. But she will gladly play without charge, if no funds are available. My organist is a blind woman, but very talented."

Dunnigan felt his face reddening.

FATHER PAUL smiled—an open, friendly smile. "If you desire to make an offering to the blessed Saint Michael—he is our Patron Saint"—the priest indicated a colored Polish lithograph on the wall—"my church will, of course, receive it, and be grateful. But I assure you there is no obligation on your part to do so."

"I beg your pardon, Father," Dunnigan said. "I had you all wrong! You see, I have just come from making certain financial arrangements with a Mr. Orloff, the undertaker across the street, and I expected you would insist, as he did, on cash in advance."

"That is quite all right. The best of us often make mistakes—just forget it. I can understand why you spoke as you did, but do not blame Mr. Orloff or hold it against him. He runs a business which has many expenses, and people sometimes forget to pay when it is all over."

Dunnigan was forming a liking for this priest guy. "I'll certainly make an offering," he said. "All I can afford. I—"

He checked himself, on the point

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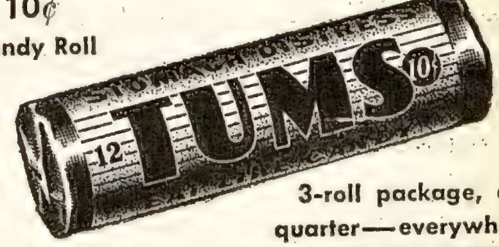

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of blurting out the whole story. How he had met this girl when she was a half-starved kid dancing in burlesque on Broadway, how brave and determined she had been, how he had lost track of her, then found her in Hollywood. As press agent for Super Pictures Studios he had gotten her the chance to replace a foreign star who walked out in a huff during the filming of "The Garden of the Soul." Olga Trocki—Olga Treskovna, to Hollywood—had been a ten-strike find. The filming was resumed at breakneck speed. Knowing herself ill of a serious infection of the lungs, Olga had kept it secret and striven not to let Bill down, but she had died when the picture was not quite finished. And Bill Dunnigan, who had been waiting to tell her of his love for her, had cried for the first time since childhood.

Marcus Harris, owner of Super Pictures, had an obsession against releasing a picture with a star who was dead, and he had dismissed his press agent. Dunnigan felt somehow to blame for it all. A "jinx," it seemed to him, had pursued his last two or three undertakings. Now, forty years old, his home a suitcase, his resources his final salary check, he had set about carrying out Olga's last wishes. But he thought he had no right to unload his troubles on Father Paul.

"We must find out right away about this girl's cemetery plot," the priest was saying. He opened a drawer of his desk, took out a chart. They bent over it. "Only last week the gravedigger and I, and a poor lad I get to help us, cut the grass where people had moved away or families died out. And every grave should be recorded—I've found it!"

And presently they set out together for the cemetery, plodding up a steep hill. Around a sharp bend were five cemeteries on both sides of the road. The metal scrollwork in an arch above the gate of the second spelled "St. Michael the Archangel," and there they quickly found Stan Trocki's grave. Suddenly the whole valley was filled with music.

"Our vesper bells," explained Father Paul. "Our five churches ring them together every day at this hour, and when they coincide with such a sunset as this, they are like a Holy Choir singing a benediction for the weary day."

"Those bells! I promised Olga to have them rung! She told me it cost five dollars. How long do they ring for that, Father?"

"Why, usually fifteen minutes."

"Maybe we could get a wholesale rate—if we hired 'em rung for, say, four hours—ten hours—twenty-four hours—maybe for four days. There are four other churches in the town besides yours, aren't there? Those other priest guys—no offence, Father—lead me to them pronto!"

FROM ten o'clock that night till ten the next, was what Dunnigan first contracted for. He gave each church two hours' cash in advance. And he deposited with Father Spinsky of St. Leo's his Brooklyn Dime Savings bankbook as a negotiable guarantee of five hundred dollars more. That covered payment for twelve hours. Another payment was to be made at twelve o'clock noon (this at the insistence of Father Spinsky to complete the initial contract. The transaction left exactly fifteen dollars in the press agent's wallet.

AS they parted at the last parish house, Father Paul said, "Mr. Dunnigan, the body of this girl should be moved at once to St. Michael's and placed in the center aisle of the church, before the altar, because the ringing of the bells will mark the starting of the burial service. I'll be at the church to receive it."

Bill took the priest's hand in both of his and pressed it warmly.

"Chin up, Father!" he said. "That goes for both of us!"

Exactly at ten o'clock that night the bells started their ringing. In the silence of the countryside, it was an awesome sound.

A crowd of two hundred or more soon gathered in front of the dark parish house of the Church of St. Michael the Archangel. Father Paul, in bed, lay wide-eyed. He had a feeling that God's voice was at last speaking out in Coaltown.

Then came the jangling of his own doorbell. He got up, put on his cassock and opened the door. A silence fell over the gathering on his lawn. Then a voice spoke up. "What is it all about, Father?" and another, "Tell us, Father, are the bells to ring all night?" And the miner who had rung the doorbell said, "We just wanted to respectfully ask who had died—and if we could do anything."

"I appreciate your desire to be of service," the priest said, "but there is nothing any of you can do. Except of course to pray, as we all should, for the soul of the faithful departed. Her name was Olga Trocki—she left Coaltown before I was privileged to come here. Her mortal body now rests in my church. There will be the usual morning Mass at five forty-five. Go home, my children, and God be with you always. And please don't trample on my flower bed."

Just before midnight William Dunnigan strode into the lobby of the Wyoming Hotel. There awaited him, besides more than three hundred townspeople, reporters from the Wilkes-Barre and Scranton newspapers, an Associated Press man and a network radio commentator from the latter city.

He gave the lobby five minutes to clear, then went downstairs. Ten minutes later he was in a little car, racing to the city of Nanticoke and the railway station telegraph office. He had sent hundreds of telegrams in his career, but never one so persuasive or so important to him as the one he now sent to Marcus Harris.

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Father Paul rose before dawn. The bells were beautiful. He looked out of the window. There were more than a hundred people in front of his church doors!

Father Paul walked downstairs and opened the front doors of the church. "Good morning, Father!" "God bless you, Father!" greeted him on every side. He went through the simple service of the Mass with a thumping heart. All six altar boys assisted, for thus he had settled that controversy. And after the service, the pilgrimage commenced past the coffin, according to Polish custom.

Over all, the bells pealed on.

At nine that morning Dunnigan had a caller at his hotel, Father Spinsky, a large, very solidly-built man. He wore a well-made black suit of good material and the Roman collar of his office.

"I have come to propose—that is"—and he hastily corrected his phraseology—"I have come to offer the use of my church, St. Leo's, for these funeral services. It is a large, new church, seating some two thousand people. My organ is the finest in the town. My altar is the most expensive in this part of Pennsylvania. It will provide a proper setting for such a service as I believe you wish to have."

"HAVE you consulted Father Paul about this?" Dunnigan asked.

"I just came from him. I think he would agree. He naturally had hoped to continue and carry through a ceremony starting in his church, but since he could scarcely accommodate the gathering at his early Mass—he admitted he was already out of shrine candles—"

"You mean, Father Paul has already had a service today?"

"Yes. His 'five forty-five Mass'—an innovation which he undertook some months ago without consulting the other churches and which, until this morning, has been a failure, bringing discredit on the whole Church body—"

Dunnigan spoke in his most dulcet tones. "I appreciate your kindness and the generosity that prompts it. But the late Olga Trocki specifically requested that she be buried from the Church of St. Michael. She even mentioned its organ and its blind organist. It seems they gave her inspiration and comfort when she lived here as a lonely child, and did not somehow realize the vast multitude of her friends. So, although I am deeply grateful to you, I cannot accept your offer."

The St. Leo's pastor arose.

"There remains then the matter of the bells. At twelve o'clock noon there will be due to myself and to my colleagues an additional one hundred dollars not covered by the bankbook which you deposited with me and which, to protect their trust in me, I fear I must continue to retain. We also find that the price as arranged for the first few hours is not adequate to meet the extra ex-

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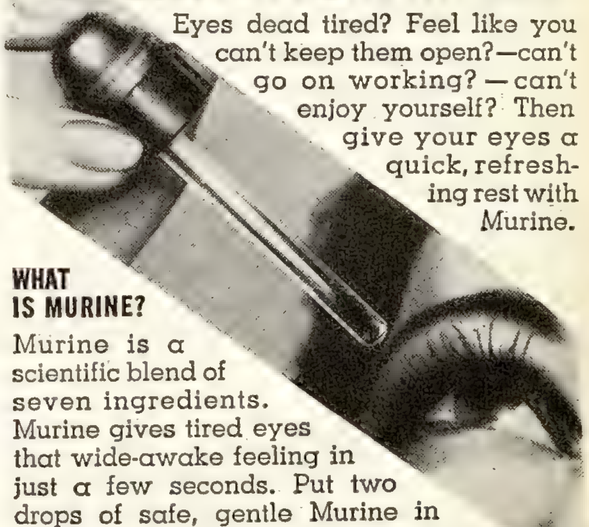

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pense of their constant ringing. Our price from now on, therefore, must be twenty-five dollars an hour, payable in advance. Four days will be nine thousand, six hundred dollars, exclusive of what you may pay St. Michael's. I do not represent Father Paul."

He paused, but Dunnigan, who had risen with him, made no move to speak, and Father Spinsky marched out.

Dunnigan would have liked breakfast, but the thing now was to get to that telegraph office and see if Marcus Harris had answered his wire. It was nine-forty. He went out of the hotel and into the main street of Coaltown. A bus was approaching marked "NANTICOKE." He hailed it and stepped in. The state of the exchequer would not allow a journey there in style via the Ford of the night before. If there were no answering telegram marked "William Dunnigan" at the railway telegraph office, or if that telegram were a curt turndown of his appeal for funds, Father Paul would be the laughingstock of the community. Father Paul who had unselfishly helped him and backed him up with scarcely a question!

Bill Dunnigan said a desperate prayer to Saint Michael. It was the first prayer he had said since he was a boy, and the man who said it was sitting in a jolting bus, his black derby cocked at an angle. But there was a great sincerity in his heart.

At the same time a short, stocky man in his offices in Radio City in New York had just finished reading the morning papers.

CHURCH BELLS RINGING FOR SOLID WEEK: DYING WISH OF LATE SUPER PICTURES STAR, one headline said. And another: MARCUS HARRIS STAR, OLGA TRESKOVNA, HAVING BELLS RUNG IN NATIVE TOWN FOR FOUR DAYS.

Holding before him the telegram Dunnigan had sent, the producer dictated a reply:

"What do you mean ten grand—exclamation point. Shoot twenty grand and do whatever you are doing Grade A—stop—Money should be in designated Miners Bank, Nanticoke, by time you receive this wire—stop—See you made first page Times and Tribune but only inside page Journal American and News—stop—Trust you are not slipping—stop—Love and plenty kisses—Marcus J. Harris President Super Pictures Inc."

BILL DUNNIGAN, reading the wire, knew that he had saved "The Garden of the Soul" from oblivion. He took five thousand of his credit in "folding money." The remaining fifteen thousand dollars he left on deposit.

"Now please direct me to the nearest garage. I must have a car quick!" he said to the bank president who had personally supervised these transactions.

Halfway back to Coaltown, at the summit of a long, steep climb, Bill, looking out over the valley, felt a slender hand clasp his and hold it tightly. He turned and there she seemed to be—Olga, her face radiant, her lips parted in that seductive curve he remembered so vividly.

"I'm depending on you, Bill," she seemed to say. "I guess I've always depended on you!"

She was gone as quickly as she came.

When the car pulled up in front of St. Leo's parish house, it lacked two minutes of noon.

"If you will look at my Church of St. Leo," Father Spinsky said, ushering Dunnigan into his study, "I think you will realize how much better suited it will be to your purpose."

"I will gladly look at your Church of St. Leo when I have the time," said Bill gaily, "but not for the housing of this funeral. That attraction is booked solid with Saint Michael the Scrapper. That lad in the sword and armor has a run-of-the-play contract with me. I only just met him at Father Paul's, but we became pals right off, if I may say so without offence, Reverend. Saint Michael has sort of had a raw deal around here, but he's going to get a break from now on. Which shall it be, Father, cash or check on the Miners Bank? And then I must gallop along to the other three churches."

Father Spinsky sighed deeply and uneasily. "Your check on Nanticoke will, of course, be satisfactory," he said.

"I DON'T know what to do about it all!" exclaimed Father Paul when, later, Dunnigan came into the parish house of St. Michael's. "A radio company insisted on putting a microphone in my bell tower to carry its sound 'from coast to coast,' they said! It isn't turning out to be a private funeral as you wanted!"

"No, it sort of got away from me," admitted Bill Dunnigan with a solemn face. "But now I'm back, and everything is under control."

"And morning Mass at five forty-five," said Father Paul. "It had always been such a failure. But this morning!"

"I wish I could have seen it," said Dunnigan. "But all your Masses from now on are going to be like that."

"I don't expect any such miracle," said Father Paul. "But something happened just before you came that *is* a miracle. Father Spinsky has just sent over many boxes of shrine candles. And the assistant who brought them would take nothing. Father Spinsky's orders. Said the Father had talked very strangely. That these candles were an offering from Saint Leo to Saint Michael the Scrapper. That didn't sound like Father Spinsky. It sounded like you, Mr. Dunnigan."

"I give you my word I knew noth-

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ing about it," said Dunnigan. "Maybe miracles do happen!"

At each side of the altar rail of Father Paul's church were two statues. They were somewhat larger than life-size, very old and beautifully carved from white marble. They had been brought from Poland thirty years before by one of the early priests. One statue was of Saint Michael and the other of the Blessed Virgin and her Child. Saint Michael was sculptured in full armor, his bronze sword upraised, his foot on the head of the defeated Satan. Being very heavy, the statues were firmly attached to bases going down through the floor into the foundations. Both looked straight out into the body of the church.

Two altar boys arriving for the early Mass on this second morning brought startling news to Father Paul as he was donning his cassock to come for the service.

"The altar statues!" they both gasped at once. "Saint Michael and the Madonna!"

One of them crossed himself. "Both statues have turned!" he cried. "They are looking toward the coffin of the dead girl!"

"The sexton has already opened the church doors and a lot of people are inside!" added the other lad. "They say it is a miracle! They are all on their knees in the aisles!"

Fully dressed by now, Father Paul followed the excited altar boys.

One of his greatest worries had been the slight sinking of one side of the church foundations during the past year. It was, he knew, because of the mine shafts below. He had consulted the mining company and had been assured that in the case of St. Michael's there was no real danger. The shafts at this particular spot were several thousand feet underground.

Now, ordering the boys to wait, he descended alone to the basement of the church. He switched on the ceiling light and examined the two brick-and-concrete pillars which rose through the ceiling to support his statues. It was as he had thought. The pillars had shifted slightly and this shifting had caused both statues to look toward the coffin of Olga Treskovna!

"Father!" said Dunnigan's voice. The press agent had come quietly into the basement.

Father Paul turned.

"You have heard? It is extremely unfortunate that such a thing should occur at this time," he said. "The people have become unduly excited by the ringing of the bells. In that, I had convinced myself, there was no harm. They needed, perhaps, to be stirred from their apathy toward the Church. But that they should now believe a sacred miracle has occurred—! I am going to tell my people the truth."

"My friend, my very dear friend," Dunnigan said, "are you sure that you know what is the truth?"

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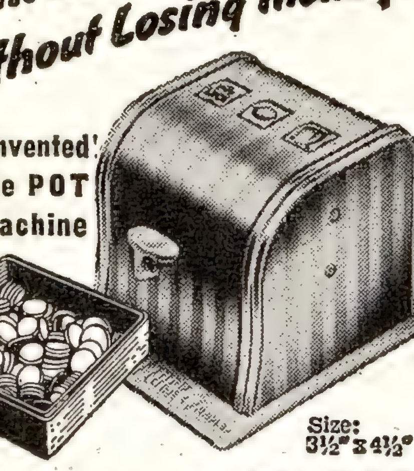

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"This is a coincidence. Not a miracle."

"Even if you so believe, must you make this physical fact known? I know you are the soul of honesty, Father, but I do not think your people will even believe you. And if they do believe you, you will have killed something in them. I'll tell you one thing more, Father. When I bargained to have the bells rung for four days I had no money to pay for them. I did not know if I could get the money. I sent a telegram about it after the bells had started. Sent it with my last dollar. And I prayed, Father. I prayed to your Saint Michael. For I'd met him through you. I believe Saint Michael helped me get that money. That great picture made by Olga Treskovna will be released after all. So *I* believe there *has been* a miracle."

AFTER the Mass a great car drew up in front of the small parish house. Father Paul was emerging from its doorway. He halted in almost physical terror.

As the door of the car opened a small tidal wave of newsmen swept up to it. They had been waiting to get at Father Paul. Now a murmur was going through the crowd: "Bishop O'Conner!" "He has come clear from Scranton!"

"May we have a shot for the afternoon papers, Your Reverence?" cried two cameramen at once.

"Of course, boys," said the Bishop, "only wait—I want Father Paul of St. Michael's in it. He was one of my boys, and this is his party, not mine. Don't back away, Paul. And smile, my lad, smile!" He placed an arm about the little priest.

"A statement! A statement!" came from several newsmen.

"Ah—for that, boys, you'll have to wait," the Bishop said. "I'm just arrived, as you see. Off the record, I hope it's all true. We need a good, old-fashioned miracle these days to wake us up. And don't the bells sound grand! I'll see you all after I talk with Father Paul. It's his miracle, not mine, you know."

So Father Paul and his Bishop were presently alone inside the parish house.

"Do you wish to see the statues?" asked Father Paul.

"I want your story first," said the Bishop. "I might not believe what I see. I can believe what you tell me. And I hope you don't mind if I have my after-breakfast smoke. The newspapers sent me scurrying from my rectory this morning when I had barely finished eating."

He produced from beneath his cassock two cigars of formidable size and color. One of these he handed to Father Paul.

"I—I don't think I'd best try one now," said Father Paul. "My stomach is already a bit on edge."

"You should smoke a pipe," said the Bishop. "I shall send you one and a can of tobacco which will not burn your tongue."

Father Paul took a deep breath. What a wonderful man his Bishop was! He poured out his troubled heart as to a confessor.

"I'm not sure that your press agent gentleman isn't entirely right," the Bishop said, at the end of Father

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of LIBERTY MAGAZINE, published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of LIBERTY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Paul Hunter, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, David Brown, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Business Manager, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is........ (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

PAUL HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1947.

(Seal) Eleanor McNulty.

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

Paul's strange story. "Dunnigan you say his name is? Good. An Irishman. Sentimental and hardheaded at the same time. You Poles can't combine the two. Must be one or the other."

"But what shall we say about this so-called miracle?" asked Father Paul.

"Paul, we live a good deal by our illusions. I sometimes think that much of our happiness is based on them. . . . At least we will make no comment until after that service," said the Bishop. "And even then we need not confirm or deny. Those people of yours and mine will again feel the comfort and glory and happiness of communing with our Saints. The results of this occurrence can only bring good."

"I cannot forget that it was all started partly to promote a motion picture," Father Paul said.

"A new art, but with tremendous influence—and so, tremendous possibilities for good. How they have improved in the last two years. I attend them regularly now. You should. You will learn something new each time about your fellowmen—and you and I cannot learn too much of the human comedy—and tragedy—if we are to rightly help those who need us."

Father Paul rose suddenly. He looked straight at the lithograph of Saint Michael on his wall. Then he faced his Bishop.

"You must know," said Father Paul, "I have always been afraid. There have been days of courage, but I have always returned to fear. I was afraid when my bells started ringing. I was afraid as I said my Mass this morning. I was afraid when I opened my door awhile ago and saw the crowds. I was afraid when I recognized your car. But now, thanks to you, thanks to this strange man Dunnigan, thanks to Saint Michael and with God's help, I don't think I will ever be afraid again!"

"There you are!" said the Bishop. "Is not that a miracle? And when I've made a good pipesmoker of you—perhaps even a cigar smoker later on—" He rose and held out his hand. "I have two requests to make. We Bishops always want something! First, invite me to attend your funeral service Friday."

"I would be honored if you yourself would officiate," gasped Father Paul.

"No. That is your duty. Your privilege. I will preside in your sanctuary. And tell your theater friend his film must be shown in my city at least one week before it appears in New York. The Archbishop there always chides me that the films I try to tell him about have long since been seen by him. Here is my chance to put one over on an Archbishop! Good-by."

BILL DUNNIGAN stood at three o'clock the next afternoon near the open grave of Olga Treskovna in the cemetery of St. Michael the Archangel. Fully five thousand people were in and about the cemetery that autumn day. The Mass back in the little church had moved Dunnigan deeply. Now, at the grave, screen notables, whom Marcus Harris had brought in planes from California, placed wreaths. The *Miserere* was chanted. The Bishop blessed the grave.

A sudden terror clutched at Dunnigan's heart. An utter loneliness. He moved away to the edge of the cemetery where it overlooked the town. And there Olga Treskovna stood before him. She held his hands for a time so brief it could not be measured with a watch—but yet for all eternity. "Bill, Bill!" she said. "I'm with you—always! I'm going back now to the church."

She was gone. He looked across the valley. The bells had stopped.

THE END

PASS MASTER

Continued from Page 35

Navy's V-12 program, he had been transferred to Columbia University, then commissioned an ensign and assigned to a sub chaser.

Johnny returned to Notre Dame in 1946, and in the season's opening engagement his uncanny signal-calling, passing, and kicking humiliated the Illinois team that was later to win the Big Nine title and go on to crush U.C.L.A. in the Rose Bowl. When the Irish met the Army, Johnny played the entire 60 minutes and time and again made sensational tackles to stop the Cadets. That memorable battle ended in a scoreless tie, but Notre Dame went on to finish the season unbeaten and claim another national championship. Lujack was a unanimous selection for All-America honors.

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THE END

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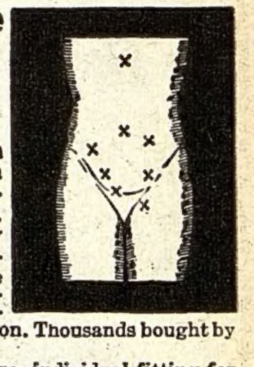

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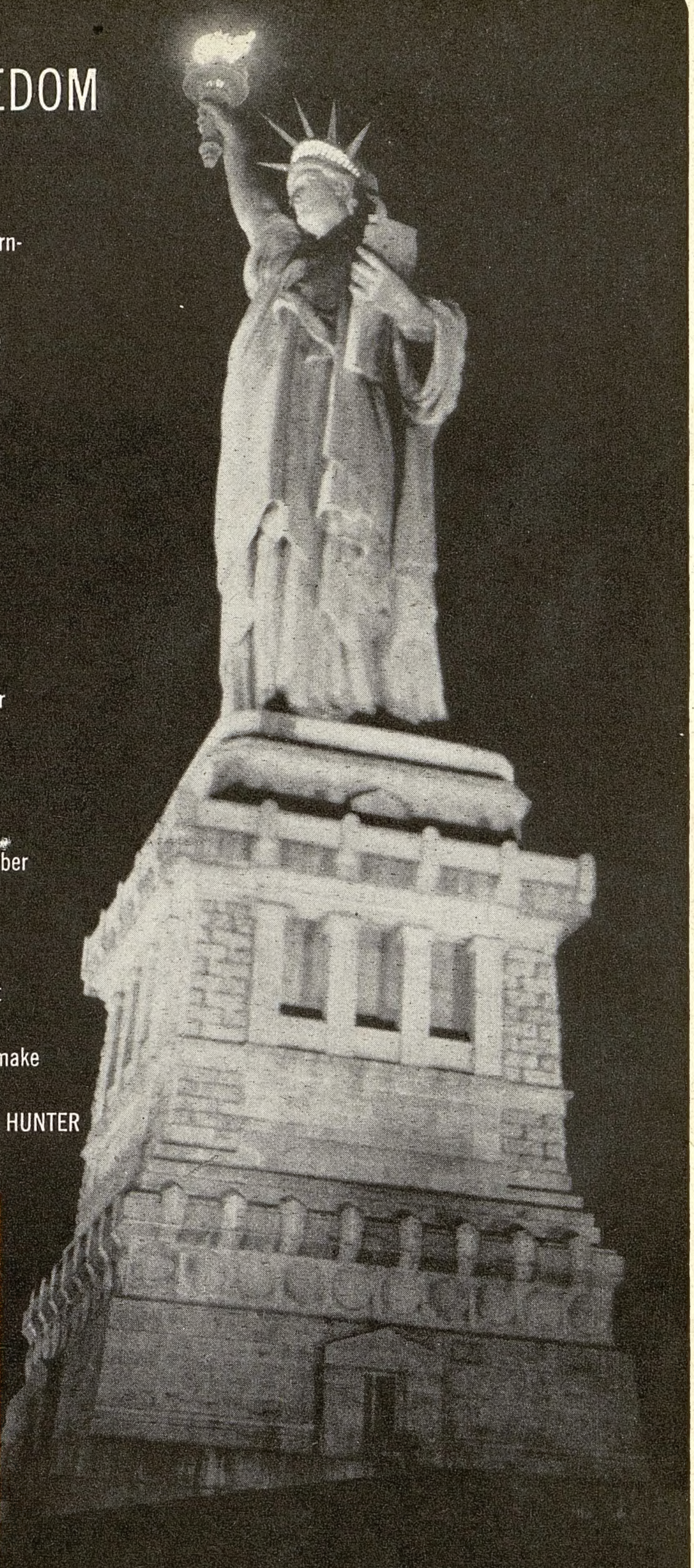
PAUL HUNTER



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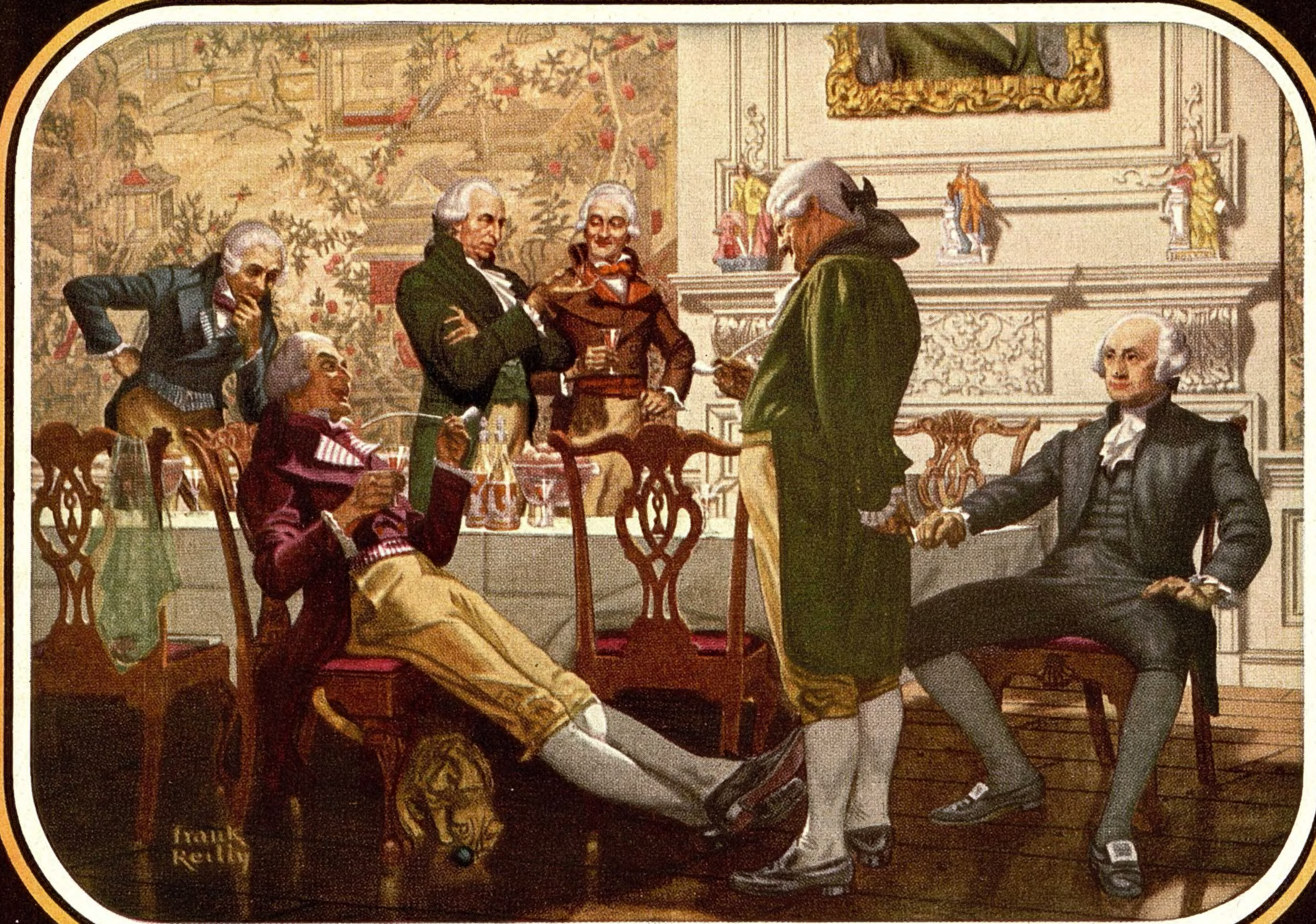
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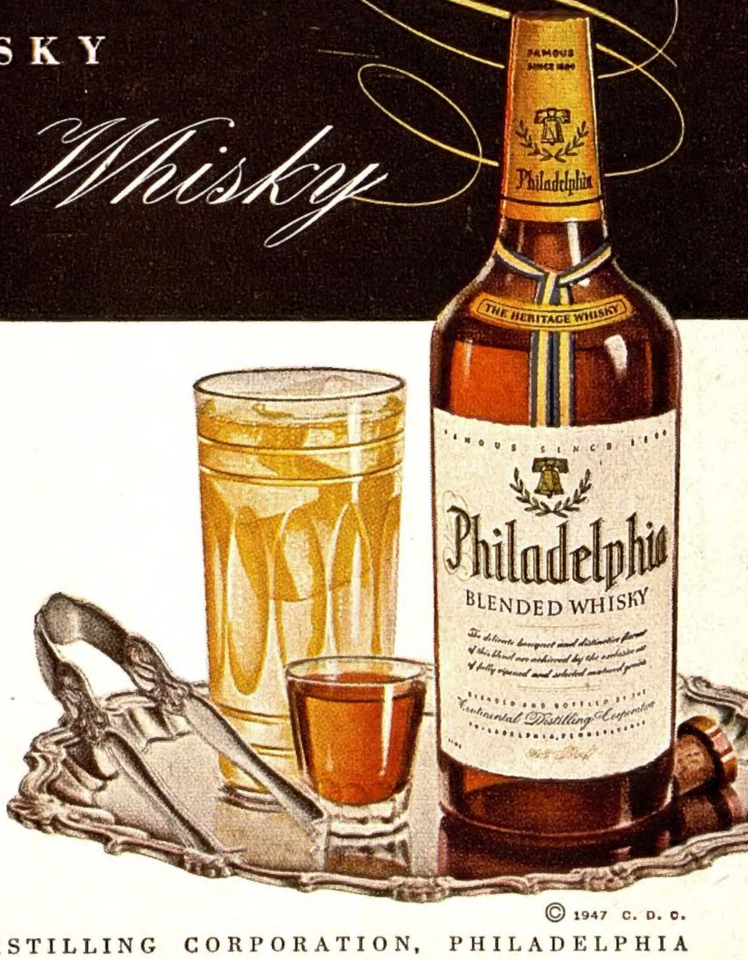
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